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Hymns W.

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THE CAROL

A BOOK OF

RELIGIOUS SONGS

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME

BY

CHARLES W. WENDTÉ.

WITH POETICAL CONTRIBUTIONS BY

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE, MISS LOUISA M. ALCOTT, SUSAN COOLIDGE, HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH, SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, AND OTHERS.

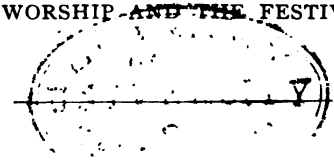
THE MUSIC, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, BY WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN COMPOSERS, TOGETHER WITH A CAREFUL SELECTION OF HYMNS, CHORALS, CAROLS, AND ANTHEMS, FROM

English and German Sources,

To which are added

SERVICES

FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORSHIP AND THE FESTIVALS OF THE CHURCH.



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PREFACE.

In preparing this book the existing musical condition of our Sunday schools has been carefully considered, and the compilation of tunes and poems, both original and selected, has been made with special reference to their capacity and needs. This has led to the inclusion of a few compositions which a stricter musical and liturgical taste might have rejected, but which meet the requirements of the varied constituency to which this little work is dedicated, and will give to it a wider usefulness. No excuse is offered for the retention of old and favorite airs and hymns in this book. Usually a tune is "old" because it is good, or has in it some quality which meets a universal need, and thus enables it to stand the test of time, and sift down through the vast accumulation of musical matter produced by the centuries. Even if old to us it will be new to the generations of children ever appearing on the scene, and may inspire their hearts, as it has strengthened ours. In some instances in this work, other, or entirely new words have been wedded to familiar melodies, which, it is believed, will impart to them freshness and increased charm.

Meanwhile it is hoped that the general musical and literary worth of this collection may be such as to commend it to Sunday-school workers and parents, and the tuneful and singable quality of its contents make it a favorite with the children. The great advance in musical knowledge and skill made during the past ten years, and due chiefly to the improved methods in use in our public schools, justifies us in including in our work a number of compositions — chorals, hymns, and anthems — more elaborate and difficult than those usually sung in our Sunday schools, in the hope that these may acquaint them with a nobler kind of church song, and incite them to higher musical endeavor. It is evident that if an improvement is to take place in our church psalmody it must begin with the children. With this end in view a number of compositions by the best English authors, which ought to become domesticated among us, as well as generous gleanings from the rich fields of German song, have been included. The more difficult pieces may be sung by selected voices, or at least

with a proper distribution of the parts, for nothing is so destructive alike to children's voices and to a nobler rendering of sacred music as the present custom of indiscriminate and noisy unison singing. In any case it is hoped that Sunday-school superintendents and choristers will strenuously insist upon it that at least one anthem, choral, chant or hymn be sung at every service, in addition to the more familiar and easy songs.

A special feature of this work is its collection of carols for the festival occasions, now so increasingly common in our Sunday schools. At the request of many superintendents and parents there have been added services for these red-letter days in the Christian year, as well as a few simple liturgies for the ordinary worship of the school and the home; for it is the sincere wish of the editor that this little work may be found helpful in the ministrations of the family altar, as well as the sanctuary.

Acknowledgments are due to Messrs. Wm. A. Pond & Co., Oliver Ditson & Co., Biglow & Main, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Geo. H. Putnam & Co., publishers of "The Way of Life,"), and the W. U. S. S. (publishers of "Unity Festivals,"), for permission to reprint tunes, liturgies, prayers and poems; to Messrs. Ginn & Co. for hints and helps from their excellent series of public-school music readers; to Profs. J. B. Sharland and J. R. Murray for musical services rendered, and to various contributors of compositions elsewhere indicated. The sincere thanks of the editor are tendered his literary friends and helpers in this work: Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Miss Louisa M. Alcott, Susan Coolidge, Caroline A. Mason, Samuel Longfellow, Wm. C. Gannett, Frederick L. Hosmer, Brooke Herford, J. V. Blake, T. B. Forbush, Hezekiah Butterworth, H. G. Spaulding, W. P. Tilden, Chas. G. Ames, S. C. Beach, C. J. Staples, and others whose names are attached to their contributions.

And so may THE CAROL go forth into the Sunday-school world, and bring the blessing and cheer of religious song into many a heart and home.

CHAS. W. WENDTÉ.

THE CAROL.

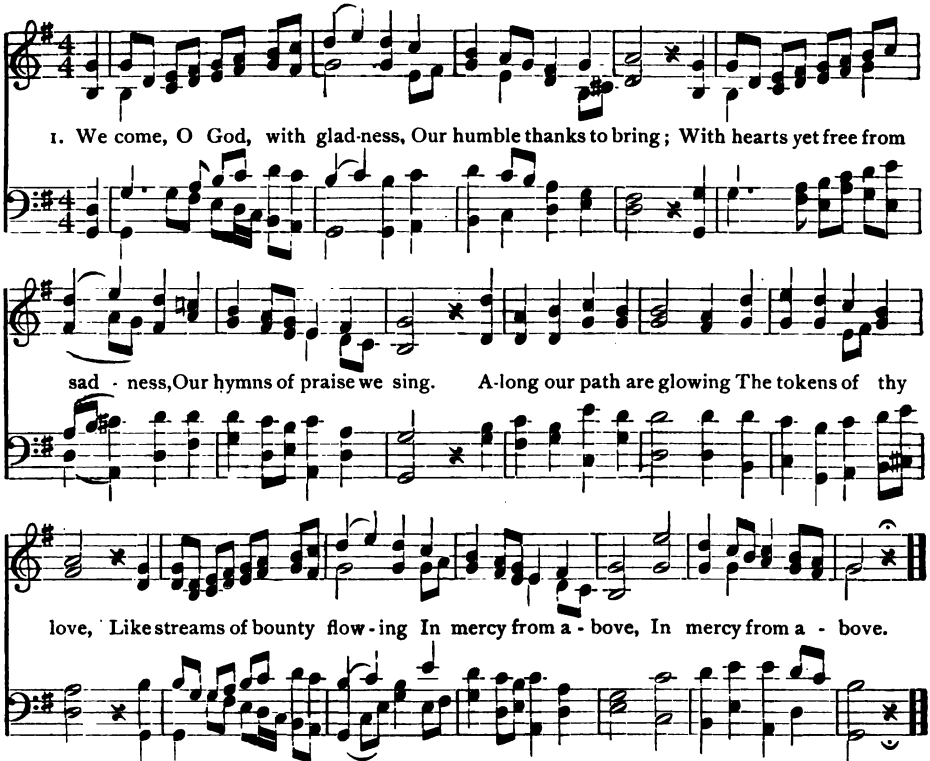
SIMPLE CAROLLERS ARE WE.

SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

Joyfully.
1. Sim- ple car - ol - lers are we, Brothers in com- mu - nion, Let the life of
2. While the swift years wax and wane, Truth and right grow stronger; Love is vic - tor;
Je - sus be Our sweet bond of un - ion. O - ver ev - 'ry land and sea
strife shall reign O'er men's lives no long - er. Hap - py car - ol lers are we,
Speeds the gos-pel ti - ding; Hearts made glad, and minds made free, In God's love abiding.
Brothers in com- mu- nion, May the life of Je - sus be Our sweet bond of un- ion.

Words adapted.

WE COME, O GOD, WITH GLADNESS.


1. We come, O God, with glad-ness, Our humble thanks to bring; With hearts yet free from
sad - ness, Our hymns of praise we sing. A-long our path are glowing The tokens of thy
love, Like streams of bounty flow-ing In mercy from a - bove, In mercy from a - bove.

2 Health, peace, and joy attend us,
Kind friends are ever near;
O Father, thou dost send us
Unnumbered blessings here!
And though we, in our blindness,
Enjoy, but disobey,
Yet still, thou, in thy kindness,
Tak'st not thy gifts away.

3 Here, then, in childhood's morning,
Our hymns to thee we raise;
Thy love, our lives adorning,
Shall fill our hearts with praise.
Thy will, henceforth, for ever
Shall be our only guide;
From duty's path we'd never,
O never turn aside!

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TEMPERANCE HYMN.

1 Now, host with host assembling,
The victory we win;
Lo! on his throne sits trembling
That old and giant sin:
Like chaff by strong winds scattered,
His banded strength has gone,
His charmèd cup lies shattered,
And still the cry is, "On!"

2 Our fathers' God, our keeper!
Be thou our strength divine:
Thou sendest forth the reaper,
The harvest all is thine.
Roll on, roll on this gladness:
Till, driven from every shore,
The drunkard's sin and madness
Shall smite the earth no more.

Rev. E. H. Chapin.

WELCOME! WELCOME!

GERMAN AIR.

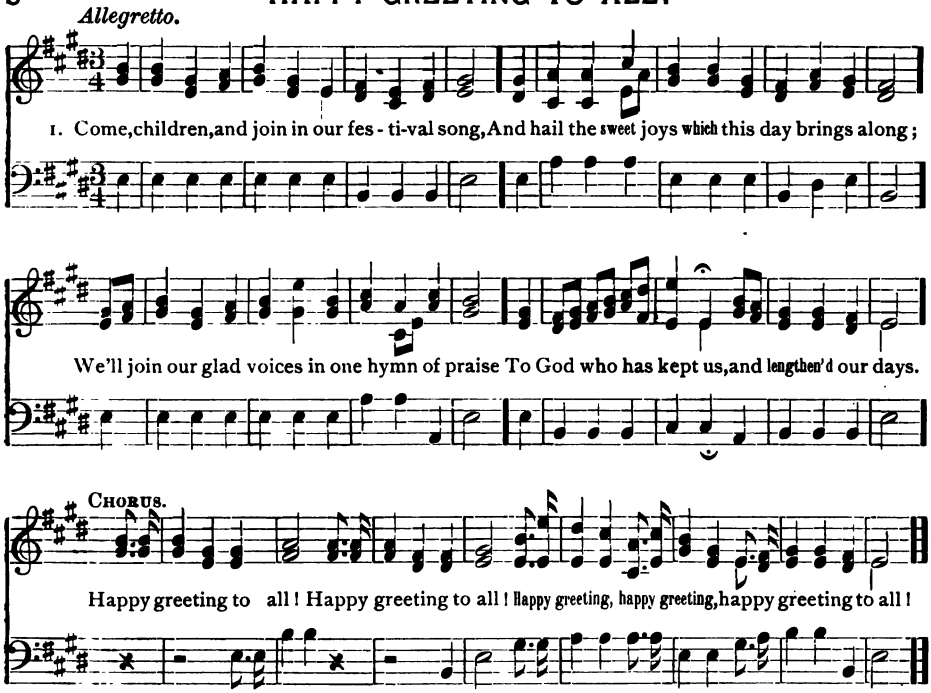
1. Welcome, wel- come is the greeting Which this day we give our friends; Joy - ous,
2. Love is still our rich- est treasure, Cast -ing out each earth-born fear; Let the
joy - ous is the meet - ing Which their kind - ly pres-ence lends.
smile of so - cial pleas - ure Beam on all who gath - er here.
CHORUS.
Hands of cheer and hearts sincere, Find we in our comrades here,
As we fol - low day by day, In the right - eous way.

3 Like the sun, our feelings glowing,
Clothe these happy hours in light;
Like the sun, when we are going,
Let us leave a radiance bright. — CHO.

4 Shining truth and heavenly gladness
Quicken every soul with love;
Gild the twilight hour of sadness
With a radiance from above. — CHO.

Words from the German.

HAPPY GREETING TO ALL!


Allegretto.
1. Come, children, and join in our fes - ti-val song, And hail the sweet joys which this day brings along;
We'll join our glad voices in one hymn of praise To God who has kept us, and lengthen'd our days.
Chorus.
Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting, happy greeting, happy greeting to all!

2 *Our Father in Heaven*, we lift up to thee
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee;
Oh, bless us, and guide us, dear Father, we pray,
That from thy blest precepts we never may stray.

Cho. — Happy greeting to all! etc.

3 *Kind teachers*, we children would thank you this day
That faithfully, kindly, you've taught us the way,
How we may grow up in the right and the truth,
And serve our Creator in the days of our youth.

Cho. — Happy greeting to all! etc.

LOVING-KINDNESS TO ALL.

1 Be kind to dumb creatures, be gentle, be true,
For food and protection they look up to you;
For affection and help to your bounty they turn.
Oh, do not their trusting hearts wantonly spurn!

Cho. — Loving-kindness to all!
Loving-kindness to all!
Loving-kindness, loving kindness,
Loving-kindness to all!

2 Be kind to dumb creatures, nor grudge them your care.
God gave them their life, and your love they must share,
And he who the sparrow's fall tenderly heeds,
Will lovingly look on compassionate deeds.

Cho. — Loving-kindness to all, etc.

3 The brave are the tender, — then do not refuse,
To carefully cherish the brutes you must use;
Make their life's labor happy, not dreary and sad,
Their working and serving you, easy and glad.

Cho. — Loving-kindness to all, etc.

From *Our Dumb Animals.*

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY.

1. The Sunday bells are call · ing A · way from street and home; Once more to thee, O
Fa- ther, With thankful hearts we come: For all thy countless blessings We praise thy
After last verse.
ho- ly name, And own thy love un-chang - ing, Thro' days and years the same. A · men.

2 For life, and health, and shelter,
Thou send st us night and day,
The kindness of our teachers,
The gladness of our play;
For all the dear affection
Of parents, brothers, friends,
To him our thanks we render
Who these and all things sends.

3 Thanks, too, for shame and sorrow
Whene'er we choose the wrong,
For bright and happy spirits
'Mid duty brave and strong.
For the sweet hope of heaven
That meets us at the last,
When earthly tasks are ended,
And earthly days are past.

GOD OUR STRENGTH.

1 God is my strong salvation:
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand:
What terror can confound me
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate.
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase,
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
The Lord will give thee peace.

James Montgomery. 1822.

LORD, THY GLORY FILLS THE HEAVEN.

1. Lord, thy glo - ry fills the hea - ven; Earth is with its ful - ness stored;
Un - to thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!
Heav'n is still with an - thems ring - ing; Earth u - nites, thy prais - es sing - ing: —
"Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God in the high - est!"

2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Children, let our hearts unite,
Whilst our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite.
Then unite we to adore him,
Lift up heart and voice before him: —
"Glory to God! Glory to God!
Glory to God in the highest!"

3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We would sing with praise and blessing: —
"Glory to God! Glory to God!
Glory to God in the highest!"

Words adapted.

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SONG OF THE ANGELS

1 Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices:
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
Listen to the wondrous story,
While they chant the heavenly glory:—
"Glory to God! Glory to God!
Glory to God in the highest!"

2 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven, —
Loud our happy song shall sound.
Christ is born; his praises ringing
All our hearts unite in singing: —
"Glory to God! Glory to God!
Glory to God in the highest!"

Words adapted.

1. O ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Art thou, our God and Lord! With
rev - erent hearts and low - ly, Be thy great name a - dored! With
lift - ed hearts and glowing, Thy name we cel - e - brate, O thou, the all - be -
stow-ing, The One su - preme-ly great, The One su - premely great!

2 Thy mighty Power upholdeth
The stars in their career;
Thy Love the least enfoldeth
Who longs to find thee near.
With sweets thou fill'st the clover,
Thou giv'st the sparrow food;
And *our* cup runneth over,
‖: Filled full by thee with good! :‖

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Samuel Longfellow. 1886.

PRAISE.

To thee, the Lord Almighty,
Our noblest praise we give,
Who all things hast created,
And blessest all that live.
Whose goodness, never failing,
Through countless ages gone,
Forever and forever
‖: Shall still keep shining on! :‖

Wm. Gaskell. 1837.

THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

"ST. AGNES." J. B. DYKES. 1868.

1. One thought I have, my am - ple creed, So deep it is and broad,
2. Each morn un - folds some fresh sur-prise, I feast at life's full board;
3. At night my glad - ness is my prayer; I drop my dai - ly load,
And e - qual to my ev - 'ry need, It is the thought of God.
And ris - ing in my in - ner skies Shines forth the thought of God.
And ev - 'ry care is pil - low'd there Up - on the thought of God.

4 I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road;
Life, death, and immortality
Are in my thought of God!

5 Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
O blessed thought of God!

F. L. Hosmer.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

ALL PRAYERS IN ONE.

1 One prayer I have, — all prayers in one, —
When I am wholly thine:
Thy will, my God, thy will be done;
And let that will be mine.

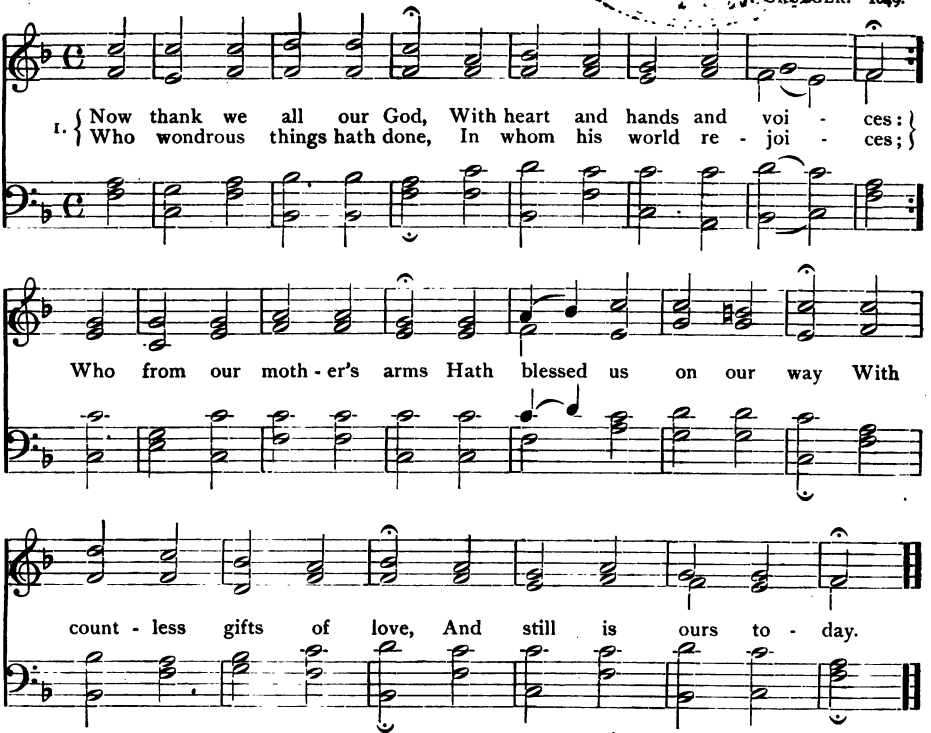
2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed
When in thy service spent.

4 And, though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No: let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

James Montgomery.

J. CRUGER. 1649.


1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voi - ces:
Who wondrous things hath done, In whom his world re - joi - ces;
Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way With
count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.

2 Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Holy One who reigns
In earth and highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Martin Rinkart. 1644.
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth. 1858.

OUR GOD FOREVER.

1 Lord God, we worship thee:
In loud and happy chorus
We praise thy love and power,
Whose goodness reigneth o'er us.
To heaven our song shall soar,
For ever shall it be
Resounding o'er and o'er,
Lord God, we worship thee.

2 Lord God, we worship thee:
For thou our land defendest;
Thou pourest down thy grace,
And strife and war thou endest.
Since golden peace, O Lord,
Thou grantest us to see,
Our land with one accord,
Lord God, gives thanks to thee.

Johann Frank. 1653.
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth. 1862.

THIS IS THE SABBATH DAY.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Grazioso.

1. Peace - ful the morn - ing, qui - et the day, Now are the week's cares fold - ed a -
way; Hushed in - to still - ness now is the air, Wel-come the Sab-bath fair.
CHORUS.
Hark! and hear the pleasant Sabbath bells; Far and near the sounding ech - o swells;
Sweet - ly to all their tones seem to say, This is the Sab-bath day.

2 Sweet are the songs that here we will sing,
Loving the spirits hither we bring,
Dear are the lessons oft we have heard,
Lord, from the Bible word.

CHO.—Hark! and hear, etc.

3 And when we join in service of prayer,
May we, our Father, know thou art there;
O blessed Shepherd, thy flock are we;
Gather us now to thee!

CHO.—Hark! and hear, etc.

By permission.

GLORIA.

C. W. W.

J. ROCHLICH.

1. Glo - ri - a, Glo - ri - a to God on high! Glo - ri - a,
2. Glo - ri - a, Glo - ri - a to God on high! Glo - ri - a,
Glo - ri - a to God on high! An - gels and men re- joice,
Glo - ri - a to God on high! Let ev - 'ry crea - ture sing
To God raise heart and voice. Glo - ri - a, Glo - ri - a
Prais - es . to God, our King. Glo - ri - a, Glo - ri - a
to God on high! Glo - ri - a, Glo - ri - a to God on high!
to God on high! Glo - ri - a, Glo - ri - a to God on high!

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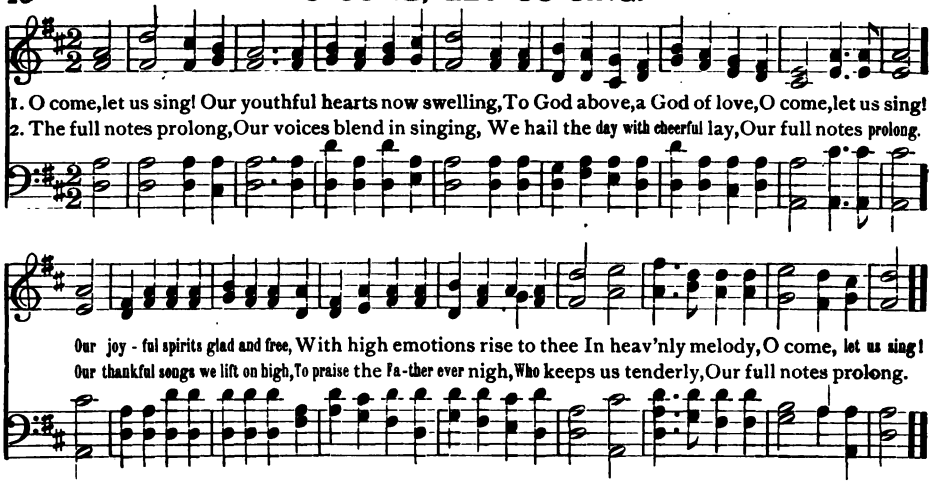
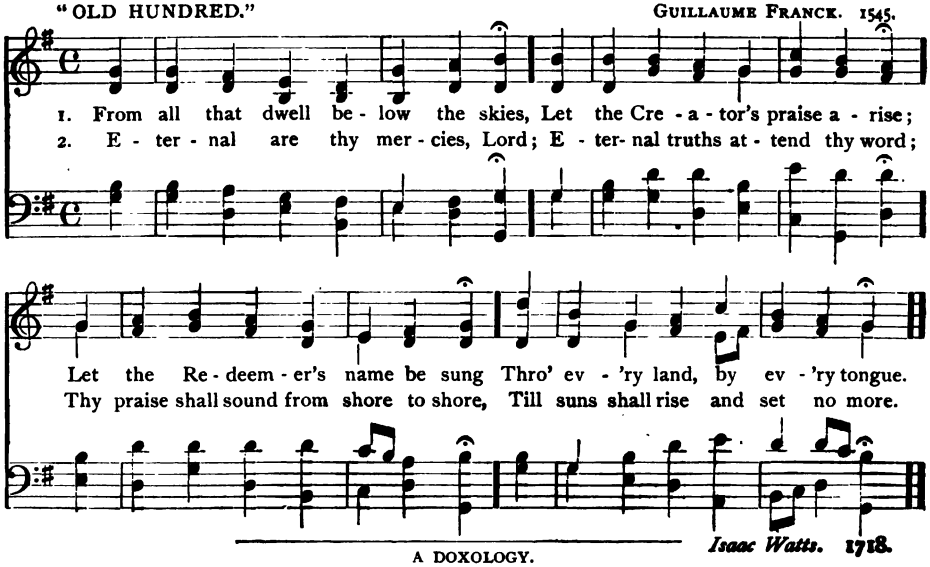
O COME, LET US SING.


1. O come, let us sing! Our youthful hearts now swelling, To God above, a God of love, O come, let us sing!
2. The full notes prolong, Our voices blend in singing, We hail the day with cheerful lay, Our full notes prolong.
Our joy - ful spirits glad and free, With high emotions rise to thee In heav'nly melody, O come, let us sing!
Our thankful songs we lift on high, To praise the Fa-ther ever nigh, Who keeps us tenderly, Our full notes prolong.

FROM ALL THAT DWELL.

"OLD HUNDRED." GUILLAUME FRANCK. 1545.


1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
2. E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter- nal truths at - tend thy word;
Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts. 1718.

A DOXOLOGY.

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

DOXOLOGY.

From Swedish Choral Book.

LORD, DISMISS US.

"SICILY."

1. Lord, dis - miss us with thy blessing, Hope and com - fort from a - bove;
2. Thanks we give, and a - do - ra - tion, For the gos - pel's joy - ful sound:
Let us each, thy peace pos - sess-ing, Tri - umph in re - deem-ing love;
Still sup - port us, Still sup - port us, While in du - ty's path we move.
May the fruits of thy sal - va-tion In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence, May thy presence With us ev - er - more be found!

Walter Shirley. 1774.

THE GREAT CHRISTIAN FEASTS.

1 O heart-brightener!
Sorrow-lightener!
Soul-enrapturing Christmas-tide!
World lay in sadness,
Christ's birth brought gladness;
Joyfully, christian heart, sing far and wide!

2 O heart-brightener!
Sorrow-lightener!
Soul-enrapturing Easter-tide!
World lay enshrouded,
Christ rose unclouded;
Joyfully, christian heart, sing far and wide!

From the German. By Charles T. Brooks.

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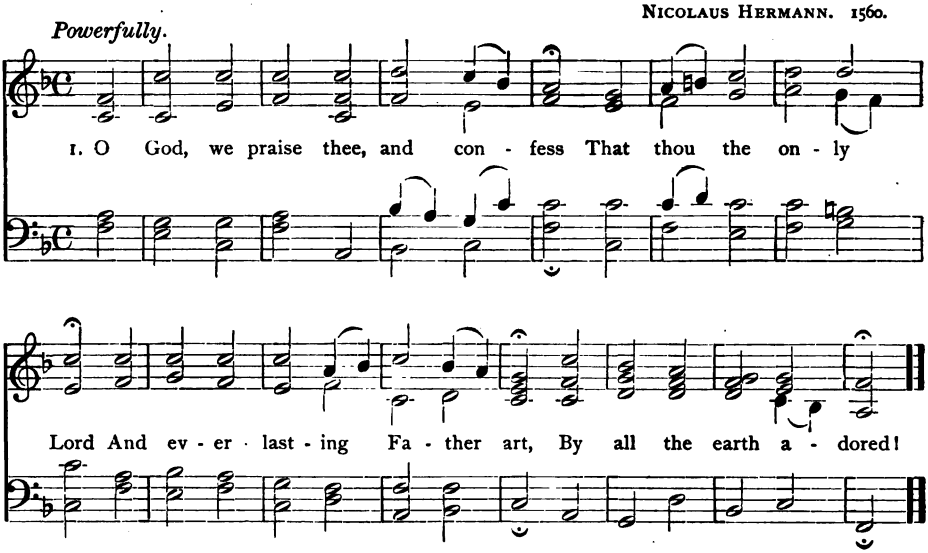
18 CHORAL. O GOD, WE PRAISE THEE AND CONFESS.

NICOLAUS HERMANN. 1560.



2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry,—

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey!
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,—
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty!

St. Ambrose. 380–90.
Tate and Brady. 1703.

GOD'S POWER, WISDOM, AND GOODNESS.

1 I sing the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

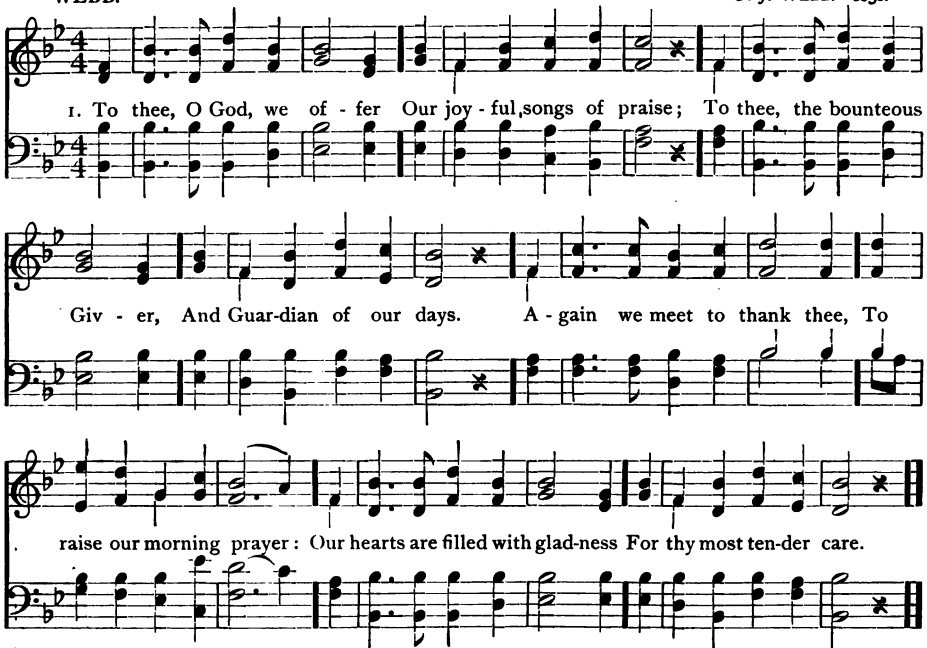
3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn my eye:
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

5 Creatures that borrow life from thee
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

Isaac Watts.

"WEBB." G. J. WEBB. 1830.


1. To thee, O God, we of - fer Our joy - ful songs of praise; To thee, the bounteous
Giv - er, And Guar-dian of our days. A - gain we meet to thank thee, To
raise our morning prayer: Our hearts are filled with glad-ness For thy most ten-der care.

2 Oh, give these teachers courage
To boldly face all sin!
Help them to spread our gospel,
Till all are gathered in.
That faith we cherish deeply,
May we with zeal impart!
Oh, plant its living power
In every beating heart!

3 Guard thou the young, we pray thee,
From sin and error's ways;
Show them the path of duty,
And guide them all their days.
May youth and age so serve thee,
Thou God of watchful love,
That all, when life is ended,
Shall dwell with thee above.

Wm. H. Baldwin.

FOR IN MEMORIAM. ABRAHAM LINCOLN OR JAMES A. GARFIELD.

1 Thou hast fallen in thine armor,
Thou martyr of the Lord,
Thy last breath crying, "Onward!"
Thy hand upon thy sword;
Our anguished cry uprises
From continents and isles,
The blessing of the Nations
Around thy memory smiles.

2 Glory to God forever!
Beyond the assassin's will,
The cause of freedom liveth,
Imperishable still.
What though red handed violence
With secret fraud combine,
The Arm of God is round us,
Our present Help is thine.

3 In trying days before us,
And struggles yet to come;
The battle for a Nation
And freedom's martyrdom.
We'll think of thee, O brother!
Thy sainted name shall be
In the blessing of the people,
And the anthem of the free.

J. G. Whittier.

FATHER, WHO DOST DWELL ON HIGH.

FR. KUHLAU.

1. Fa - ther, who dost dwell on high, Look on us with lov - ing eye;
We be-seech thee, hear us! Ev - er - more be near us! Hear us, heav'n-ly
Fa - ther, hear! Children's lives may be divine, Lit - tle deeds of
love may shine, Hear us! Let our lives be whol - ly thine.

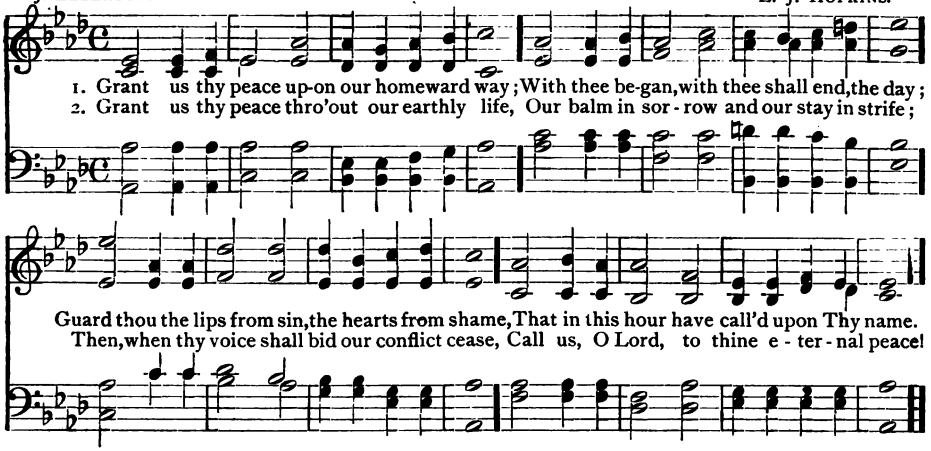
2 Holy Father, Guide Divine
Let thy Light forever shine;
We beseech thee, hear us!
Evermore be near us!
Hear us, heavenly Father, hear!
Be thou with us every day,
In our work or in our play,
Hear us! Hear us as we humbly pray.

3 Father, thou dost love us all;
Lo, we come at thy dear call;
We beseech thee, hear us!
Evermore be near us!
Hear us, heavenly Father, hear!
Suffer us to come to thee,
Trustful, thankful, glad are we,
Hear us! And to thee all glory be.

Words adapted.

AT PARTING.

J. ELLERTON. E. J. HOPKINS.


1. Grant us thy peace up-on our homeward way; With thee be-gan, with thee shall end, the day;
2. Grant us thy peace thro'out our earthly life, Our balm in sor-row and our stay in strife;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this hour have call'd upon Thy name.
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to thine e-ter-nal peace!

LORD, BEFORE THY PRESENCE COME.

Arr. from GOTTSCHALK.

2 Wandering thoughts and languid powers
Come not where devotion kneels;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.

3 At the portals of thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares:
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

John Taylor.

TWILIGHT HYMN.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away:
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Soon for me the light of day
Shall forever pass away:
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee!

Episcopal Coll.

TO-DAY A SOLEMN STILLNESS.

FRIEDR. GLUCK.

1. To-day a sol-emn still-ness Is rest-ing far and near; And
so may we with glad-ness this ho-ly day re-vere. And
pf
pf
cres.
dim.
so may we with glad-ness this ho-ly day re-vere.
cres.
dim.

2 Who would not heed the message,
God sends us from above?
O, let us seek his blessing,
His mercy, and his love.

3 The Sabbath bells are ringing
So cheerful and so clear;
They call to prayer and singing,
And God's good word to hear.

From the German.

KINDLY JUDGMENT.

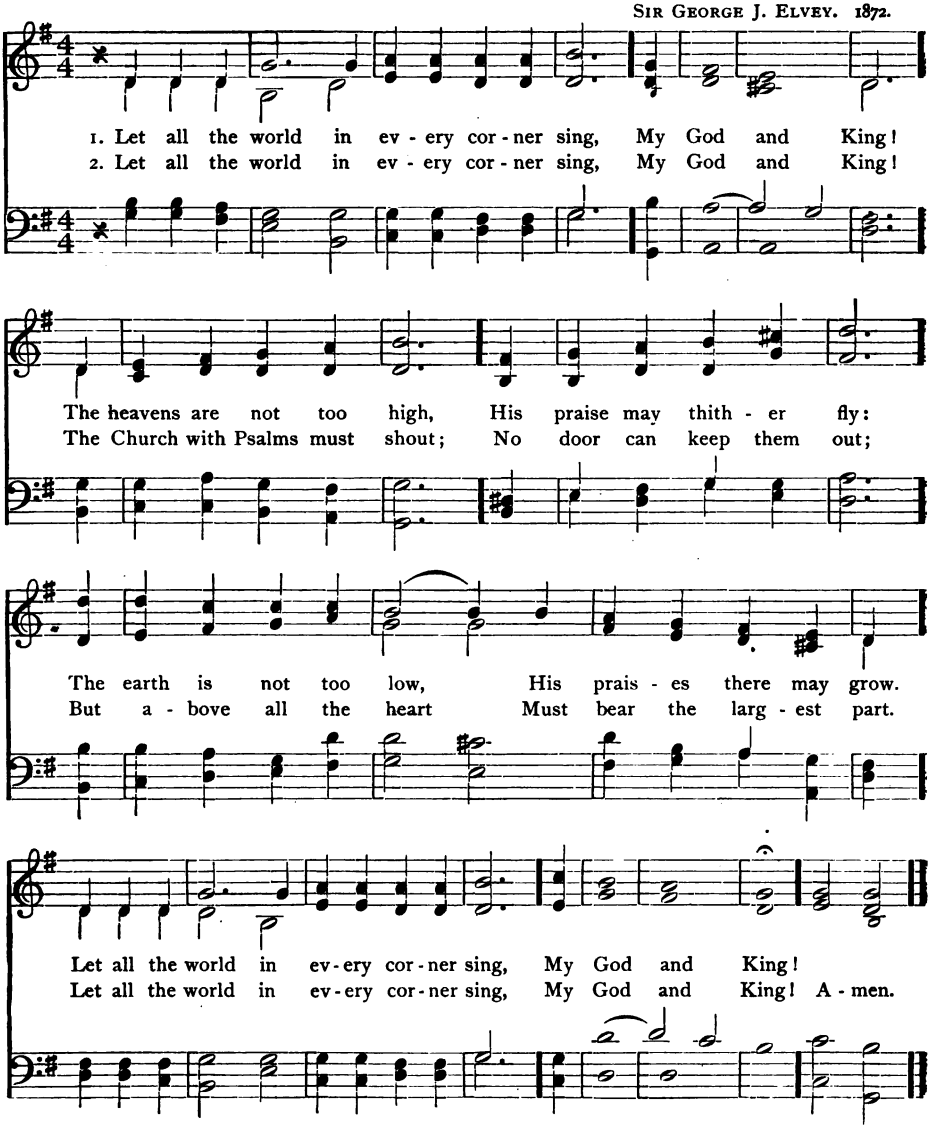
1 Think gently of the erring one;
Oh, let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet!

2 Speak gently to the erring ones!
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words and tones of love
From misery's thorny track.

3 Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may'st be;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

Miss Fletcher.

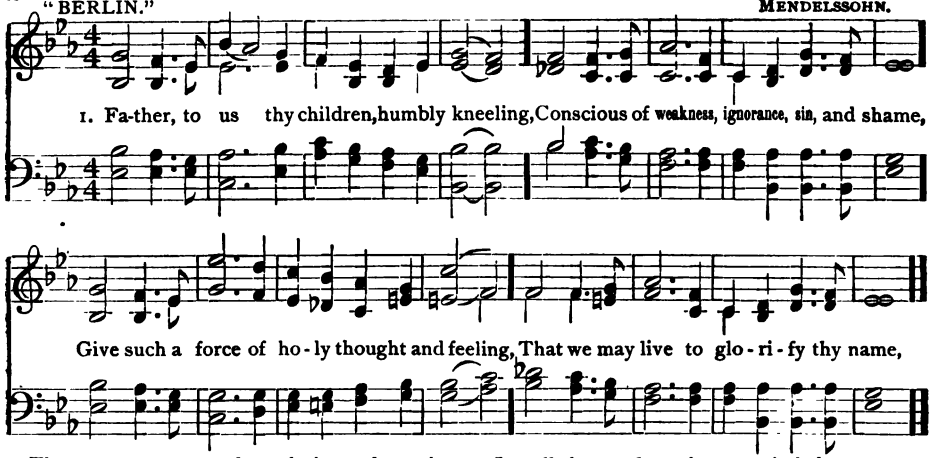
SIR GEORGE J. ELVEY. 1872.


1. Let all the world in ev - ery cor - ner sing, My God and King!
2. Let all the world in ev - ery cor - ner sing, My God and King!
The heavens are not too high, His praise may thith - er fly:
The Church with Psalms must shout; No door can keep them out;
The earth is not too low, His prais - es there may grow.
But a - bove all the heart Must bear the larg - est part.
Let all the world in ev-ery cor-ner sing, My God and King!
Let all the world in ev-ery cor-ner sing, My God and King! A - men.

Rev. George Herbert, M. A. 1638.

POWER TO THE FAINT.

"BERLIN." MENDELSSOHN.


1. Fa-ther, to us thy children, humbly kneeling, Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of ho-ly thought and feeling, That we may live to glo-ri-fy thy name,

2 That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on thee still.

3 Let all thy goodness by our minds be seen,
Let all thy mercy on our souls be sealed:
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make us clean;
Oh, speak the word, thy servants shall be healed!

James Freeman Clarke. 1841.

CHORAL. LET US WITH A GLADSOME MIND.

F. SILCHER.

1. Let us with a glad-some mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
2. He with all-com-mand-ing might, Filled the new-made world with light;
For his mer-cies still en-dure, Ev-er faith-ful, ev-er sure.

3 All his creatures he doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need.
For his mercies, etc.

4 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind.
For his mercies, etc.

John Milton. 1623.

1. The light pours down from heav - en, And en - ters where it may; The eyes of all earth's
REFRAIN.
chil - dren Are cheer'd with one bright day. O hear us! O hear us! And
give us light di - vine, With ev - ery need - ed bless-ing, That we may all be thine.

2 So let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill men's waiting spirits
As waters fill the sea.
O hear us, etc.

3 Then let each human spirit,
Enjoy the vision bright;
The Truth which comes from heaven
Shall spread like heaven's own light.
O hear us, etc.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

To thee, the Lord Almighty,
Our noblest praise we give,
Who all things hast created,
And blessest all that live;

Whose goodness, ne'er failing,
Through countless ages gone,
For ever and for ever,
Shall still keep shining on.

William Gaskell. 1837.

GO FORWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath his banner true;
The Lord himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.

He knows all thy trials,
He knows thine hourly need;
He will, with bread of heaven,
Thy fainting spirit feed.

O BLESSED LIGHT!

FR. X. CHWATAL.

Andantino.
1. Light, O Light, O bless - ed Light! Now a - new the day is dawn-ing,
2. Light, O Light, O bless - ed Light! 'Tis the day of God most ho - ly
dolce.
Bright-'ning all this Sab - bath morn - ing; With the joy - ous sun-shine
Fills with light this tem - ple low - ly. Let it fall on ev - 'ry
blest, Hap - py is our day of rest. With the joy - ous
heart, And its gen - tle grace im - part, Let it fall on
cres.
sun - shine blest, . . Hap - py is our day of rest.
ev - 'ry heart, . . And its gen - tle grace im - part.
rit.

Words adapted from Ginn & Co's Music Reader.

PORTUGUESE HYMN.

"ADESTE FIDELES." JOHN READING. 1760.

1. The Lord is my Shep - herd, no want shall I know: I feed in green
2. Thro'the val - ley and shad-ow of death though I stray, Since thou art my
pas - tures, safe fold - ed I rest: He lead - eth my soul where the
guar - dian, no e - vil I fear: Thy rod shall de-fend me, thy
still wa-ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, Re - stores me when
staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, No harm can be -
wand-'ring, Re - stores me when wan - d'ring, re - deems when oppressed.
fall, No harm can be - fall with my Com - fort - er near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head:
‖: O, what shall I ask :‖ of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps, till I meet thee above:
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
‖: Through the land of their sojourn :‖ thy kingdom of love.

James Montgomery.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

By permission. FRANZ ABT. Arr. by Rev. W. L. R.

Allegro.
1. Hear your country's call, Freemen, one and all! Hear your country's ear - nest cry;
See your na -tive land Asks your succoring hand, Sons of Freedom, draw ye nigh;
CHORUS.
Lift our coun- try's flag on high, 'Tis the em - blem of the
ff
free; Lift our country's flag on high, 'Tis the pledge of vic - to - ry.
ff

2 From the shop and farm,
From the hearth-stone warm,
Lo, we gather brave and strong!
Faithful here we stand
To redeem our land
From intemperance, sin and wrong;
CHO. Lift our country's flag, etc.

3 Hail, our Fatherland!
Here thy children stand,
All resolved, united, true,
In thy holy cause,
Ne'er to faint or pause,
Is the vow we here renew;
CHO. Lift our country's flag, etc.

ABOVE THE CLEAR BLUE SKY.

HENRY FARMER.

1. A - bove the clear blue sky, In heav'n's se-rene a - bode, The
2. But God from youthful tongues On earth receiv - eth praise; We
an - gel host on high Sing prais - es to their God: Al - le-
then our cheer - ful songs In sweet ac-cord will raise; Al - le-
f
lu - ia! Al - le-lu - ia! Al - le-lu - ia! Al - le-lu - ia! They
lu - ia! Al - le-lu - ia! Al - le-lu - ia! Al - le-lu - ia! We
love to sing To God their King: Al - le-lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
too will sing To God our King: Al - le-lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

3 O Lord, thy heavenly truth
Wilt thou to us impart;
And teach us in our youth
To know thee as thou art.
Alleluia!
Then shall we sing
To God our King:
Alleluia!

4 Oh! may thy holy word
Spread all the world around:
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound:
Alleluia!
All then shall sing
To God their King:
Alleluia!

COME, BROTHERS, LET US GO.

"LABAN." LOWELL MASON.

2 The strong be quick to raise
The weaker when they fall:
Let love, and peace, and patience bloom
In ready help for all.

3 Come, brothers, let us go!
We travel hand in hand:
Each with his brother walks in joy
Through this dear Fatherland.

From the German.

SERVICE.

1 Make use of me, my God,
Let me not be forgot,
Let not thy child be cast aside,
One whom thou needest not.

2 Thou usest all thy works,
The weakest things that be;
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on thee.

3 Thou usest the high stars,
The tiny drops of dew,
The giant peak, and little hill,
My God, oh, use me too!

4 Thou usest tree and flower,
The river vast and small,
The eagle great, the little bird
That sings upon the wall.

5 The huge rock in the vale,
The sand-grain by the sea,
The thunder of the rolling cloud,
The murmur of the bee.

6 All things do serve thee here,
All creatures great and small;
Make use of me, who feels, my God,
The weakest of them all.

H. Bonar.

GOD SEEN IN ALL.

1 Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee.

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do be thou the way,
In all be thou the end.

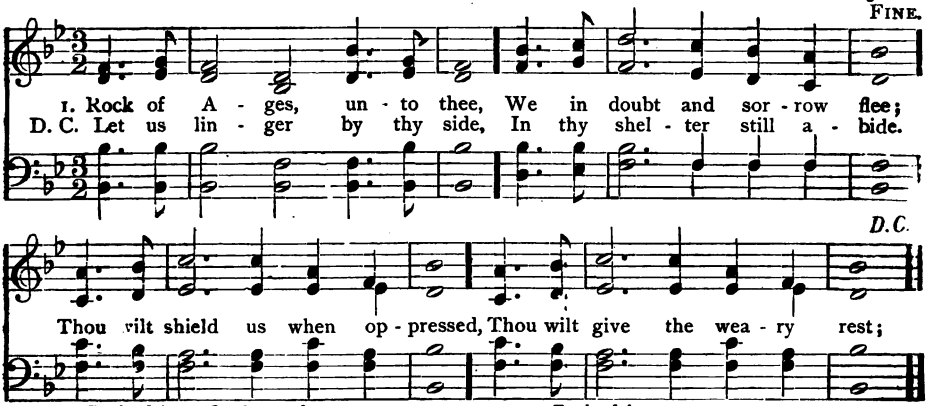
3 All may of thee partake;
No thing so small can be
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done as by thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if thou the cause,
The humblest work divine.

George Herbert.

ROCK OF AGES.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS. 1830.


FINE.
1. Rock of A - ges, un - to thee, We in doubt and sor - row flee;
D. C. Let us lin - ger by thy side, In thy shel - ter still a - bide.
D.C.
Thou wilt shield us when op - pressed, Thou wilt give the wea - ry rest;

2 Rock of Ages, firmly stand,
Shadow in a weary land;
Pilgrims from the desert lone,
From the cottage, from the throne,
Cast their burdens at thy feet,
Find in thee a safe retreat.

3 Rock of Ages, evermore,
Guard us from Temptation's power;
May we thy protection seek,
Thou art strong, but we are weak,
And our songs of joy shall be,
Rock of Ages, unto thee.

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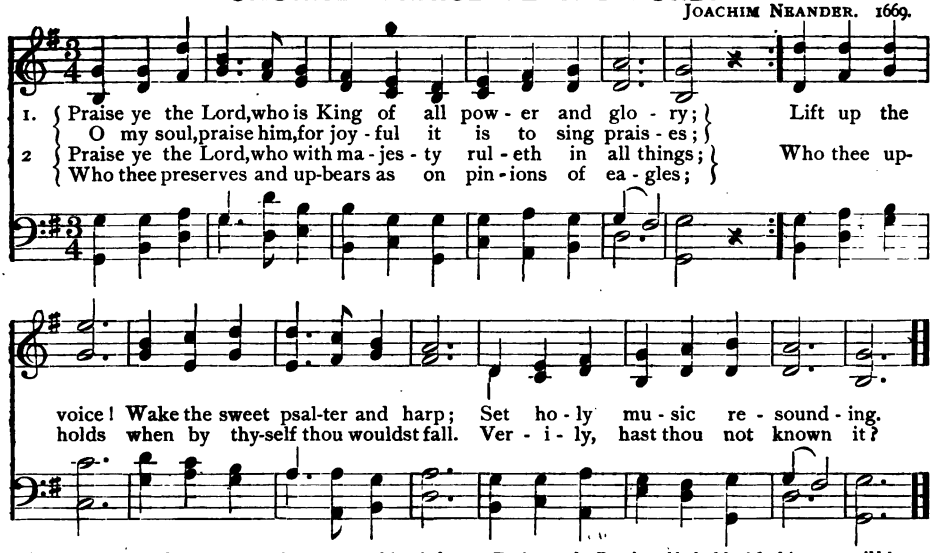
Geo. M. Bodge.

CHORAL. PRAISE YE THE LORD.

JOACHIM NEANDER. 1669.


1. { Praise ye the Lord, who is King of all pow - er and glo - ry; } Lift up the
{ O my soul, praise him, for joy - ful it is to sing prais - es; }
2 { Praise ye the Lord, who with ma - jes - ty rul - eth in all things; } Who thee up-
{ Who thee preserves and up-bears as on pin - ions of ea - gles; }
voice! Wake the sweet psal-ter and harp; Set ho - ly mu - sic re - sound - ing.
holds when by thy-self thou wouldst fall. Ver - i - ly, hast thou not known it?

3 Praise ye the Lord, who prepareth thy way in his wisdom;
When thy strength faileth, he keepeth thy feet for his love's sake:
In what great need hath not the merciful God
Spread his wings over his children?

4 Praise ye the Lord, and behold with thine eyes all his mercies;
Out of the heavens his love raineth like unto rivers.
Think, O thou man, what is the might of his hand
Who daily meets thee with blessings.

From "Unity Festivals," by per.

Transl. by James Vila Blake.

COME HOLY ONE IN LOVE.

BRAUN. Echo Hymn. 1675.

1. Come, Ho - ly One, in love De-scend-ing, like the dove, Shed on us
from a - bove Thine own bright ray! Di - vine - ly good thou art;
Thy sa - cred gifts im - part, To glad-den each sad heart; Oh, come to - day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
Enter each longing breast
With soothing power;
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noon-tide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene and still,
Brightening our every ill,
Our inmost bosoms fill,
Dwell in each breast.
We know no dawn but thine;
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls now shine,
And make us blest!

From the Latin of King Robert of France. 1031

THE LIGHT OF KNOWLEDGE.

TUNE:—"*Marching Along.*" p.

1 The morning is breaking, the daylight appears,
Fair science will banish our doubts and our fears,
Foul error shall vanish away from our sight,
For knowledge will scatter the clouds of her night.

CHO.—Marching along, we are marching along,
Fearless and free, we are marching along;
Truth is our watchword, and knowledge our might,
Winning our way with the weapons of light.

2 The darkness of ages is fleeing away,
The bright sun of knowledge is rising to-day;
Injustice and error may struggle in vain,
The true and the right in their places shall reign.

CHO.—Marching along, etc. *C. W. W.*

From "Sunnyside," by permission.

FATHER, THY PATERNAL CARE.

REV. J. B. DYKES.

1. Fa - ther! thy pa - ter - nal care Has my guar - dian been, my guide;
Ev - ery hal - lowed wish and prayer Has thy hand of love sup - plied:
Thine is ev - ery thought of bliss, Left by hours and days gone by;
Ev - ery hope thine off-spring is, Beam - ing from fu - tu - ri - ty.

2 And for all my hymns shall rise
Daily to thy gracious throne:
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn unwearied, righteous One!

Through life's strange vicissitude
There reposing all my care
Trusting still, through ill and good,
Fixed and cheered and counselled there.

Sir John Bowring.

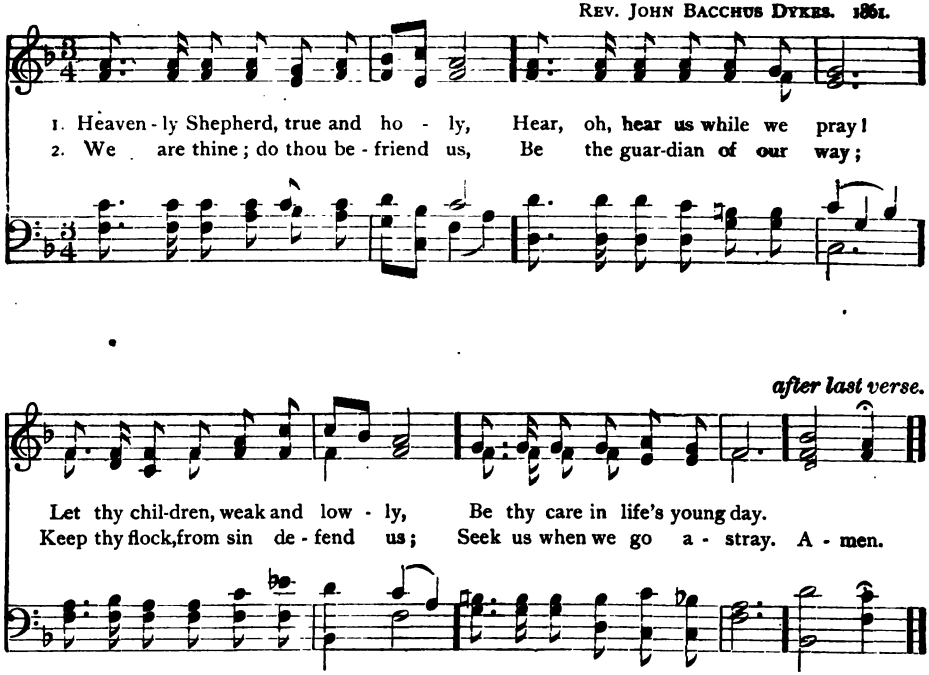
PARTING HYMN.

As the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same,
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.

May he teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in his sight,
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night!

HEAVENLY SHEPHERD, TRUE AND HOLY.

REV. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES. 1861.


1. Heaven - ly Shepherd, true and ho - ly, Hear, oh, hear us while we pray!
2. We are thine; do thou be - friend us, Be the guar-dian of our way;
after last verse.
Let thy chil-dren, weak and low - ly, Be thy care in life's young day.
Keep thy flock, from sin de - fend us; Seek us when we go a - stray. A - men.

3 Never from thy pasture roving,
Let us be to sin a prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep us in life's doubtful way.

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let us find a resting-place—
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

AT CONFIRMATION, OR ON UNITING WITH THE SUNDAY SCHOOL OR CHURCH.

Father, look upon thy children,
Who before thy footstool bow,
Coming as thy sons and daughters,
To renew their solemn vow.

2 Thou who knowest all our weakness,
Strengthen us with heavenly might,
Temples of thy holy spirit,
Fill us with its life and light.

3 Fill us with all understanding,
Give us wisdom from above,
All the powers of ill to vanquish,
Strong in faith, and hope, and love.

Miss E. A. Wigglesworth.

GERMAN.

1. Fa-ther, hear the prayer we of - fer: Not for ease that prayer shall be;
But for strength, that we may ev - er Live our lives cou - ra - geous - ly.
Not for - ev - er in green pas - tures Do we ask our way to
be; But the steep and rug - ged path - way May we tread re - joic - ing - ly.

2 Not forever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness;
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side!

THE WORK OF GOD.

1 Day is breaking; earth is waking;
Darkness from the hills is gone;
Pale with terror, ancient Error
Trembles on her crumbling throne.
Up to labor, friend and neighbor!
Hope, and work with all thy might;
Heaven is near thee, God doth hear thee,
He will ever bless the right

2 Day is breaking, earth is waking;
Fellow-worker, lend thine ear;
Hear'st thou not the angels speaking
Words of love and words of cheer?
Then to labor, friend and neighbor;
Cheerfully put forth thy might;
Never fear thee, God is near thee,
He doth ever bless the right.

I LOOK TO THEE IN EVERY NEED.

CHAS. W. WENDTÉ.
(In part adapted from a German Choral.)

1. I look to thee in ev - 'ry need, And nev - er look in vain; I
feel thy touch, E - ter - nal Love, And all is well a-gain: The thought of
thee is might - ier far Than sin and pain and sor - row are.

2 Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

3 Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

4 Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

Samuel Longfellow.

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W. A. MOZART.

p
cres.
1. Gen - tly the twi - light hours are near - ing, Like an - gels
fair to men ap - pear - ing; The peace - ful hours
their mag - ic throw On wea - ry spi - rits here be -
mf
dim.
low, On wea - ry spi - rits here be - low.

2 Blest is that pow'r from heav'n descending,
Its holy peace to all hearts lending,
Save to that one whose work has been
To pass the fleeting hours in sin,
To pass the fleeting hours in sin.

3 When evening comes in sunset splendor
When weary hearts grow soft and tender,
How dear thy sway, how swift thy flight,
Thou peaceful, holy, star-lit night,
Thou peaceful, holy, star-lit night!

From Ginn & Co's High School Music Reader, by per.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

REV. J. B. DYKES.

2 Let me never say a word
'Gainst thy holy law, O Lord;
Help me so to live in love,
As thine angels do above.

3 Make me, Lord, in work and play,
Thine more truly ev'ry day;
And when death at last shall come,
Take me to thy heav'nly home. Amen.

Mrs. E. Shepcote.

OPENING OR CLOSING YEAR.

1 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With our life's true aim in view.

2 Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with thy heavenly love;
And, when earthly years are told,
Take us to our home above.

LEAD THOU ME ON.

REV. J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, Kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is
dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on. Keep thou my feet; I

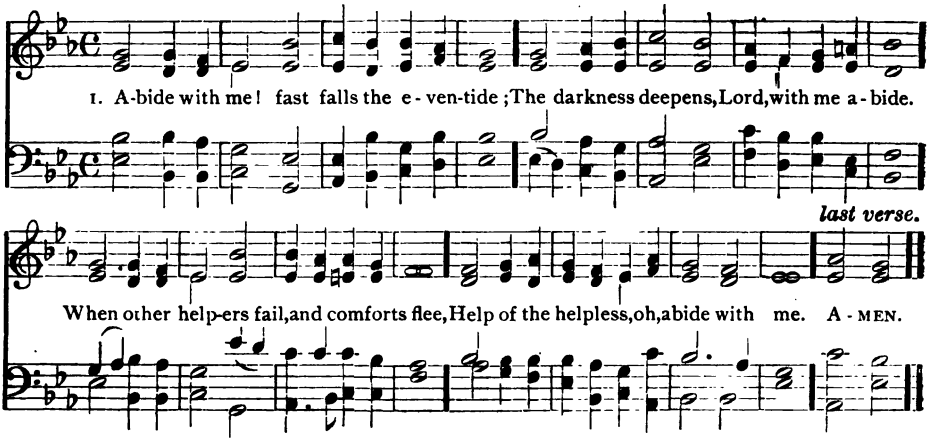
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years!

3 So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

Rev. John Henry Newman, D.D. 1833.

ABIDE WITH ME.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK. 1861.


1. A-bide with me! fast falls the e - ven-tide; The darkness deepens, Lord, with me a - bide.
last verse.
When other help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me. A - MEN.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O thou, who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou the Cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1847.

HARK! HARK, MY SOUL!

HENRY SMART.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for
ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,
Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An - gels of glad - ness,
The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home. An - gels of glad - ness,
cr.
f
p
at close.
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night. A - men.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
Angels of gladness, etc.

4 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping:
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of gladness, etc,

Rev. F. W. Faber. 1854.

"VARINA." GEORGE FREDERICK ROOT. 1849.

1. By what I owe a mother's love, By what a fa-ther's care, From lapse from good, from pas-sion's sway,
By all to oth-ers I would prove, And all with others share,
Oh, keep my spir-it free, And take, for-ev-er take a-way My wrong desires from me!

2 By all the magnitude of loss
To those who fail and fall,
By all I owe the lifted cross
To which for help I call;
By all I owe to souls astray
That would direction see,
Oh, take, forever take away
My wrong desires from me!

Hezekiah Butterworth.

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THE EVENING HOUR.

1 The shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie;
Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

2 Let peace, O Lord, thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From daily fears and perils, thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;—
Give us, O Lord, fresh hope in Heaven,
And trust in things divine.

Adelaide Proctor.

LIFT UP THE HEART.

Oh! ever on our earthly path
Some gleam of glory lies;
And heaven is all around us now,
If we but lift our eyes.

Lift up the heart, lift up the mind!
Until the grace be given,
That, while we travail yet on earth,
Our hearts may be in heaven.

Anon.

COME FORTH AND BRING YOUR GARLANDS.

H. KOTZSCHMAR.

Moderato.
1. Come forth and bring your gar - lands, Come forth with praise and song; En -
mf
wreath the al - tars with your flow'rs, And to the tem-ples throng; For 'tis the glorious
f
f
sum - mer! A time for glad-some praise, When all who love earth's
ff
ff

2 Oh! what so sweet as summer,
When all the sky is blue,
And when the sunbeams' arrows
Pierce all the green earth through!
And what so sweet as flowers,
The blossoms white and red,
Where troops of bright-winged insects
Secure their daily bread!

3 How sweet the feathered songsters
That echo in their trills
The music of the summer winds,
The murmur of the rills!
And all these sights and voices,
In garden, field, and grove,
Make earth, arrayed in beauty,
A type of God's own love.

By per. Oliver Ditson & Co

CHANT. BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA.

1. Bless the Lord, O my soul: And all that is within me, bless his ho - ly name.
Bless the Lord, O my soul· And for - get not all his benefits.

2 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin:
And | healeth | thine in- | firmities.‖
Who saveth thy | life · from de- | struction:
And crowneth thee with | mercy · and | lov- ing | kindness.

3 O bless the Lord, all | ye his | hosts:
Ye servants of | his that | do his | will.‖
Both young men and maidens, | old · men and | children,
Bless the name of the Lord, for | his name · a- | lone is | excellent.

4 Glory be to the Father who | is in | heaven:
The | High and | Holy | One.‖
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be:
Worlds | without | end. A | men.

LEAD US, HEAVENLY FATHER.

C. W. WENDTE.

1. Lead us, heav'n-ly Fa - ther, Lead us, Shepherd kind; We are on - ly chil - dren,
Oh,
Weak, and young, and blind. All the way be-fore us, Thou alone dost know; Lead us, heav'nly
Fa-ther, Sing-ing as we go; Lead us, heav'nly Fa - ther, Sing-ing as we go.

2 Lead us, heavenly Father,
In our opening way.
Lead us in the morning
Of our little day.
While our hearts are happy,
While our souls are free,
May we give our childhood
As a song to thee.

3 Lead us, heavenly Father,
As the way grows long;
Be our strong salvation,
Be our joyous song.
Gladdened by thy mercies,
Chastened by thy rod,
May we walk thro' all things
Humbly with our God.

4 Lead us, heavenly Father,
By thy voices clear,
Through the prophets holy,
Through the Saviour dear,—
He who took the children
In his arm of love,—
May we all be gathered
In his home above!

From "The Sunny Side" by permission of W. A. Pond & Co. *Rev. Brooke Herford.*

MARY'S CRADLE SONG.

1 Sleep, my little Jesus,
On thy bed of hay,
While the shepherds homeward
Journey on their way.
Mother is thy shepherd
And will vigil keep:
O, did the Voices wake thee?
Sleep, my Jesus, sleep!

2 Sleep, my little Jesus,
While thou art my own!
Ox and ass thy neighbors,—
Shalt thou have a throne?
Will they call me blessed?
Shall I stand and weep?
O, be it far, Jehovah!
Sleep, my Jesus, sleep!

3 Sleep, my little Jesus,
Wonder-baby mine!
Well the singing angels
Greet thee as divine.
Through my heart, as heaven,
Low the echoes sweep
Of Glory to Jehovah!
Sleep, my Jesus, sleep!

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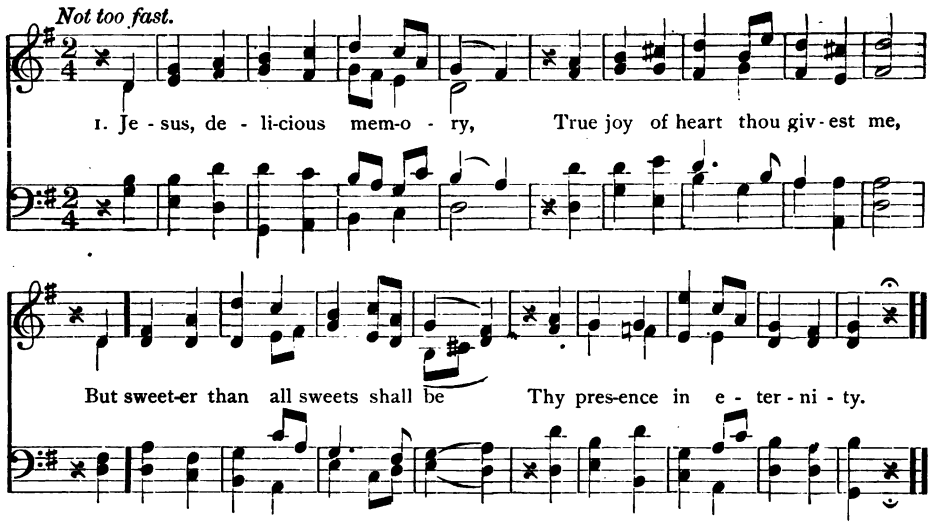
Not too fast.
1. Je - sus, de - li-cious mem-o - ry, True joy of heart thou giv-est me,
But sweet-er than all sweets shall be Thy pres-ence in e - ter - ni - ty.

2 Among all songs, no sweeter one,
More grateful to the ear is none,
Nothing more dear to think upon
Than "Jesus, God's beloved son."

3 No tongue in earth or heaven can tell,
No speech can ever syllable,
Faith only feels what raptures dwell
In hearts that love Immanuel.

4 Thou hope of souls, from sin that flee!
To suppliants all clemency,
If they who seek so blessed be,
What shall be his who findeth thee!

5 Stay with us Son of Righteousness!
Light with thy light our heaviness,
Dispel the gloomy night's distress,
And fill the world with blessedness!

Translated from the Latin of St. Bernard by †.

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CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

1 O God, I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest hath passed away;
And that I see, in this fair light,
My Father's smile, that makes it day.

2 Be thou my Guide, and let me live
As under thine all-seeing eye;
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

Rev. John Pierpont

CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

1 Another day its course hath run,
And still, O God, thy child is blest;
For thou hast been by day my sun,
And thou wilt be by night my rest.

2 Sweet sleep descends my eyes to close;
And now, when all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will.

Rev. John Pierpont.

1. I think, when I read that sweet story of old, When Je - sus was here among men,
How he called lit-tle chil-dren as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me;
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his presence in faith I may go,
And ask for a share of his love;
He who loved little children, when dwelling below,
Must love them when dwelling above,—

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all who are loved and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Mrs. Jemima Luke. 1841

HOME, SWEET HOME.

1 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world is not met with elsewhere.

CHO. Home! home! Sweet, sweet home!
There is no place like home,
There is no place like home.

2 An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again.
The birds singing gaily that come at my call,
Give me them with that peace of mind dearer than all.

CHO. Home! home! Sweet, sweet home! etc.,

Familiar Tune.

GENTLE JESUS, PURE AND HOLY.

GERMAN.

1. Gen - tle Je - sus, pure and ho - ly, Once thou wast a lit - tle
child, Cra - dled in a man - ger low - ly, O'er it watched thy moth-er
mild. So while Ma - ry, bend - ing o'er thee, Wait - ed for the com - ing
morn, An - gels sang the joy - ous sto - ry: "Lo! the Prince of Peace is born!"

2 High in heaven's blue deep above thee,
Rose that bright and morning star;
As the wise men knelt before thee,
Bringing treasures from afar;
While the happy shepherds following
Where the angels led the way,
At the shrine they bowed adoring,
Where the babe in beauty lay.

3 Gentle Jesus, pure and holy,
Still the angels lead to thee;
And the children follow gladly
To the child of Galilee.
Like the wise men, gifts we bring thee,
Like the shepherds, we adore,
Like the angels, songs we sing thee,
Love and praise forevermore.

Charles W. Wendté.

Words by permission of Wm. A. Pond & Co.

From "JOSHUA." G. F. HAENDEL.

1. Daugh - ter of Zi - on, great - ly re - joice! Shout a - loud, Je -
2. Ho - si - an - na, Prince of Peace! To thy peo - ple
(or) 1. See, the con-quering he - - - ro comes! Sound the trum - pets,
FINE.
ru - - - - sa - lem. Lo! . . . . . thy King draws nigh . . to
ev - - - - er blessed; Found - - - ing now thy end - - less
beat . . . the drums. Sports . . . pre - pare, the lau - - rel
thee; Yea, ... he comes, the Prince . . . . of Peace.
reign, Ho - - - - - si - an - na ev - - - - - er - more.
bring, Songs . . . of tri - umph to . . . . . him sing.
D.C. al fine.

LOVE DIVINE.

TUNE: — "*Oh, the Beautiful Old Story*," p. 49.

1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Father, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart!

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive.
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!

OH, THE BEAUTIFUL OLD STORY.

By per. O. DITSON & Co.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Oh, the beau-ti-ful old sto-ry! Of the lit-tle child that lay
In a man-ger on that morn-ing, When the stars sang in the day;
When the hap-py shep-herds kneel-ing, As be-fore a ho-ly shrine,
Blessed God and the ten-der moth-er, For a life that was di-vine.

2 Oh, the pleasant, peaceful story!
Of the youth who grew so fair,
In his father's humble dwelling,
Poverty and toil to share,
Till around him, in the temple,
Marvelling, the old men stood,
As through his wise innocency
Shone the meek boy's angelhood.

3 Oh, the wonderful, true story!
Of the messenger from God,
Who among the poor and lowly,
Bravely and devoutly trod,
Working miracles of mercy,
Preaching peace, rebuking strife,
Blessing all the little children,
Lifting up the dead to life.

4 Oh, the sad and solemn story!
Of the cross, the crown, the spear,
Of the pardon, pain, and glory
That have made this name so dear.
This example let us follow,
Fearless, faithful to the end,
Walking in the sacred footsteps
Of our brother, Master, friend.

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Louisa M. Alcott.

IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY.

"RATHBUN." ITHAMAR CONKEY. 1851.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower - ing o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub-lime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified:
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir John Bowring. 1825.

THE GOOD FIGHT OF FAITH.

1 We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and earnest time;
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.

2 Hark the onset, will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, oh up, thou drowsy soldier!
Worlds are charging to the shock.

3 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding,
Angels looking on the sight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On, right onward, for the Right!

4 On! let all the soul within you
For the Truth's sake, go abroad;
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell for ages, tell for God!

PSALM OF LIFE.

1 Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream:
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

2 Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal:
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

4 Trust no future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act, act, in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

H. W. Longfellow.

I LIVE FOR THOSE WHO LOVE ME.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. I live for those who love me, Whose hearts are kind and true, For the
heaven that smiles a - bove me, And waits my spir - it too; For the
hu - man ties that bind me, For the task by God as-signed me, For the
bright hopes left be - hind me, And the good that I can do.

2 I live to hail that season,
By gifted men foretold,
When man shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

3 I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Dublin Univ. Magazine.

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WHEN THE ROSY BEAMS OF MORNING.

M. S. LANCASTER.

With spirit.
f
1. When the ro - sy beams of morn - ing Dart a - cross the east - ern sky, Scattering
rit.
f
wide the mists and shadows That o'er hill and val - ley lie, Then the birds a - wake to
staccato.
cres.
song, Glittering dew-drops kiss the flowers, Lowing herds to - geth - er throng Through the
rit.
f CHORUS. Sprightly.
bright and peaceful hours. Ring out, joy-bells, ring out Our hearts' un-ceas - ing
cres.
rit.
rit.
praise To him who fills both earth and sky, With sweet-est mel - o - dies.

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2 While the sun with noontide splendor
Bathes the world in floods of light,
Speeding on his glorious pathway
Like a giant in his might,
Gentle zephyrs stir the trees,
Lake and sea like silver glow;
Merry streamlets in the breeze
Ripple softly as they flow.
CHO.—Ring out, joy-bells, etc.

3 As the shades of evening gather
Slowly over land and sea,
And the moon in all her glory
Shines in sweet serenity,
Then a calm rests on the deep,
Flowers close their beauteous eyes;
Cattle lay them down to sleep,
And the lingering twilight dies.
CHO.—Ring out, joy-bells, etc.

4 While the universe is ringing
With sublimest harmonies,
Ever and forever winging
Heavenward in grateful lays,
So we join the lofty strain;
Praise to thee, Creator, Lord,
Till yon bright, celestial fane
Echoes with the song outpoured.
CHO.—Ring out, joy-bells, etc.

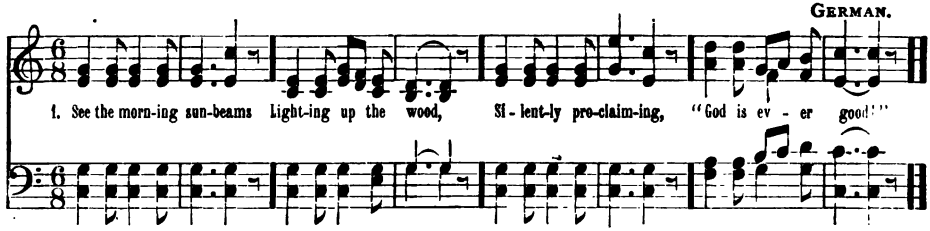
SADLY BEND THE FLOWERS.

A. RANDEGGER.

p Moderato.
1. Sad - ly bend the flow - ers In the hea - vy rain; Af - ter beat - ing
2. When a sud - den sor - row Comes like cloud and night, Wait for God's to -
show - ers Sun-beams come a - gain. Lit - tle birds are si - lent,
mor - row, All will then be bright. On - ly wait and trust him,
All the dark night through; But when morn-ing dawneth, Their songs are sweet and new.
Just a lit - tle while; Af - ter evening tear - drops, Shall come the morning smile.

GOD IS GOOD.

GERMAN.



2 Hear the mountain streamlet
In the solitude,
With its ripple, saying,
"God is ever good!"

3 In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing,
"God is ever good!"

4 Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude;
While all nature utters,
"God is ever good!"

LITTLE THINGS.

1 Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

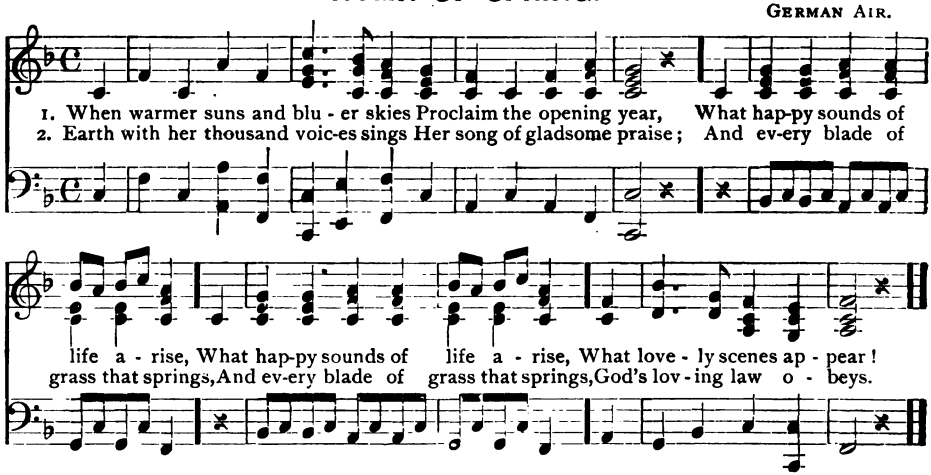
2 Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

E. C. Brewer.

HYMN OF SPRING.

GERMAN AIR.


1. When warmer suns and blu - er skies Proclaim the opening year, What hap-py sounds of
2. Earth with her thousand voic-es sings Her song of gladsome praise; And ev-ery blade of
life a - rise, What hap-py sounds of life a - rise, What love - ly scenes ap - pear!
grass that springs, And ev-ery blade of grass that springs, God's lov - ing law o - beys.

3 The early flowers bloom bright and fair,
Fair shines the morning sky;
‖: The birds make music in the air, :‖
The brook goes singing by.

4 Like the spring morning, sweet and clear,
That greets our gladdened eyes,
‖: The spring of heaven's eternal year :‖
Shall bring new earth and skies.

A. BOST.

1. Summer days once more are coming, Fragrance fills the balm - y air; Birds are singing,
insects humming, Groves are ringing ev -'ry-where. Ting'd with sunshine's ra-diant splendor,
Fleecy clouds are golden bright; Spring, with view-less fingers tender, Paints the blossoms red and white.

2 Heav'nly love creation blesses,
Nature owns its thrilling kiss;
All that lives and feels confesses
Gratefully this hour of bliss.
New-born life its hymn is raising
On the mead and in the grove;
Shall not we, too, join in praising
Nature's God, the God of love?

3 Yes! amidst thy glad creation
Shall our song ascend to Thee;
And with holy exultation
In thy works our joy shall be!
This thy world of bliss and beauty
Evermore will we enjoy;
And in works of childlike duty,
All our days for thee employ.

From German by Rev. Chas. T. Brooks.

Words from "The Sunny Side" by permission of W. A. Pond & Co.

AWAKE TO DUTY.

1 All around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.
Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given;
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained of heaven.

2 Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labor
Still be sure to do our part.
Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.

DAYS OF SUMMER GLORY.

GERMAN.

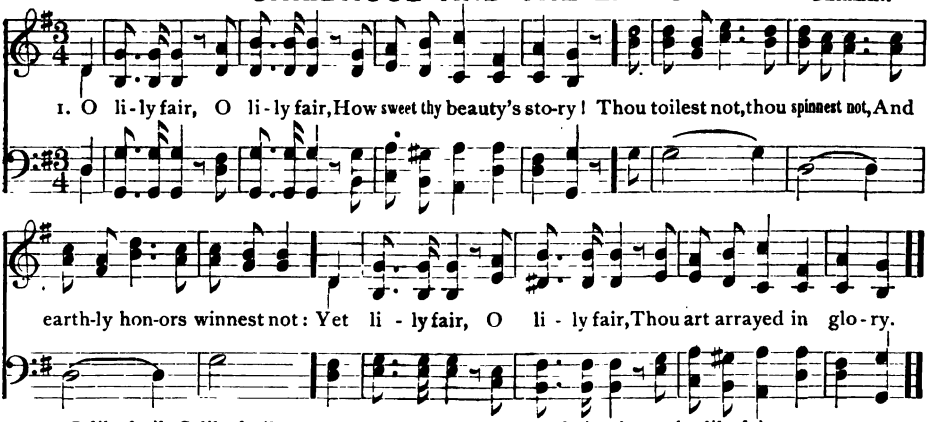
2 Let our thoughts be ever
Pure as yonder sun:
Gentle as the breezes
When the night comes on.

3 Meadows, fields, and mountains,
Clothed in shining green;
Little rippling fountains
Through the willows seen.

4 Birds that sweetly warble
All the summer days:
All things speak in music
Their Creator's praise.

CHILDHOOD AND THE LILIES.

GERMAN.


1. O li-ly fair, O li-ly fair, How sweet thy beauty's sto-ry! Thou toilest not, thou spinnest not, And
earth-ly hon-ors winnest not: Yet li - ly fair, O li - ly fair, Thou art arrayed in glo-ry.

2 O lily frail, O lily frail,
How soon thy glory waneth!
Up-springing with the morning glow,
At evening's breath thou liest low;
Yet lily fair, O lily fair,
Thy fragrance still remaineth.

3 O childhood bright, O childhood bright,
How sweet the joy thou bringest,
When, trustful as the bird in air,
And simple as the lily fair,
O childhood bright, O childhood bright,
Thy happy song thou singest.

4 O childhood brief, O childhood brief,
Though swift thy days pass by us,
May thy firm trust, thy simple grace,
Be aye our strength in manhood's race;
Then childhood brief, O childhood brief,
The joy shall still be nigh us.

Rev. P. M. Higginson.

WE PLOUGH THE FIELDS.

Joyous.
1. We plough the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and
wa - tered By thine almight-y hand; From thee the snow in win- ter, The warmth to swell the
CHORUS.
grain, The breezes, and the sunshine, And soft refreshing rain. All good gifts around us Are
sent from heav'n a-bove, Then thank the Lord, Oh, thank the Lord, for all his love. A-MEN.

2 Thou only art the maker
Of all things near and far,
The tint upon the rose-leaf,
The light within the star:
The winds and waves obey thee,
The storms by thee are led,
On thee all eyes are waiting,
By thee all creatures fed.
CHO. All good gifts, etc.

3 We thank thee, O our Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Thy own kind hand hath kept us
Through all the changing year;
Thy love it is that brings us,
Again to worship here.
CHO. All good gifts, etc.

After Matthias Claudius. 1740—1815.

GOLDEN DAYS.

AIR, "SHINING SHORE." GEO. F. ROOT.

1. The days are glid-ing swift-ly by, The days so bright and gold-en, In leaf and flow'r the
CHORUS.
sum-mer writes Her po - em sweet and old - en. The gold-en days, the long bright days, The
gladdest of the year! The green grass springs, the wild bird sings, The summer time is here.

2 The earth is warm with life and joy,
The air is full of splendor,
And unto all the south wind brings
Her message sweet and tender.—CHO.

3 O Giver of these summer hours,
All nature gives thee praises,
From mountain peak, to where the flower
Its lowly bloom upraises.—CHO.

4 And at thy feet we too would sing,
With all thy creatures living,
A song of mirth, a song of joy,
A song of glad thanksgiving.—CHO.

Mrs. E. H. Leland.

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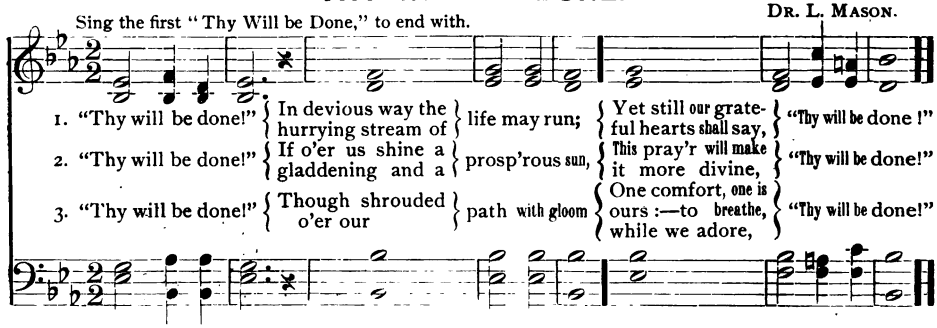
THY WILL BE DONE.

Sing the first "Thy Will be Done," to end with. DR. L. MASON.


1. "Thy will be done!" In devious way the hurrying stream of life may run; Yet still our grate-ful hearts shall say, "Thy will be done!"
2. "Thy will be done!" If o'er us shine a gladdening and a prosp'rous sun, This pray'r will make it more divine, "Thy will be done!"
3. "Thy will be done!" Though shrouded o'er our path with gloom One comfort, one is ours:—to breathe, while we adore, "Thy will be done!"

JOHN B. WILKES.

f
1. Praise to God and thanksgiv - ing! Hearts, bow down, and voi - ces, sing!
After last verse.
For his mer-cies still en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure. A - MEN.

2 Praises to the Glorious One,
All his year of wonder done:
CHO. For his mercies, etc.

3 Praise him for his budding green,
April's resurrection-scene:
CHO. For his mercies, etc.

4 Praise him for his shining hours,
Starring all the land with flowers:
CHO. For his mercies, etc.

5 Praise him for his summer rain,
Feeding, day and night, the grain:
CHO. For his mercies, etc.

6 Praise him for the tiny seed,
Holding all his world shall need!
CHO. For his mercies, etc.

7 Praise him for his orchard fruit,
Meadow grass and garden root:
CHO. For his mercies, etc.

8 Praise for hills and valleys broad,—
Each a Table of the Lord!
CHO. For his mercies, etc.

9 For his year of wonder done,
Praise to the All-Glorious One!
CHO. For his mercies, etc.

10 Heart, bow down, and voices, sing
Praise to God and thanksgiving!
CHO. For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure. AMEN.

Wm. C. Gannett.
(except refrain.)

EASTER HYMN.

1 Lo, the earth is risen again
From the winter's bond and pain!
Bring we flower and leaf and spray
To adorn our holiday.

2 Once again the word comes true,
Lo, he maketh all things new.
Now the dark cold days are o'er
Light and gladness are before.

3 How our hearts leap with the spring!
How our spirits soar and sing!
Light is victor over gloom,
Life triumphant o'er the tomb.

4 Change, then, mourning into praise,
And, for dirges, anthems raise!
All our fears and griefs shall be
Lost in immortality.

Samuel Longfellow.

LITTLE SUNBEAM.

GERMAN AIR.

Joyously.

1. Oh, would you be a sun - beam In this fair world of ours, To
2. And in your lov - ing mis - sion, Let none for - got - ten be; Let
give forth life and glad - ness, And wak - en up the flow'rs? Do
in - sect, bird, and flow - er, Be cared for ten - der - ly; And
deeds of win - ning kind - ness To dear ones round your hearth; Do
so shall you be tru - ly A lit - tle sun - beam bright, And
deeds of win - ning kind - ness To dear ones round your hearth; But think amidst your
so shall you be tru - ly A lit - tle sun-beam bright, To shine with per-fect
sweet home - love Of lone - ly ones on earth.
love - li - ness, And fill your home with light.

From "Morning Stars," by permission of Oliver Ditson & Co.

EACH LITTLE FLOWER THAT OPENS.

GERMAN AIR.

Vivace.

1. Each lit-tle flow'r that o-pens, Each little bird that sings, Each lit-tle bird that sings,
2. The cold wind in the win-ter, The pleasant summer sun, The pleasant summer sun,
God made their glowing col-ors, He made their tin-y wings; The purple-headed mountain, The
The ripe fruits in the gar-den,– He made them ev-'ry one; The tall trees in the for-est, The
riv-er run-ning by, The sun-set and the morn-ing red That brightens up the sky.
meadows where we play, The rush-es by the riv-er-side We gath-er ev-'ry day.
CHORUS.
Yes! all things bright and beau-ti-ful, All crea-tures great and small, And
all things wise and won-der-ful, The Lord God made them all.

UPWARD, WHERE THE STARS ARE BURNING.

W. A. MOZART.

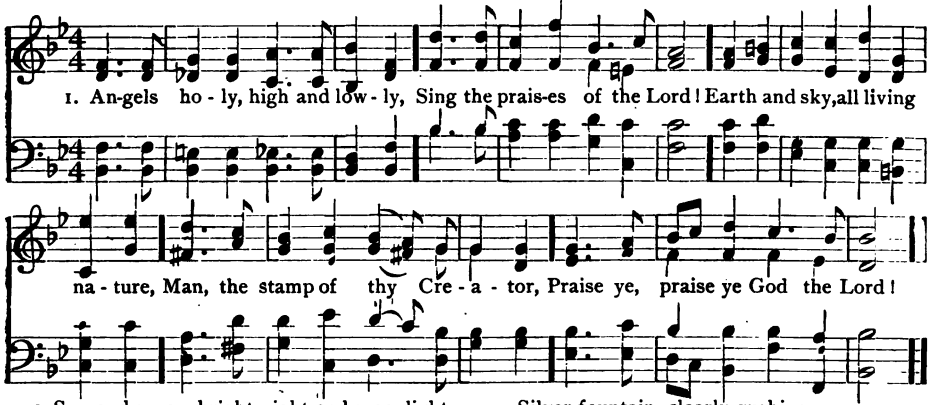
1. Up - ward, where the stars are burn-ing, Si - lent, si - lent, in their
mf
turn-ing Round the nev - er - chang - ing pole; Up - ward, where the
poco cres.
pf
sky is bright-est; Up - ward, where the blue is light - est,—
pf
f
Lift I now my long - ing soul, Lift I now my long - ing soul.
f

2 Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond those clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair:
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
‖:I would find my mansion there.:‖

3 Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving,—
‖:That must be the home of homes.:‖

4 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at his blessed feet.
Poor the praise that now we render:
Loud shall be our voices yonder
‖:When before his throne we meet.:‖

Rev. H. Bonar.


1. An-gels ho - ly, high and low - ly, Sing the prais-es of the Lord! Earth and sky, all living
na - ture, Man, the stamp of thy Cre - a - tor, Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

2 Sun and moon, bright night and moonlight;
Starry temples, azure-floored;
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

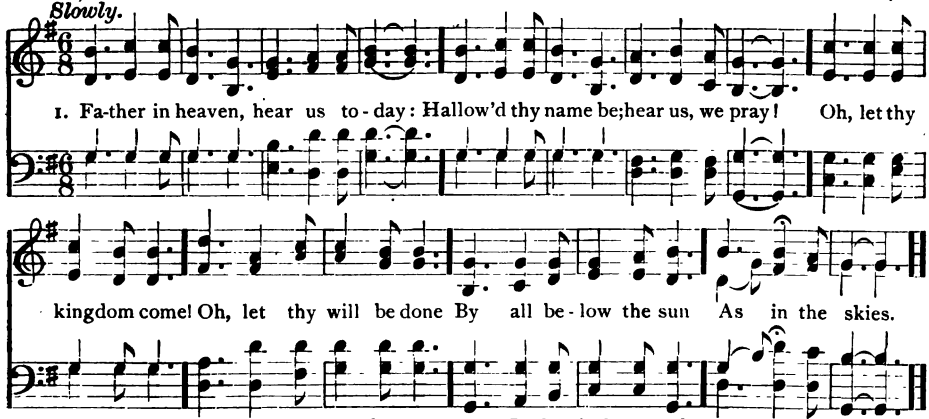
3 Rolling river, praise him ever,
From the mountains' deep vein poured;
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, wildly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

4 Praise him ever, bounteous Giver;
Praise him, Father, Friend and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

John Stuart Blackie.

LORD'S PRAYER.

AIR, "ALMOST PERSUADED." P. P. BLISS.


Slowly.
1. Fa-ther in heaven, hear us to - day: Hallow'd thy name be; hear us, we pray! Oh, let thy
kingdom come! Oh, let thy will be done By all be - low the sun As in the skies.

2 Father in heaven, hear us to-day;
Hallowed thy name be; hear us, we pray!
Giver of daily food,
Fountain of truth and good,
Be all our hearts imbued
With love like thine.

3 Father in heaven, hear us to-day;
Hallowed thy name be; hear us, we pray!
Lead us in paths of right,
Save us from sin and blight,
King of all love and might,
Glorious for aye.

Chas. G. Ames.

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CONSIDER THE LILIES.

F. SILCHER.

With expression.
1. Hark! the lil - ies whis - per Ten - der - ly and low,
"In our grace and beau - ty, See how fair we grow."
2. And if toil and trou - ble Be our lot be - low,
Think up - on the lil - ies, See how fair they grow.
Hark! the ros - es speak - ing, Tell-ing all a - broad,
Flow'rs of field and gar - den— All their voi - ces blend;
Their sweet, won - drous sto - ry Of the love of God.
And their Ma - ker's prais - es To our souls com-mend.

From "Morning Stars," by permission of Oliver Ditson & Co.

HAND IN HAND WITH ANGELS.

1 Hand in hand with angels,
In the busy street
By the winter hearth-fires,—
Everywhere,— we meet,
Though unfledged and songless,
Birds of Paradise;
Heaven looks at us daily
Out of human eyes.

2 Hand in hand with angels,
Oft in menial guise,
By the same straight pathway
Prince and beggar rise.
If we drop the fingers,
Toil-embrowned and worn,
Then one link with heaven
From our life is torn.

3 Hand in hand with angels;
Some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing,
Into paths of light.
Some dear hands are loosened
From our earthly clasp,
Soul in soul to hold us
With a firmer grasp.

4 Hand in hand with angels
Walking every day;—
How the chain may lengthen,
None of us can say.
But we know it reaches
From earth's lowliest one,
To the shining seraph,
Throned beyond the sun.

Words by per. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Lucy Larcom.

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

CARL GROOS.

Cheerfully.
1. If I were a sun - beam, I know what I'd do:
I would seek white li - lies Rain - y wood - lands through;
I would steal a - mong them, Soft - est light I'd shed,
Un - til ev - ery li - ly Raised its droop - ing head.

2 "If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I'd go;
Into lowliest hovels,
Dark with want and woe;
Till sad hearts looked upward,
I would shine and shine;
Then they'd think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine."

3 Art thou not a sunbeam,
Child, whose life is glad
With an inner radiance
Sunshine never had?
Oh, as God has blessed thee,
Scatter rays divine!
For there is no sunbeam
But must die, or shine.

Lucy Larcom.

Words by per. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"NOW THE DAY IS OVER."

J. BARNBY. 1868.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Fa - ther, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose,
after last verse.
Sha - dows of the ev'n - ing Steal a - cross the sky.
With thy ten - derest bless - ing May our eye - lids close. A - men.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee,
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil,
From their sin restrain.

5 Through the long night watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy Holy Eyes. Amen.

S. Baring-Gould.

SEE THE RIVERS FLOWING.

The above tune, or ♪ 65.

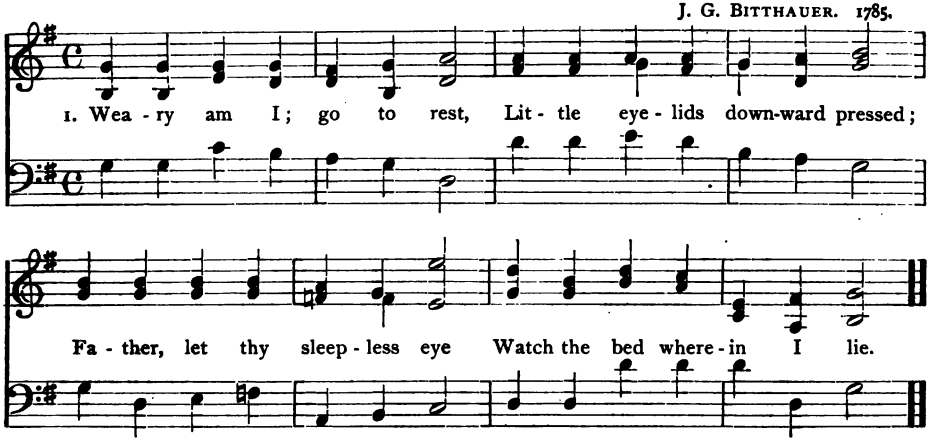
1 See the rivers flowing
Downwards to the sea,
Pouring all their treasure
Bountiful and free:
Yet to help their giving,
Hidden springs arise;
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies.

2 Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread,
Load the air with perfumes
From their bounty shed:
Yet their lavish spending
Leaves them not in dearth,
With fresh life replenished
By their mother earth!

3 Give thy heart's best treasure,
From fair Nature learn;
Give thy love and ask not,
Wait not a return;
And the more thou spendest,
From thy little store,
With a double bounty
God will give the more.

Adelaide Proctor.

J. G. BITTHAUER. 1785.



2 Have I done aught wrong to-day?
Oh! thou dear God, look away!
In thy mercy, full and free,
For my errors pardon me.

3 All who near unto me stand,
Let them rest in thy strong hand;
Keep the people, great and small,
In thy charge, O Lord of all.

4 Unto wet eyes send thou sleep;
Unto sick hearts, rest so deep;
Let the moon in heaven stand
Watching o'er a quiet land.

Transl. from the German by Miss Harriet Hall.

THE CHILDREN'S OFFERING.

1 What shall little children bring
As a grateful offering
For the ever watchful care
That surrounds us everywhere?

2 Gathered in a happy fold,
Safe from wintry want and cold,
Fed by hands that never tire,
Warmed at love's unfailing fire;

3 Sheltered by protecting arms
From the great world's sins and harms;
While a patience, wise and sweet,
Guides our little wandering feet.

4 Willing hearts and open hands,
Love that every ill withstands,
Faith and hope in thee, our King,—
These shall be our offering.

Louisa M. Alcott.

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BLESSINGS ON THEE, GRACIOUS LORD.

1 Blessings on thee, gracious Lord!
Every child shall bless thy name,
For each gentle look and word,
When to thee the children came.

2 Happy child, upon whose head,
As he sat upon thy knee,
Thy kind hand was softly laid,
Blessing him,—how tenderly!

3 Hark! that voice is raised in prayer,
Which could still the maniac wild;
Lo! that mighty hand is there,
Laid in blessing on a child.

Rev. W. H. Furness, D.D.

WHEN EVENING SHADOWS GATHER.

SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

With expression.
p
1. When evening shadows gath - er, And twi-light gen-tly fades: When all is still and
mf
f
si - lent In midnight's darker shades; Then, O my God, be near me, Do thou protect my
p
p
rit.
after last verse.
bed; From e - vil and from dan - ger Let an - gels guard my head. A - men.

2 We know not when we slumber,
That we shall e'er awake,
To see another day begin,
Another dawning break:
But thou art ever watching,
Thou wilt our vigils keep,
And, trusting in thy mercy,
We sink in peaceful sleep.

FOR A FUNERAL OCCASION.

1 The precious seed of weeping
To-day we sow once more,
The form of one now sleeping,
Whose pilgrimage is o'er.
Ah! death but safely lands him
Where we too would attain;
Our Father's voice demands him,
And death to him is gain.

2 He has what we are wanting,
He sees what we believe;
The sins on earth so haunting,
Have there no power to grieve;
Safe in his Father's keeping,
Who sent him calm release;
'Tis only we are weeping,—
He dwells in perfect peace.

3 The crown of life he weareth,
He bears the shining palm,
The "Holy, Holy," shareth,
And joins the angels' psalm;
But we poor pilgrims wander
Still through this land below,
Till we shall meet him yonder,
And all his joy shall know.

Stitta; transl. by C. Winkworth.

GOD BLESS THE HOME.

GERMAN.

1. God bless the home, though hum - ble, So full of love's sweet light;
God bless the lit - tle chil - dren, With their sweet fac - es bright;
God bless the moth - er ten - der, God bless the fa - ther, too;
God make us fond and faith - ful, God keep us kind and true.

2 God bless the home, where daily
The songs of praise arise;
Where all kneel round the altar
And offer sacrifice.
Alas! for homes where never
Is heard the voice of prayer;
Alas! for homes, when worship
Is never practised there.

3 Alas! for homes, where sorrow
Like night must ever brood;
Where children lack for clothing,
And for their daily food.
God bless the home he gives us,
The home that gave us birth;
God keep us fond and faithful,
And make it heaven on earth.

T. Corben.

NEVER FORGET THE DEAR ONES.

GEO. F. ROOT. By per.

1. Nev - er for - get the dear ones, A - round the so - cial hearth; The
sun - ny smiles of glad - ness, The songs of art - less mirth; Tho'
oth - er scenes may woo thee In oth - er lands to roam,
Nev - er for - get the dear ones, That clus - ter round thy home.

2 Ever their hearts are turning
To thee when far away,
Their love so pure and tender
Is with thee on thy way;
Wherever thou may'st wander,
Wherever thou may'st roam,
Never forget the dear ones,
That cluster round thy home.

3 Never forget thy father,
Who cheerful toils for thee;
Within thy heart may ever
Thy mother's image be;
Thy sister dear and brother,
They long for thee to come;
Never forget the dear ones,
That cluster round thy home.

BE KIND TO THE LOVED ONES AT HOME.

Tenderly.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Be kind to thy father—for when thou wert young, Who loved thee so fond - ly as he? He
caught the first ac-cents that fell from thy tongue, And joined in thine in - no-cent glee. Be
ORGAN.
kind to thy fa-ther for now he is old, His locks in-ter-min-gled with gray; His
ad lib.
foot - steps are fee - ble, once fear-less and bold, Thy fa - ther is pass-ing a - way.

2 Be kind to thy mother—for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen; [now,
Oh, well may'st thou comfort and cherish her
For loving and kind has she been.
Remember thy mother, for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath; [way,
With accents of kindness then cheer her lone
E'en to the dark valley of death.

3 Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have
dearth,
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn:
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother, wherever thou art,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

4 Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Be kind to thy father, once fearless and bold,
Be kind to thy mother so near;
Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart
cold,
Be kind to thy sister so dear.

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HUSHED WAS THE EVENING HYMN.

SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. Hush'd was the evening hymn, The temple courts were dark; The lamp was burning dim Before the
sa - cred ark; When sud-den-ly a voice divine A-woke the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple child,
The little Samuel kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
Was to the little child revealed.

3 So to each waiting heart
Some word divine is given;
Still to the listening ear
Speaketh the voice of heaven.
I too would hear and keep thy word,
And be thy loving child, O Lord!

J. D. Burns. Adapted.

ALL GOOD-NIGHT.

GERMAN AIR.

1. All good-night! all good-night! Now is la - bor ended quite; Now the day is softly closing,
Busy hands from toil reposing, Till new morning wakes to light: All good-night! all good-night!

2 Sweetly rest! sweetly rest!
Weary eyelids downward pressed!
Silence rests on field and mountain,
Softly murmur brook and fountain,
Every bird has sought its nest:
Sweetly rest! sweetly rest!

3 Peaceful sleep! peaceful sleep!
Sleep till morning's dawn doth peep!
Sleep until another morrow
Brings its duty, joy, or sorrow;
Sleep, our Father watch will keep!
Peaceful sleep! peaceful sleep!

Words translated.

VESPER HYMN.

RUSSIAN AIR.

1. Now on sea and land de - scend - ing, Brings the night its peace profound:
2. Now our wants and bur - dens leav - ing To his care who cares for all,
Let our ves - per hymn be blend - ing With the ho - ly calm around.
Cease we fear - ing, cease we griev - ing; At his touch our bur - dens fall.
Soon as dies the sun - set glo - ry, Stars of heav'n shine out a - bove,
As the dark - ness deep - ens o'er us, Lo! e - ter - nal stars a - rise;
Tell - ing still the an - cient sto - ry,—Their Cre - a - tor's changeless love.
Hope and Faith and Love rise glo - rious, Shin - ing in the Spi - rit's skies.

Samuel Longfellow.

DIVINE WORSHIP.

1 Holy Father, thou hast taught me
I should live to thee alone;
Year by year, thy hand hath brought me
On through dangers oft unknown.
When I wandered, thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light;
Still thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in thy sight.

2 I would trust in thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon thine arm,
Follow wholly thy directing,
Thou mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side!

Anon.

THE BIRD LET LOOSE IN EASTERN SKIES.

ARR. FROM MENDELSSOHN.

1. The bird let loose in east - ern skies, Re - turn - ing fond - ly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies Where i - dle war - blers roam;

2 But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay;
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To urge my course to thee.

4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings!

Thos. Moore.

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THE HOLY CHILD.

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

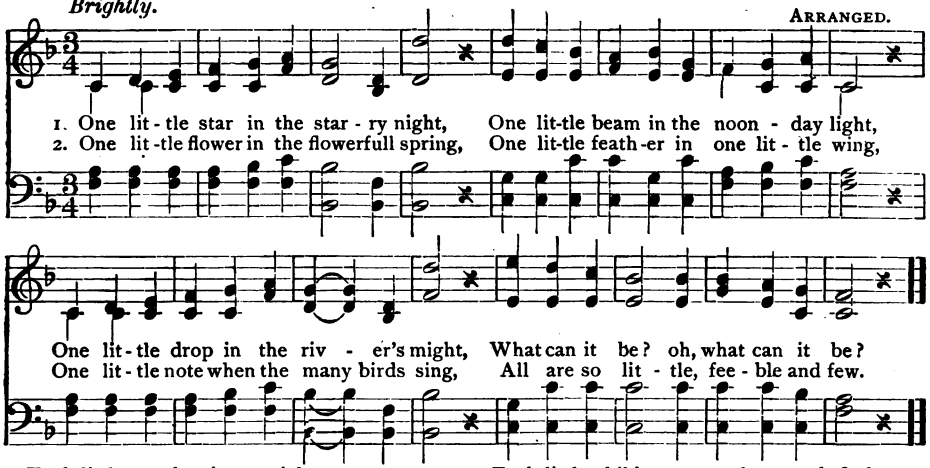
3 O thou, who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own!

Bishop Heber.

ONE LITTLE STAR.

Brightly.

ARRANGED.


1. One lit - tle star in the star - ry night, One lit-tle beam in the noon - day light,
2. One lit-tle flower in the flowerfull spring, One lit-tle feath-er in one lit - tle wing,
One lit - tle drop in the riv - er's might, What can it be? oh, what can it be?
One lit - tle note when the many birds sing, All are so lit - tle, fee - ble and few.

3 Each little star has its special ray,
Each little beam has its place in the day,
Each little river-drop impulse and way;
Feather and flower and songlet help too.

4 Each little child can some love-work find,
Each little hand and each little mind;
All can be gentle and useful and kind,
Though they are little, like me and like you.

Susan Coolidge.

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SILENT NIGHT.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

FRANZ GRUBER. 1818.

1. Si - lent night! peace - ful night! All things sleep, shep - herds keep Watch on Bethle-hem's si - lent hill:
And un - seen, while all is still, An-gels watch a - bove, An - gels watch a - bove.

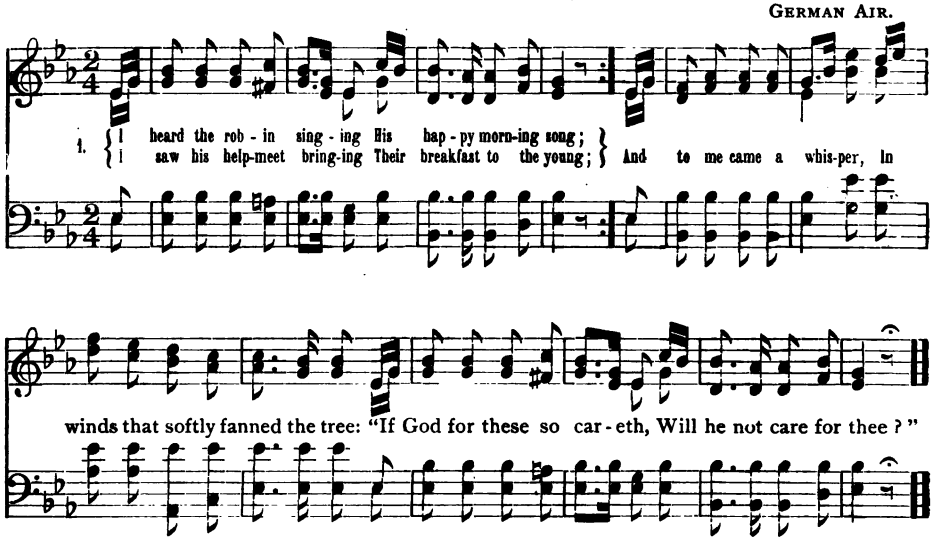
2 Bright the star shines afar,
Guiding travellers on their way;
Who their gold and incense bring;
Offerings to the promised King,
‖: Child of David's line.:‖

3 Light around! joyous sound!
Angel voices wake the air;
Glory be to God in heaven,
Peace on earth to you is given;
‖: Lo! the Christ is born!:‖

Words from the German.

HE CARETH FOR US.

GERMAN AIR.


1. { I heard the rob - in sing - ing His hap - py morn-ing song; / I saw his help-meet bring-ing Their breakfast to the young; } And to me came a whis-per, In
winds that softly fanned the tree: "If God for these so car - eth, Will he not care for thee?"

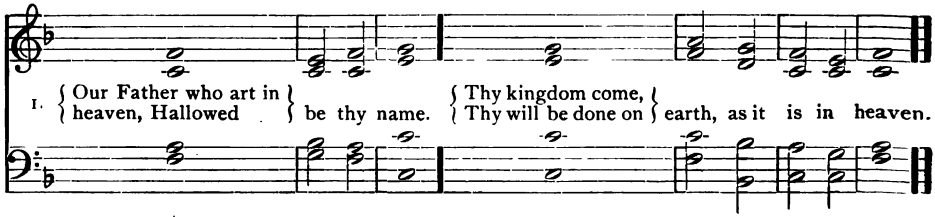
2 I saw the roses growing
In beauty day by day;
No queen in all her glory,
So lovely in array.
And on their leaves were written
Sweet words of love and trust for me:
"If God so clothed the roses,
Will he not care for thee?"

I thank thee, O my Father,
That 'mid life's toil and dust,
The birds and flowers can bring me
Such heavenly hope and trust;
Quickened by faith they whisper
The Master's word in peace to me:
"If God for these so careth,
Will he not care for thee?"

Rev. Wm. Newell, D.D.

From "The Sunny Side," by permisson Wm. A. Pond & Co.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.



2. Give us this day our | daily | bread. || And forgive us our tresspasses, as we forgive | those who | trespass a- | gainst us.

3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil: || For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever and | ever. A- | men.

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JOHN HULLAH. 1867.

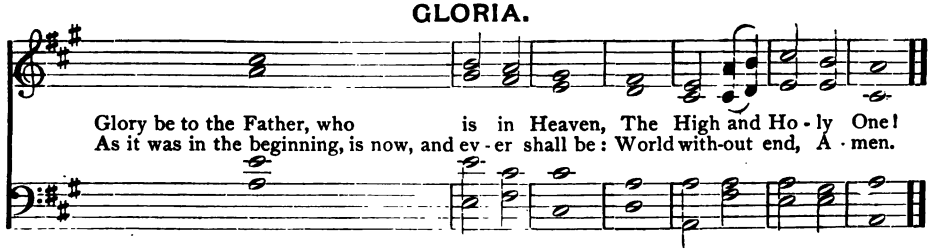
1. Some-times a light sur - pris - es The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord who
2. In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion We sweet - ly then pur - sue The theme of God's sal-
ris - es With heal - ing in his wings: When com-forts are de - clin - ing,
va - tion, And find it ev - er new: Set free from pres - ent sor - row,
He grants the soul a - gain A sea - son of clear shin-ing, To cheer it af - ter rain.
We cheer - ful - ly can say, Let the unknown to - mor-row Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in him confiding
I cannot but rejoice.

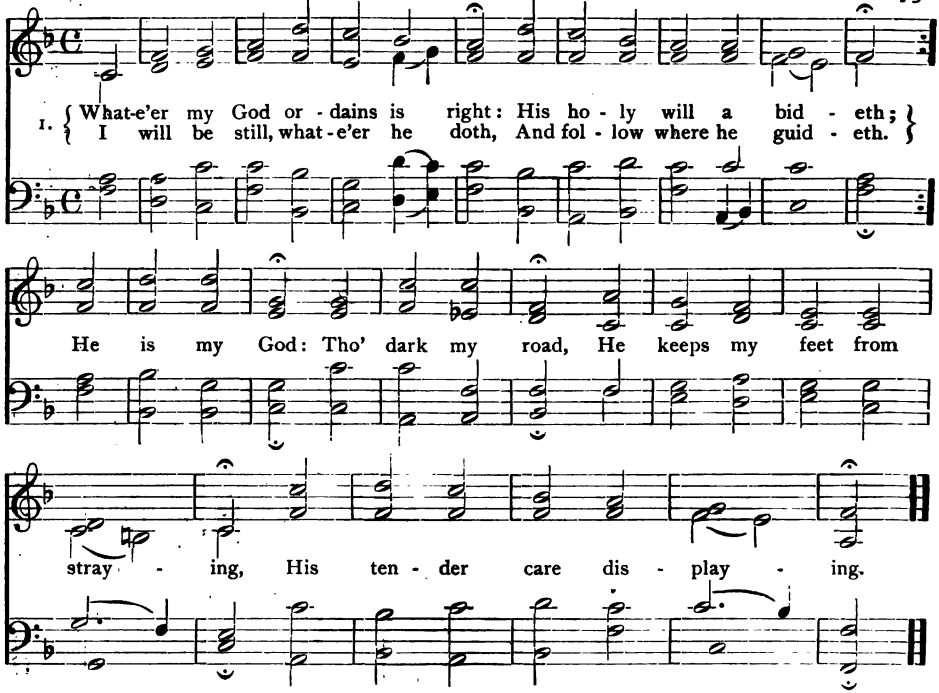
Wm. Cowper. 1779.

GLORIA.


Glory be to the Father, who is in Heaven, The High and Ho - ly One!
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be: World with-out end, A - men.

78 CHORAL. WHATE'ER MY GOD ORDAINS IS RIGHT.

SEVERUS GASTORIUS. 1675.


1. What-e'er my God or - dains is right: His ho - ly will a bid - eth;
I will be still, what - e'er he doth, And fol - low where he guid - eth.
He is my God: Tho' dark my road, He keeps my feet from
stray - ing, His ten - der care dis - play - ing.

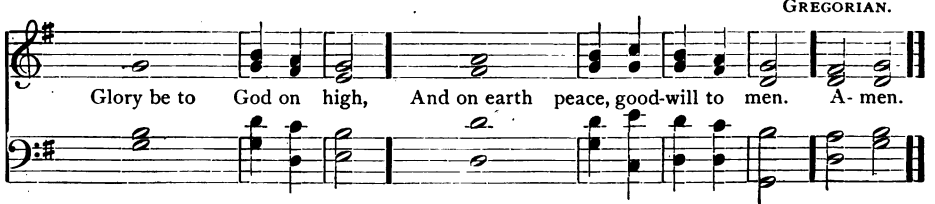
2 Whate'er my God ordains is right:
He never will deceive me;
He leads me by the proper path,
I know he will not leave me;
I take, content,
What he hath sent,
Since 'tis of his creating;
His time in patience waiting.

3 Whate'er my God ordains is right:
Here shall my stand be taken;
Though sorrow, need, or death be mine,
Yet am I not forsaken;
My Father's will
Prepares it still.
I cease my plaint and weeping
And leave all to his keeping.

Words Translated.

GLORY TO GOD.

GREGORIAN.



We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we | glorify | thee, ‖
We give thanks to | thee · for | thy · great | glory. Amen.

THE CHRISTIAN'S FATHERLAND.

W. H. Reddy.

1. Where is the Christian's Fa - ther-land? Is it the ho - ly He - brew Land? In
2. Or is the Christian's Fa-ther-land Where with crown'd head and scep-tred hand The
Nazareth's vale, on Zi - on's steep, Or by the Gal - li - le - an deep? Where
Ghost of Em - pire proud - ly flits, And on the grave of Cæ - sar sits? Oh,
pil - grim hosts have rushed to lave Their stains of sin in Jordan's wave? Or
by those world - em - brac - ing walls, Oh, in those vast and pic-tured halls, Oh,
sought to win by brand and blade The tomb where - in their Lord was laid?
un - der - neath that soar - ing dome, Shall this not be the Christian's home?

3 No, Christian! no! not even here,
By Christmas hearth, or church-yard dear,
Nor yet on distant shores brought nigh
By martyr's blood, or prophet's sigh:
Nor western pontiff's lordly name,
Nor eastern patriarch's holy fame,
Nor e'en where shone sweet Bethlehem's star:
Thy Fatherland is wider far.

4 Thy native home is whereso'er
The Spirit breathes a holier air;
Where Christ-like faith is keen to seek
What truth or conscience freely speak,
Where Christ-like love delights to span
The rents that sever man from man—
Where close to God his pure ones stand,
There, Christian, is thy Fatherland.

Dean A. P. Stanley.

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HOLD THE LIGHT.

M. S. LANCASTER.

Lively.
f
1. Ho! thou traveller on life's high - way, Mov-ing care-less - ly a - long, Paus-ing
mf
not to watch the shad-ows Lowering o'er the might-y throng; Stand a-side, and mark how
ritard.
p
fee - bly Some are struggling in the fight, Turn-ing on thee wist-ful glan-ces, Beg-ging
CHORUS. p
mf
slow. cres.
thee to hold the light. Hold the light! hold the light! Brother, come and hold the light.

2 Look upon thy right; a brother
Wanders blindly from the way;
And upon thy left a sister,
Frail and erring, turns astray;
One kind word, perchance, may save them,
Guide their wayward steps aright;
Canst thou, then, withhold thy counsel?
No, but fly and hold the light.
CHO.—Hold the light, etc.

3 Hark! a feeble wail of sorrow
Bursts from the advancing throng,
And a little child is groping
Through the darkness deep and long;
'Tis a timid orphan shivering
'Neath misfortune's withering blight;
Friends, home, love, are all denied her;
Oh, in pity, hold the light.
CHO.—Hold the light, etc.

4 Here, e'en here in life's broad highway,
Are benighted wanderer's found,
And if all the strong would heed them,
Lights would glimmer all around.
Acts of love, and deeds of kindness,
Then would make earth's pathway bright,
And there'd be no need of calling—
Brother, come and hold the light.
CHO.—Hold the light, etc.

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AIR "HOLD THE FORT." P. P. BLISS.

Bold.

1. Lo! the day of God is break - ing; Light is in the sky!
See the world to life a - wak - ing: Morn - ing draw - eth nigh!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! E - den comes a - gain;
Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est, God will dwell with men!

2 Now the powers of wrong and darkness
Lose their stolen crown;
Now the foot of the archangel
Treads the dragon down.
CHO.—Hallelujah! etc.

3 Ancient forms of woe and error
Flee before the light;
And the cruel deeds of terror
Vanish with the night.
CHO.—Hallelujah! etc.

4 He will give us songs for sadness;
Wipe our tears away;
Turn our mourning into gladness,
And our night to day.
CHO.—Hallelujah! etc.

Charles G. Ames.

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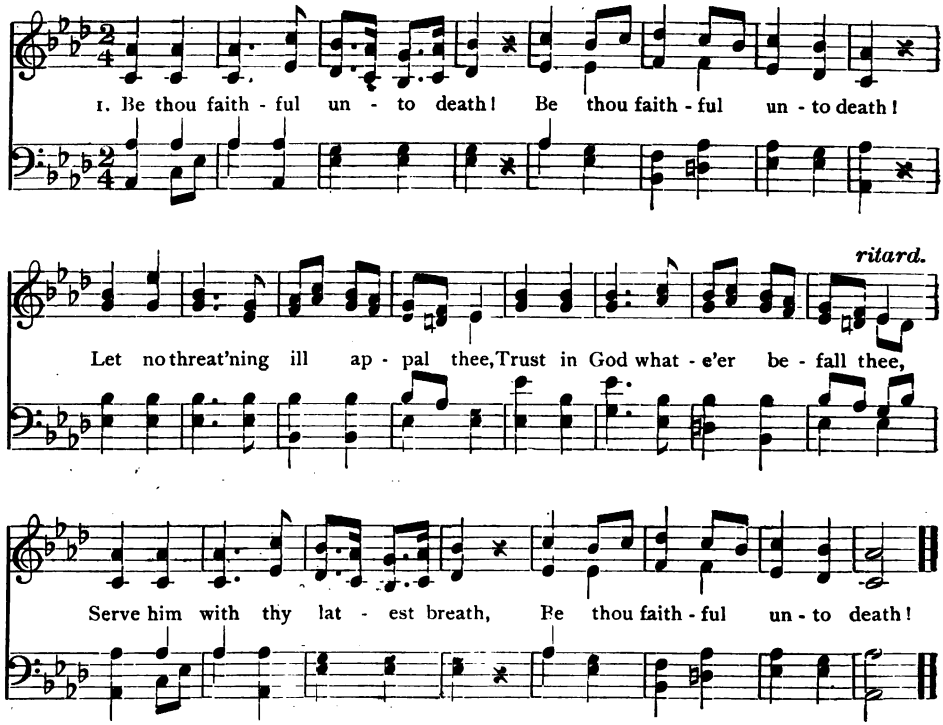
1. Be thou faith - ful un - to death! Be thou faith - ful un - to death!
ritard.
Let no threat'ning ill ap - pal thee, Trust in God what - e'er be - fall thee,
Serve him with thy lat - est breath, Be thou faith - ful un - to death!

2 Be thou faithful unto death!
Be thou faithful unto death!
Men may praise thee, men may jeer thee,
Ever keep in sight to cheer thee
What the heavenly Master saith,
Be thou faithful unto death!

3 Be thou faithful unto death!
Be thou faithful unto death!
Let not loss or suff'ring rue thee,
God at last will triumph through thee,
Crown thee with the victor's wreath;
Be thou faithful unto death!

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C. W. Wendté.

THE SHEPHERD'S CAROL.

MUSIC p 54, *Hymn of Praise.*

1 Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
And drive all fears away!
News! from the regions of the skies,
News! from the regions of the skies,
Jesus is born to-day!

2 Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble cot,
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, seek the holy spot.

COME, FRIENDS, THE WORLD WANTS MENDING.

With animation.

JOHN ADCOCK.

1. Come, friends, the world wants mending; Let none sit down and rest, But seek to work like he - roes, And no - bly do your best. Do what you can for fel - low-man, With honest heart and true; Much may be done by ev - 'ry one, There's work for all to do.
2. Though you can do but lit - tle, That lit - tle's something still; You'll find a way for some - thing, If you but have the will. Now bravely fight for what is right, And God will help you thro'; Much may be done by ev - 'ry one, There's work for all to do.
3. Be kind to those a - round you, To char - i - ty hold fast; Let each think first of oth - ers, And leave him - self till last. Act as you would that oth - ers should Act always un - to you; Much may be done by ev - 'ry one, There's work for all to do.
Come, friends, the world wants mend - ing; Let none sit down and rest,
But set to work like he - roes, And no - bly do your best.

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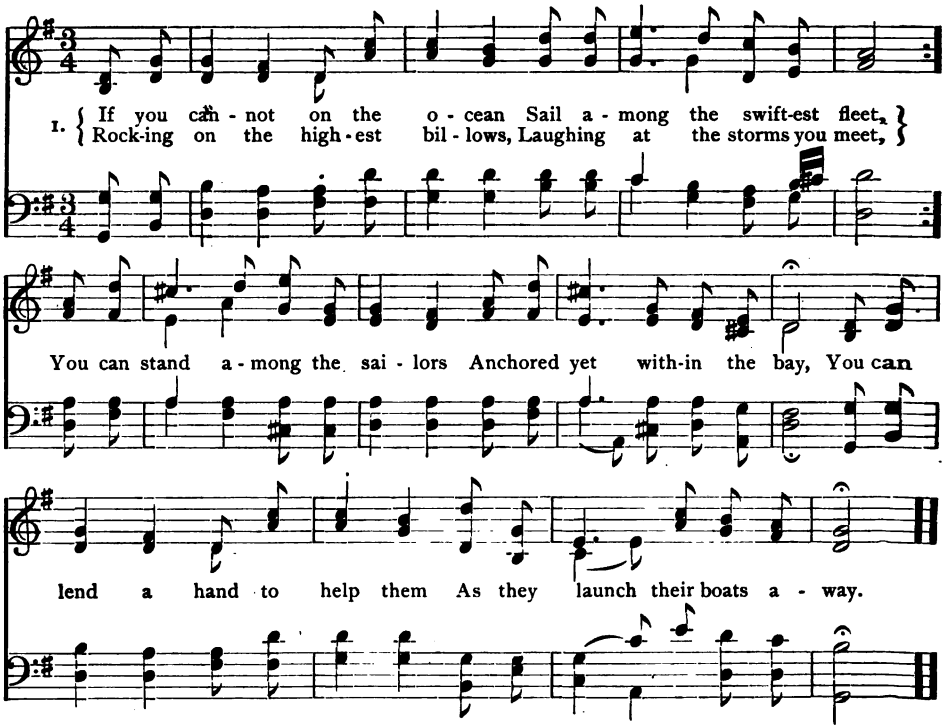
LITTLE DUTIES.


1. If you can - not on the o - cean Sail a - mong the swift-est fleet,
Rock-ing on the high - est bil - lows, Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand a - mong the sai - lors Anchored yet with-in the bay, You can
lend a hand to help them As they launch their boats a - way.

2 If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by.
You can chant in happy measures
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

3 Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you;
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

Mrs. Gates.

KINDLY WORDS.

1 Kindly words and thoughtful service
Smooth the daily paths we tread;
Some sad hearts would warm and brighten,
If kind thoughts were only said.
Oft the warm impulse we smother,
Coldly turn the face away,
While the sad heart of a brother
Pines for friendship's cheering ray.

2 Tender dews and genial sunlight
Help to form the towering pine,
Great or simple hearts might quicken
From some pleasant word of thine.
Round each path lie chances golden
Flowers to strew and thorns to spare,
Seize them e'er they're lost forever
And thy brother's burden bear.

Emily B. Chace.

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S. W. WILKINSON.

1. There lives a voice with-in me, Guest-an - gel of my heart, Whose whisp'rings strive to
world is full of bea - ty, The cold-est heart to move, And if we did our
2nd time rall.
FINE.
win me To act a man - ful part. Up ev - er-more it spring - eth Like
du - ty, It might be full of love.
some sweet mel-o - dy, And ev - ermore it sing - eth This sa - cred truth to me: This

2 The leaf-tongues of the forest,
The flower-lips of the sod;
The birds that hymn their raptures
Up to the throne of God,
The summer wind that bringeth
Joy over land and sea,
Have each a voice that singeth
This blessed truth to me:
This world is full of beauty, etc.

3 Oh, voice of God most tender,
Oh, voice of God divine,
Still be my heart's defender
Till every thought is thine.
My soul in gladness bringeth
Its song of praise to thee,
While all around me singeth
This holy truth to me:
This world is full of beauty, etc.

THREE OLD SAWS.

J. B. SHARLAND.

Duo.
Allegretto.

1. If the world seems cold to you, Kin - dle fires to warm
it! Let their com - fort hide from view Win ters that de - form it.
ALL THE VOICES.
Hearts as froz - en as your own To that ra - diance
gath - er; You will soon for - get to moan "Ah! the cheer - less weath-er!"

2 If the world's a wilderness,
Go, build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
On the winds to din it?
Raise a hut however slight;
Weeds and brambles smother;
And to roof and meal invite
Some forlorner brother.

3 If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile, till rainbows span it!
Breathe the love that life endears,
Clear of clouds to fan it!
Of your gladness lend a gleam,
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark sorrow's stream
Blends with hope's bright river.

Lucy Larcom. By per.

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HELPING ALONG.

"MARCHING ALONG."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. We've hands that are will - ing and hearts that are true, And plen - ty of work waits for
2. There's work for each one ev - 'ry hour, ev - 'ry day; There's small deeds of service, there's
me and for you; So while we march on - ward let this
kind words to say; Though youth - ful and fee - ble, yet in
e'er be our song, Throughout our life's jour-ney we will all help a -long.
love we are strong, And throughout life's jour-ney we'll be help - ing a -long.
CHORUS. ff
Help-ing along, we are help-ing along, Thro' our life's journey we are help-ing along, As
onward we're marching, be this ev - er our song, Thro' all our life's journey we are help-ing along.

Mrs. M. E. Pickering.

Air from "Golden Chain," by per. Copyright 1861, by Biglow & Main.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, our heav'nly Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
For-ward in - to bat - tle See his banners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
After last verse.
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore. A - MEN.

2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God:
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
May we not divided
But united be;
One in faith and duty,
One in charity.
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

3 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In triumphant song!
Glory, praise, and honor,
Unto God, our King,—
This, through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc. AMEN.

Rev. S. Baring-Gould.

C. H. PURDAY.

Cheerfully.
1. Be not swift to take of - fence,— Let it pass!
An - ger is a foe to sense,— Let it pass! let it pass!
Brood not dark - ly on a wrong, Which will dis ap - pear ere long;
rall.
Rath - er sing this cheer - y song,— Let it pass! let it pass!

2 Echo not an angry word,—
Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred,—
Let it pass!
Since our joys must pass away
Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrow stay?
‖:Let it pass!:‖

3 If for good you suffer ill,—
Let it pass!
Oh, be kind and gentle still,—
Let it pass!
Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph will be great:
‖:Let it pass!:‖

GIVE.

H. MILLARD.

Allegrettino.
1 Give; 'tis the word of Je - sus; Give from your boun-teous store;
2. Give; for your gifts are wor - thy; Give tho' the gift be small;
Give to the poor and need - y; Give ye for - ev - er - more.
Give, for a will - ing giv - er God lov - eth best of all
SOLO.
TUTTI.
Round us our hungry broth - ers Ask of our kindly hand; Ev-er the cry of
None are so poor and need - y That they can nothing spare; Hark!to the cries of
ACCOMP.
CHORUS.
sor - row, Ech-oes throughout the land. Give, Give,
pit - y; Hark! to the or - phan's prayer.
Give to the poor and need - y; God will re- pay your love; Give,

By permission.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

GERMAN AIR.

1. High - er, high - er will we climb, Up the mount of glo - ry,
That our deeds may live thro' time In our coun - try's sto - ry:
Hap - py when her wel - fare calls, He who con-quers, he who falls.
High - er, high - er let us climb, Up the mount of glo - ry.

2 Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth, and learning's spoil,
Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.
Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge.

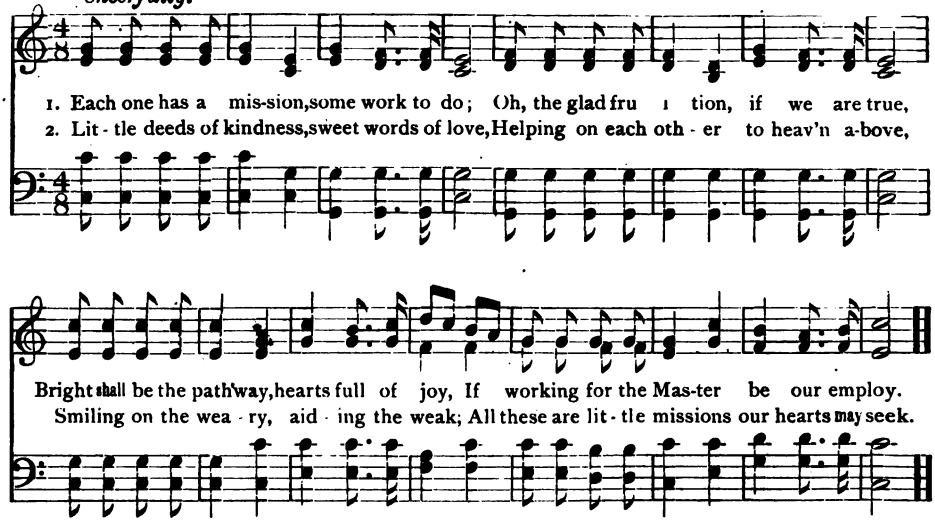
3 Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness;
Excellence, true beauty:
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven of earth.
Onward, onward may we press,
Through the path of duty.

James Montgomery.

EACH ONE HAS A MISSION.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Cheerfully.


1. Each one has a mis-sion,some work to do; Oh, the glad fru i tion, if we are true,
2. Lit - tle deeds of kindness,sweet words of love,Helping on each oth - er to heav'n a-bove,
Bright shall be the path'way,hearts full of joy, If working for the Mas-ter be our employ.
Smiling on the wea - ry, aid - ing the weak; All these are lit - tle missions our hearts may seek.

By permission. *J. R. Murray.*

THE INNER VOICE.

W. H. LYON.

There is a mother's voice of love To hush her lit tle child.There is a father's
voice of praise,So ear - nest and so mild. But there is yet an - oth - er voice,That

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speaks in gen-tlest tone, I think that we can hear it best When we are quite alone.
CHORUS.
O Ho - ly Spi - rit, let thy voice For - ev - er in me speak! Whene'er I wan-der,
call me back, And strengthen when I'm weak. O leave me not to walk a - lone, How
can I find the way? O go not, cease not, heav'nly voice, But guide me ev - ery day.

2 It is a still small holy voice,.
The voice of God most high,
That whispers always in our hearts,
And says that he is by.
The voice will blame us when we're wrong,
And praise us when we're right;
We hear it in the light of day,
And in the quiet night.

3 And even they whose ears are deaf
To every other sound,
When they have listened, in their hearts
This inward word have found.
And they have felt that God is good,
And thanked him for the voice
That told them what was right and true,
And made their hearts rejoice

THE BEAUTY OF DUTY.

DONIZETTI.
GEO. F. ROOT, arr.

1. Oh, the glo - ry of liv - ing for du - ty, In a world so resplendent with
2. Oh, then give we our hearts to the ho - ly, To the ser - vice of God and the
love, So inspired with the spi - rit of beau - ty So al -
right, E'er befriend - ing the poor and the low - ly, Ev - er
yes with love,
and the right,
lied to the mansions a - bove. Oh, our song is of beau - ty and
bless - ing with love and with light. For so join we the he - roes of
mansions above.
and with light.
du - ty, How they min - gle in life that is true, And the
du - ty, They who march 'neath the ban - ner of love, The fair
life so true,
yes, of love,
dark days of tri - al pass fleet - ly, Life be - com - ing no - ble and
ban - ners of du - ty and beau - ty, Wav - ing o'er the ser - vants of

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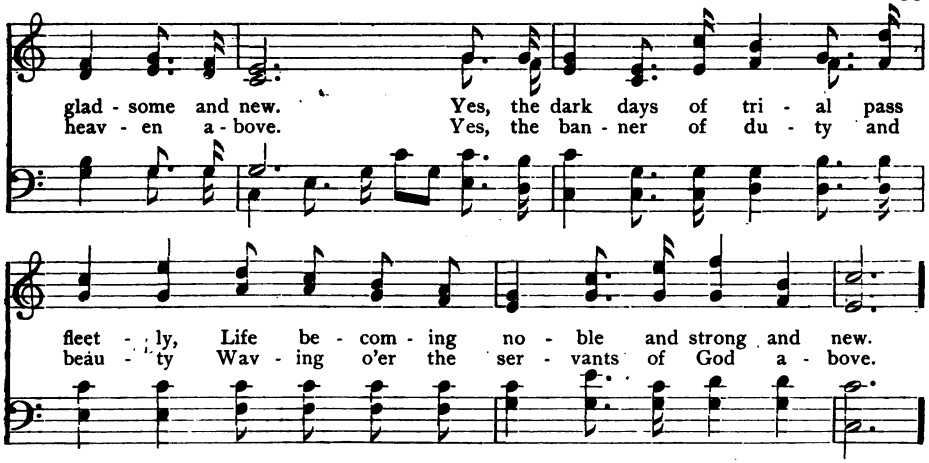

glad - some and new. Yes, the dark days of tri - al pass
heav - en a - bove. Yes, the ban - ner of du - ty and
fleet - ly, Life be - com - ing no - ble and strong and new.
beau - ty Wav - ing o'er the ser - vants of God a - bove.

INTERLUDE, IF DESIRED.

W. P. Tilden.

GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

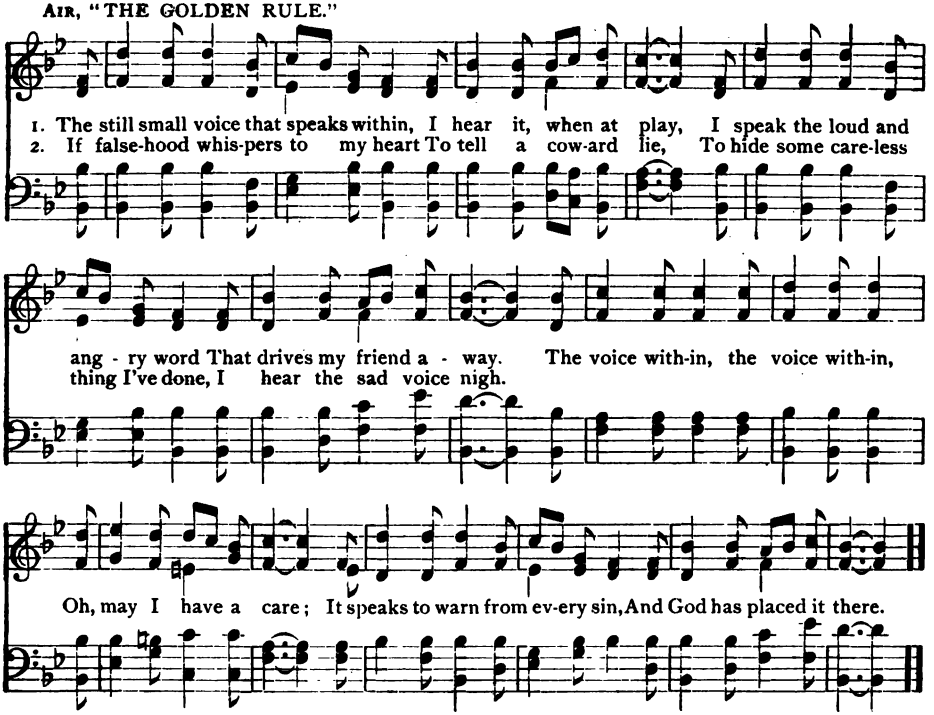
MRS. CHAS. BARNARD.

1. Lit-tle by lit-tle the day goes by, The day so dark or fair;
Short if you sing thro' it, long if you sigh, With its gladness, or toil and care; The
years are the full sheaves We bear to the Master's door, The treasures we bring, or the
leaves that we fling On the Master's threshing floor, On the Mas-ter's thresh-ing floor.

2 Little by little the skies grow clear,
Spring-buds come smiling out;
Little by little the sun shines near,
The brighter for pain and doubt,—
A bloom of radiant beauty,
That bridal or shrine might know,
Which, gone with the May that has vanished away,
‖: To fruitage most rare may grow. :‖

3 Little by little the world grows strong,
Upborne by the good in men,
Fighting the battle of right against wrong,
Seen far beyond mortal ken;
Brave souls ne'er are wanting,
Full armed for the deadly strife;
What tho' evil may rage as the contest they wage,
‖: The crown is immortal life. :‖

AIR, "THE GOLDEN RULE."


1. The still small voice that speaks within, I hear it, when at play, I speak the loud and
2. If false-hood whis-pers to my heart To tell a cow-ard lie, To hide some care-less
ang - ry word That drives my friend a - way. The voice with-in, the voice with-in,
thing I've done, I hear the sad voice nigh.
Oh, may I have a care; It speaks to warn from ev-ery sin, And God has placed it there.

3 If selfishness would bid me keep
What I should gladly share,
I hear again the inner voice,
And then with shame forbear.
CHO.—The voice within, etc.

4 I thank thee, Father. for this friend,
Whom I would always heed;
Oh, may I hear the slightest tone
In every time of need.
CHO.—The voice within, etc.

Fanny Fagan.

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

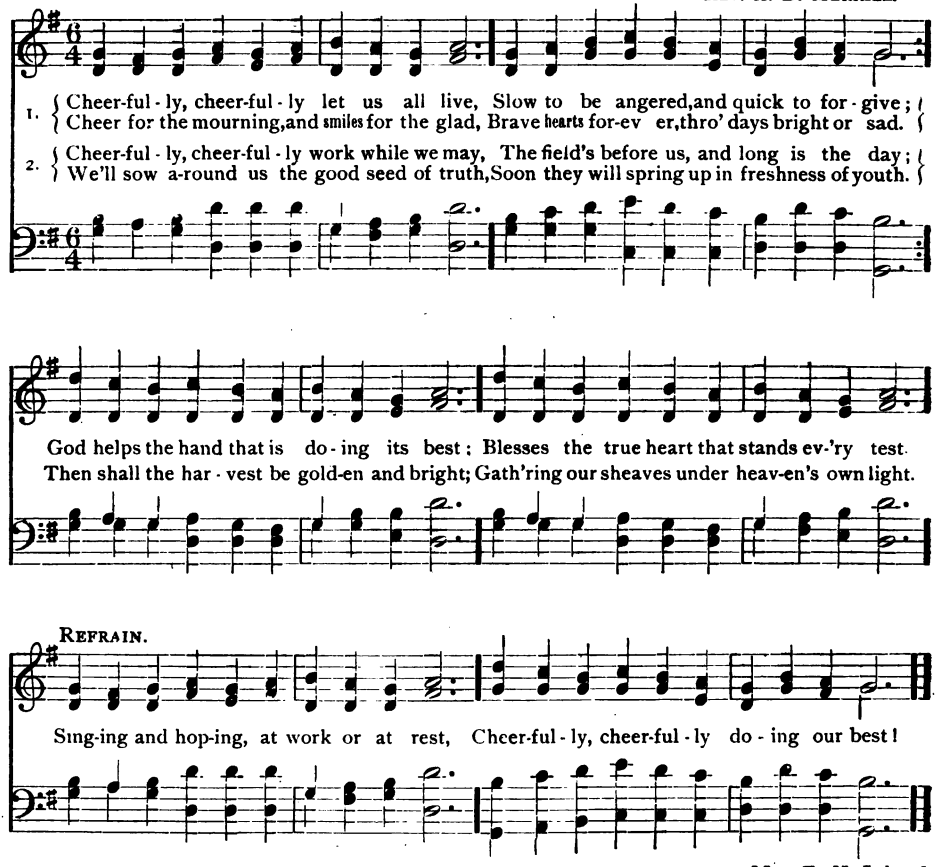
1 Don't kill the birds, the little birds,
That sing about your door,
Soon as the joyous spring has come,
And chilling storms are o'er,
The little birds, how sweet they sing;
Oh, let them joyous live,
And never seek to take the life
Which you can never give.

2 Don't kill the birds, the little birds,
That play among the trees;
'Twould make the earth a cheerless place
Should we dispense with these.
The little birds, how fond they play!
Do not disturb their sport:
But let them warble forth their songs
Till winter cuts them short.

3 Don't kill the birds, the happy birds,
That bless the field and grove,
So innocent to look upon,
They claim our warmest love.
The happy birds, the tuneful birds,
How pleasant 'tis to see;
No spot can be a cheerless place
Where'er their presence be.

DOING OUR BEST.

REV. A. D. MERRILL.


1. Cheer-ful-ly, cheer-ful-ly let us all live, Slow to be angered, and quick to for-give;
Cheer for the mourning, and smiles for the glad, Brave hearts for-ev er, thro' days bright or sad.
2. Cheer-ful-ly, cheer-ful-ly work while we may, The field's before us, and long is the day;
We'll sow a-round us the good seed of truth, Soon they will spring up in freshness of youth.
God helps the hand that is do-ing its best; Blesses the true heart that stands ev-'ry test.
Then shall the har-vest be gold-en and bright; Gath'ring our sheaves under heav-en's own light.
REFRAIN.
Sing-ing and hop-ing, at work or at rest, Cheer-ful-ly, cheer-ful-ly do-ing our best!

Mrs. E. H. Leland.

JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.

1 Joyfully, joyfully come we to bring
Anthems of praise to our Maker and King;
Blessing and thanks to our Father belong;
Joyfully, joyfully join in the song.
What though our voices are feeble and weak,
Bending from heaven, he hears when we speak;
Sweet the child's worship as angel's glad lays,
Joyfully, joyfully sing to his praise.

2 Parents and home to his kindness we owe,
Raiment and food does his bounty bestow,
Happiness, health, are the gifts of his love,
Joyfully lift the glad chorus above.
Praise him forever, the heavenly one,
Serve him on earth till our work here is done,
Then in the land of the blest we shall sing
Joyfully, joyfully, praise to our King.

WOULD YOU GAIN THE BEST IN LIFE?

MARCHING SONG.

"KEEP STEP EVER."

H. R. PALMER.

1. Would you gain the best in life? Win the prize 'mid all the strife? Hold your place through troub-les rife?
With the right keep step! Know the world is watching you; Be sin-cere in all you do;
CHORUS.
With the good, the pure, and true, Ev-er firm, keep step! Keep step, Keep step, ev-er,
Keep step, Keep step ever, Keep step, Keep step, Keep step, Keep step ever.

2 Life is more than idle play;
It will quickly pass away;
Use aright each golden day;
With the good keep step!
There are earnest, pressing needs,
Filled alone by generous deeds;
Happy he the call who heeds—
With the true keep step!

3 Look beyond the present hour;
Never yield to evil's power;
Though above the clouds may lower,
With the truth keep step!
Onward press! nor, on the way,
Loiter once or waste the day:
God and truth and right all say,
"Strong in faith, keep step!"

Blackall.

By permission.

ANGRY WORDS.

H. R. PALMER.

1. An - gry words! oh, let them nev - er From the tongue un - bri - dled slip;
2. Love is much too pure and ho - ly, Friend-ship is too sa - cred far,
3. An - gry words are light - ly spo - ken; Bit-t'rest thoughts are rash - ly stirred;
May the heart's best im-pulse ev - er Check them ere they soil the lip.
For a mo - ment's reck-less fol - ly Thus to des - o - late and mar.
Bright-est links of life are bro - ken By a sin - gle an - gry word.
CHORUS.
"Love one an - oth - er," "Love one an - oth - er," Chil-dren, o-bey the Saviour's blest com-
"Love each oth - er," "Love each oth - er," 'Tis the Saviour's blest com-
mand; "Love one an-oth - er," "Love one an - oth - er," Children, o - bey his blest com-mand.
mand; "Love each oth - er," "Love each oth - er," 'Tis his blest command.

By permission.

Firmly. GEO. F. ROOT.

We're sol - diers on du - ty, the foe is at hand, We wait from our
Oh! ne'er let us fal - ter, or faint in the strife, The term of our
The march may be wea - ry, and rug - ged the way, That leads to the
Cap - tain the word of com - mand; We'll wage a stout war - fare for
ser - vice shall end but with life; Then on - ward and up - ward, we'll
glo - ri - ous por - tals of day; But "faith - ful is he who hath
truth and the right, But first must we put on the ar - mor of Light.
win thro' his might, Who loved us, and gave us his ar - mor of Light.
prom-ised" to write Those bless - ed who bear on his ar - mor of Light.
CHORUS.
Oh! armor! bright armor! true armor of Light! The sword of the Spirit shall gleam thro'the fight,
Salvation's own helmet, the shield of our faith, Oh! shout for the triumph o'er sin and o'er death.

By permission.

HAVE COURAGE TO SAY "NO."

1. You're start - ing to - day on life's jour-ney, A - long on the high-way of
2. The bright ru - by wine may be offered; No mat - ter how tempt-ing it
3. In cou - rage a - lone lies your safe - ty, When you the long jour - ney be -
life; You'll meet with a thou-sand temp-ta - tions, Each cit - y with e - vil is
be, From poi - son that stings like an ad - der, My boy, have the cour-age to
gin, And trust in a heav - en - ly Fa-ther Will keep you un - spot-ted from
rife. This world is a stage of ex - cite-ment, There's dan-ger wher - ev - er you
flee. The gam - bling halls are be - fore you, Their lights how they dance to and
sin. Temp-ta-tions will go on in-creas - ing, As streams from a riv - u - let
go; But if you are tempted in weakness, Have cour-age, my boy, to say "No."
fro! If you should be tempted to en - ter, Think twice, e-ven thrice ere you go.
flow, But if you are true to your manhood, Have cour-age, my boy, to say "No."
CHORUS.
Have courage, my boy, to say "No," Have courage, my boy, to say "No,"
1. But if you are tempted in weak-ness, Have cour - age, my boy, to say "No."
2. If you should be tempted to en - ter, Have cour - age, my boy, to say "No."
3. But if you are true to your man-hood, Have cour - age, my boy, to say "No."

HENRY TUCKER.

1. To and fro, to and fro, Hear the tread of lit - tle chil - dren,
FINE.
As they go, as they go, Bus - y march of bus - y feet!
Here and there, ev - ery - where, Joy - ous songs we're sing - ing;
D.C.
Loud and clear, full of cheer, Hap - py tones are ring - ing;

2 To and fro, to and fro,
Hear the tread of little children,
As they go, as they go,
Busy march of busy feet!
Blithe and gay, all the day,
Early morn till even,
We will raise songs of praise
To our God in heaven.
To and fro, to and fro, etc.

3 To and fro, to and fro,
Hear the tread of little children,
As they go, as they go,
Busy march of busy feet!
Through the world, through the world,
Doing angel's duty,
Bright and fair, bright and fair,
Clothed with angels' beauty,
To and fro, to and fro, etc.

THE TRIUMPH.

P. P. BLISS.

Maestoso.

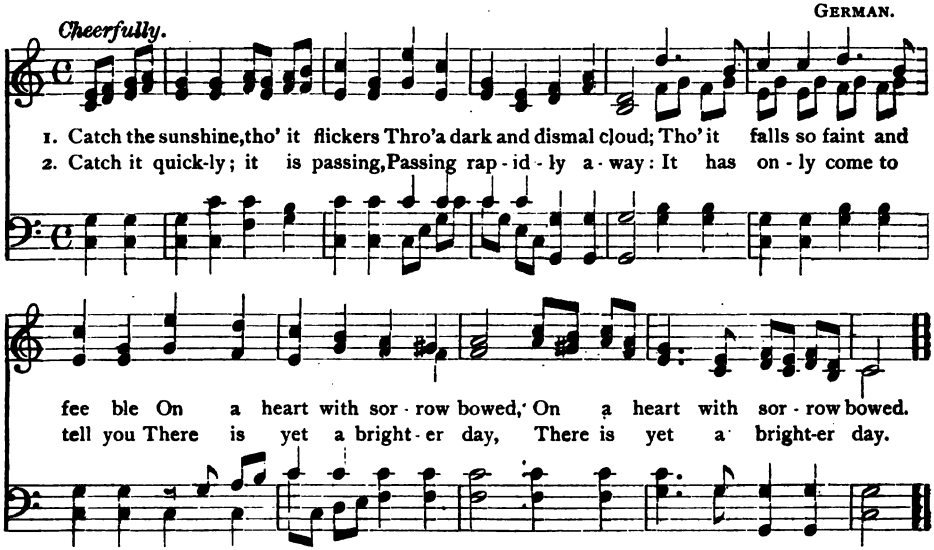
1. We are marching onward, In our calling high; This shall be our watchword "La-bor till we die!"
For the night is com-ing, Soon will set the sun, When the Master calleth, Let our work be done.
CHORUS.
On-ward, on-ward, Sing-ing as we go; Soon we'll tri-umph O-ver ev-ery foe. Yes,
we are marching onward In our calling high; This shall be our watchword, "La-bor till we die."

2 Ye who in his vineyard,
Idly stand and wait,
Come and join the workers,
Ere it be too late;
For he needs your service,
Hear his loving voice,
"Come, and join my army,
Make my cause your choice!"
CHO.—Onward, onward, etc.

3 Oh, when he shall sift you
At his judgement-seat,
What shall be the welcome
That your ears shall greet?
If you are but faithful,
Happy you will be;
Then you'll hear the summons,
"Hither come to me!"
CHO —Onward, onward, etc.

By permission.

GERMAN.


Cheerfully.
1. Catch the sunshine,tho' it flickers Thro'a dark and dismal cloud; Tho' it falls so faint and
2. Catch it quick-ly; it is passing,Passing rap-id-ly a-way: It has on-ly come to
fee ble On a heart with sor-row bowed, On a heart with sor-row bowed.
tell you There is yet a bright-er day, There is yet a bright-er day.

3 Catch the sunshine, though Life's tempest
May unfurl its chilling blast;
Catch the little hopeful stranger;
‖: Storms will not forever last. :‖

4 Don't be sighing, don't be weeping,
Life you know is but a span:
There's no time to sigh or sorrow,
‖ Catch the sunshine while you can. :‖

A. J. Davis.

EASTER CAROL: WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING! *Tune, p* 104.

1 Welcome, happy morning! age to age doth say,
Death to-day is vanquished, Life is won to-day;
Lo, the dead are living, living evermore,
God, the true Life-giver, let all hearts adore!

CHORUS.

Welcome, welcome, glorious Easter day!
Death is vanquished, Life is ours for aye!
Lo, the dead are living, living evermore,
God, the true Life-giver, let all hearts adore.

2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for Spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning king:
Bloom on every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak of darkness ended, hail Light's triumph now.
CHO.—Welcome, welcome, etc.

3 Thou of life the Author, Life and Health of all,
Caring for the spring-flower and the sparrow's fall,
Free the souls imprisoned, loose from Sorrow's chain,
All that now is fallen raise to life again!
CHO.—Welcome, welcome, etc.

COURAGE, BROTHER! DO NOT STUMBLE.

C. W. WENDTÉ.

Cheerfully.
1. Cour - age, broth-er! do not stumble! Though thy path be dark as night,
2. Let the road be long and drear - y, And its end - ing out of sight,
There's a star to guide the humble: "Trust in God, and do the right!"
Foot it brave - ly-strong or wea - ry: "Trust in God, and do the right!"
CHORUS.
Do the right! do the right! Trust in God and do the right!

3 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Heed not man, but look above thee;
"Trust in God, and do the right!"
Do the right! etc.

4 Simplest rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light,
Star upon our path abiding:
"Trust in God, and do the right!"
Do the right! etc.

Rev. Norman Macleod

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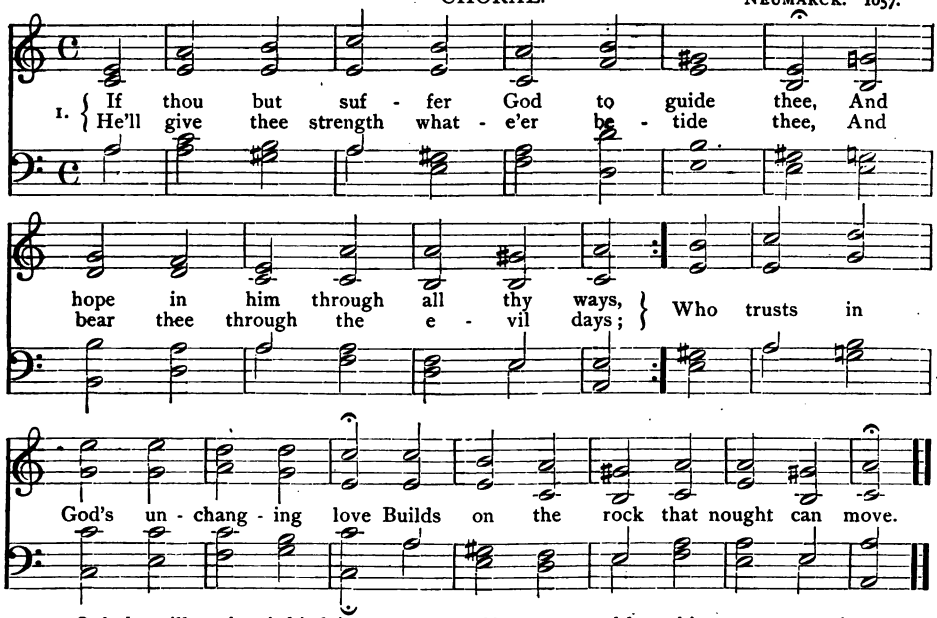
IF THOU BUT SUFFER GOD TO GUIDE THEE.

CHORAL. NEUMARCK. 1657.


1. If thou but suf - fer God to guide thee, And
He'll give thee strength what - e'er be - tide thee, And
hope in him through all thy ways,
bear thee through the e - vil days;
Who trusts in
God's un - chang - ing love Builds on the rock that nought can move.

2 Only be still, and wait his leisure
In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
And all-discerning love hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To him who chose us for his own.

3 Sing, pray, and keep his ways unswerving,
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust his word, though undeserving,
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee:
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted him indeed.

Neumarck. Transl. by Miss Catherine Winkworth.

FORWARD! *Tune on p* 88.

1 Forward! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind:
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight:
Canaan lies before us,
Sion beams with light.

2 Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind:
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's face;
Forward, all the life-time,
Climb from height to height,
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eye be light.

3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth;
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray:
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

4 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them;
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word:
Forward, ever forward,
Clad in armor bright;
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

Dean Alford.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

ARTHUR W. THAYER.

1. "As ye would oth - ers should to you, So" Je - sus said, "to
2. I like an - oth - er heart to feel A kind - ness for my
oth - ers do." What do I like when one I meet At home or school, in
woe or weal; I'd have one trust my good in - tent, And take me for the
house or street? I like a smile on lips to play, As
thing I meant. I like a hand to aid my need, And
morn - ing sun - light on the day; I like a kind - ly
help me on with friend - ly deed: These bless - ed things I
1
2
word to hear, To glad my heart and give me cheer.
would re-ceive, These bless-ed things then I must give.

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Rev. S. C. Beach.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Nev-er give up the right way, 'Twill bright-en by and by; In ev-'ry time of
tri-al Your helper will be nigh; Tho' e-vil counsels darken, And e vil pas-sions try,
CHORUS.
Nev-er give up the right way, 'Twill brighten by and by. Nev-er give up, Nev-er give up, 'Twill
bright-en by and by, Nev-er give up, Nev-er give up, 'T is blessing by and by.

2 Never give up the right way,
Tho' narrow, steep and straight,
For at the end is shining
The heavenly city's gate;
And so, if sorrows darken,
And selfish pleasures fly,
Never give up the right way,
'Twill brighten by and by.
CHO.—Never give up, etc.

3 Never give up the right way,
Tho' tempted oft and long,
Remember who is near thee,
With hand so kind and strong;
Whatever then may darken,
Whatever fade and die,
Never give up the right way,
'Twill brighten by and by.
CHO.—Never give up, etc.

By permission.

Fervently.
cres.
SCOTCH AIR.
1. Heaven - ward swells our fer - vent song; Heaven - ly voic - es, clear and strong,
Cheer us as we march a - long, Sol - diers of the day!
Pil - grim - sol - diers here be - low, In the strength of God we go;
He his faith - ful sons will show All the shin - ing way.

2 Sons of freemen! will ye be
Sons of freedom, truly free
In the spirit's liberty?
Each base lure tread down!
Onward, upward, daily press!
Freedom's price is watchfulness:
This the Lord of Heaven shall bless
And with triumph crown.

3 Patiently your souls possess,
Temperance, patience, godliness,
These shall give you good success
In your heavenward way.
Then, whate'er your lot below—
Storm or sunshine, weal or woe—
Hope, like morning light, shall grow
To the perfect day.

Charles T. Brooks. d 1883.

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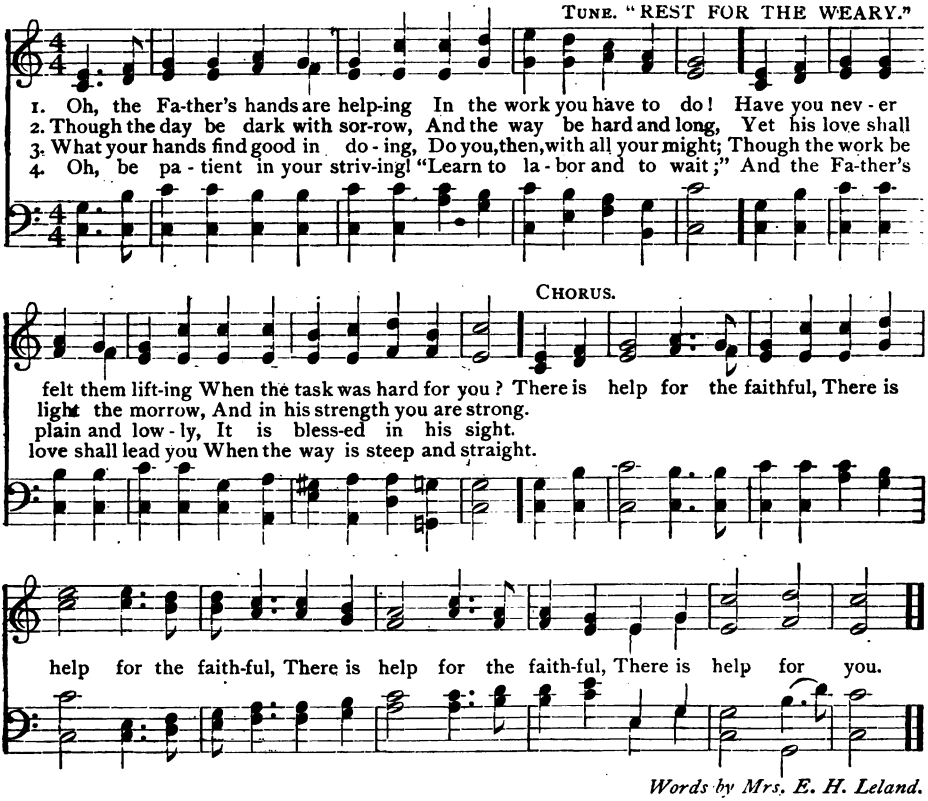
TUNE. "REST FOR THE WEARY."


1. Oh, the Fa-ther's hands are help-ing In the work you have to do! Have you nev-er
2. Though the day be dark with sor-row, And the way be hard and long, Yet his love shall
3. What your hands find good in do-ing, Do you, then, with all your might; Though the work be
4. Oh, be pa-tient in your striv-ing! "Learn to la-bor and to wait;" And the Fa-ther's
CHORUS.
felt them lift-ing When the task was hard for you? There is help for the faithful, There is
light the morrow, And in his strength you are strong.
plain and low-ly, It is bless-ed in his sight.
love shall lead you When the way is steep and straight.
help for the faith-ful, There is help for the faith-ful, There is help for you.

Words by Mrs. E. H. Leland.

GREETING.

Tune p. 110. (*With slight change in fourth and eighth lines.*)

1 Friends we bid you welcome here,
Freedom's sacred cause revere;
Daily breathe a prayer sincere
For those who suffer wrong.
Fear not, lest your hope should fail,
Truth is strong and must prevail;
What though foes our cause assail,
They'll never prosper long.

2 Who is he, devoid of shame,
Justice for himself would claim,
Yet deny to all the same,
Through vain and selfish pride?
Friends, you long God's will have known;
You're not left to fight alone;
We will make his cause our own,
For Heaven is on our side.

3 Who would live, to live in vain,
Live alone for worldly gain,
Spending days and nights in pain
For some ignoble end?
We would hope to leave behind
Better times than now we find;
Better be it for mankind
That we have lived their friend.

KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

SISTER ABBY. (HUTCHINSON FAMILY.)

1. Kind words can nev - er die, Cher-ished and blest, God knows how deep they lie,
rall. tempo.
Lodged in the breast; Like childhood's sim-ple rhymes, Said o'er a thousand times,
CHORUS.
Go through all years and climes, The heart to cheer. Kind words can nev - er die,
Nev - er die, nev - er die, Kind words can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.

2 Childhood can never die—
Wrecks of the past
Float o'er the memory,
Bright to the last.
Many a happy thing,
Many a daisy spring
Floats on time's ceaseless wing,
Far, far away.
CHO. Childhood can never die,
Never die, never die,
Childhood can never die,
No, never die.

3 Sweet thoughts can never die,
Though, like the flowers,
Their brightest hues may fly
In wintry hours.
But when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew,
With many an added hue,
They bloom again.
CHO. Sweet thoughts can never die,
Never die, never die,
Sweet thoughts can never die,
No, never die.

4 Our souls can never die,
Though in the tomb
We may all have to lie,
Wrapt in its gloom.
What though the flesh decay,
Souls pass in peace away,
Live through eternal day,
With God above.
CHO. Our souls can never die,
Never die, never die,
Our souls can never die,
No, never die.

Words from "The Atheneum."

OH, SCATTER KIND WORDS.

GERMAN AIR. ARR.

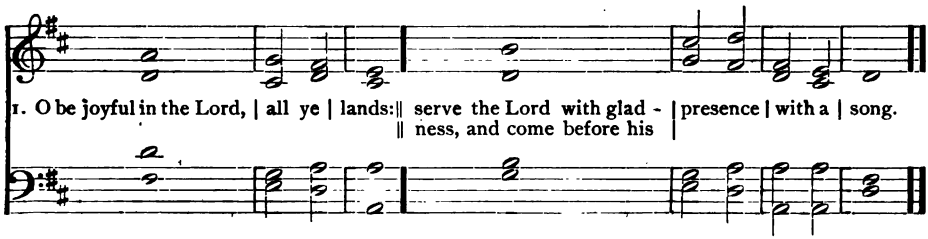
1. Oh, scat-ter kind words all a - round you, Some heart in its sor-row will stay; And
2. Oh, scat-ter kind words by the way - side, Nor fan - cy your la - bor in vain; They
catch-ing the bright beaming treas - ures, Find com-fort for man - y a day.
bless like the beau - ti - ful sun - light, They fall and they cheer like the rain.

3 Oh, scatter kind words to the lonely,
The friendless, the weak and depressed;
Oh, scatter kind words to the erring,
In God shall your labor be blest.

4 Oh, scatter kind words all around you,
Perchance when your mission is o'er,
The seed you have dropped in a moment
May bloom on eternity's shore.

JUBILATE DEO.

DR. G. J. ELVEY.



2. Be ye sure that the Lord | he is | God; || it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the | sheep of | his— | pasture.

3. O enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise; || be thankful unto him, and | bless | his— | name.

4. For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is | ever - | lasting; || and his truth endureth from gener | ation to | gener | ation.

OPEN THE DOOR.

S. S. MISSION SONG. GEO. F. ROOT.

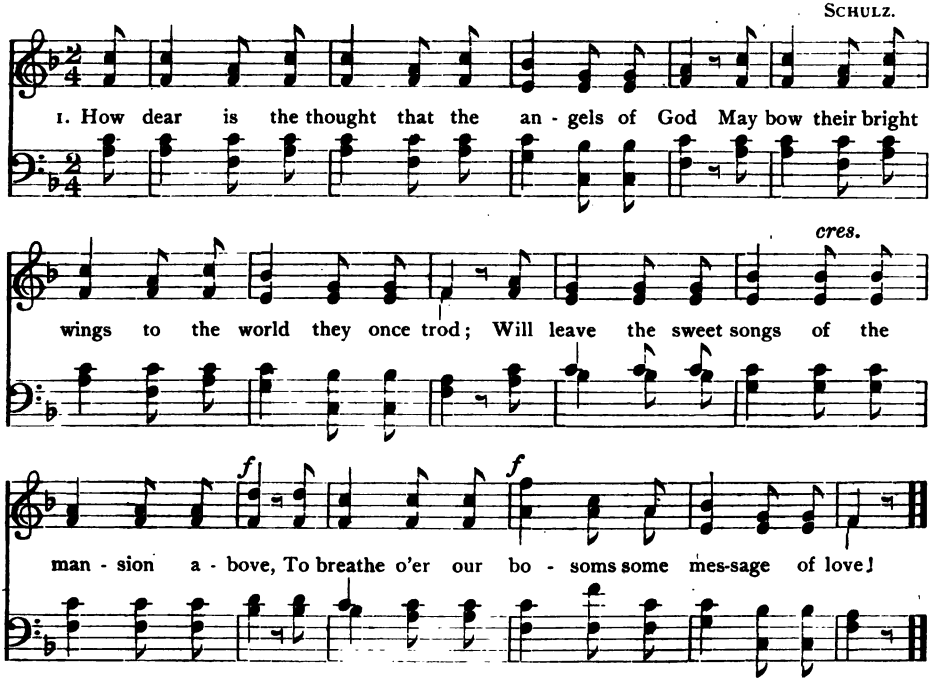
1. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Tim - id - ly stand-ing with - out,
Anx-ious - ly seek-ing to en - ter, Rais-ing to heav-en their shout--
"O - pen the door, O - pen the door!" Glad - ly our an-swer is given: We'll
o - pen the door for the chil - dren, The door of the king-dom of heaven.

2 Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold;
Teach them the Gospel of Jesus,
Tell them the stories he told.

3 Open the door for the children,
Meet them with greetings of love,
Tell them that God is their Father,
Point them to heaven above.

By permission.

SCHULZ.


1. How dear is the thought that the an - gels of God May bow their bright
cres.
wings to the world they once trod; Will leave the sweet songs of the
f
man - sion a - bove, To breathe o'er our bo - soms some mes-sage of love!
f

2 They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;
Some sinner to save from his darkened abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

3 They come when we wander, they come when we pray,
In mercy to guard us wherever we stray;
A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given;
Encircling us here are these angels of heaven.

ACQUAINT THEE WITH GOD.

1 Acquaint thee, young spirit, acquaint thee with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;
And peace, like the dew, shall descend round thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thee, young spirit, acquaint thee with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy safeguard in danger that threatens thy path,
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

P. P. Bliss.

Andantino.

1. Sow - ing our seed by the dawn - light fair, Sow - ing our
seed in the noon - light glare, Sow - ing our seed in the
fad - ing light, Sow - ing our seed in the sol - emn night, Oh,
what shall the har - vest be? . . Oh, what shall the har - vest be?
CHORUS.
Sown . . . . in the dark . . . . . ness or sown . . . . . in the
Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light, Sown in the dark-ness or

By permission.

light; . . . Sown . . . . in our weak - - - ness or sown . . . . in our
sown in the light; Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Sown in our weakness or
might; . . . . . Gath - - - ered in time . . . or e - ter - - - - - ni -
sown in our might; Gathered in time or e - ter - ni - ty, Gathered in time or e -
ty; . . . . Sure, ... ah, sure . . . will the har - - - - - vest be.
ter - ni - ty; Sure, ah, yes, sure will the har-vest be, will the har - vest, the har-vest be.

2 Sowing our seed by the wayside high,
Sowing our seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing our seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing our seed in the fertile soil,
‖: Oh, what shall the harvest be? :‖
CHO.—Sown in the darkness, etc.

3 Sowing our seed with a careful hand,
Sowing our seed in a fruitful land,
Sowing in faith till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home,
‖: Oh, what shall the harvest be? :‖
CHO.—Sown in the darkness, etc.

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

1. Now to heaven our prayer as - cend - ing, God speed the right;
In a no - ble cause con - tend - ing, God speed the right.
Be our zeal in heaven re - cord - ed, With suc - cess on
. earth re - ward-ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.

2 Be that prayer again repeated,—
God speed the right;
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
God speed the right.
Like the good and great in story,
If we fail, we fail with glory:
‖: God speed the right. :‖

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right;
Ne'er the event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right.
Pains nor toils nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's ~~time succeeding~~,—
‖: God speed the right. :‖

4 Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right;
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right.
Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it:
‖: God speed the right. :‖

W. E. Hickson.

SPEAK THE TRUTH.

1 Be the matter what it may,
Always speak the truth;
Whether work or whether play,
Always speak the truth.
Never from this rule depart,
Grave it deeply on your heart;
‖: Always speak the truth. :‖

2 Falsehood seldom stands alone—
Always speak the truth;
One begets another one—
Always speak the truth.
'Tis a sin from which proceeds
Greater sins and darker deeds:
‖: Always speak the truth. :‖

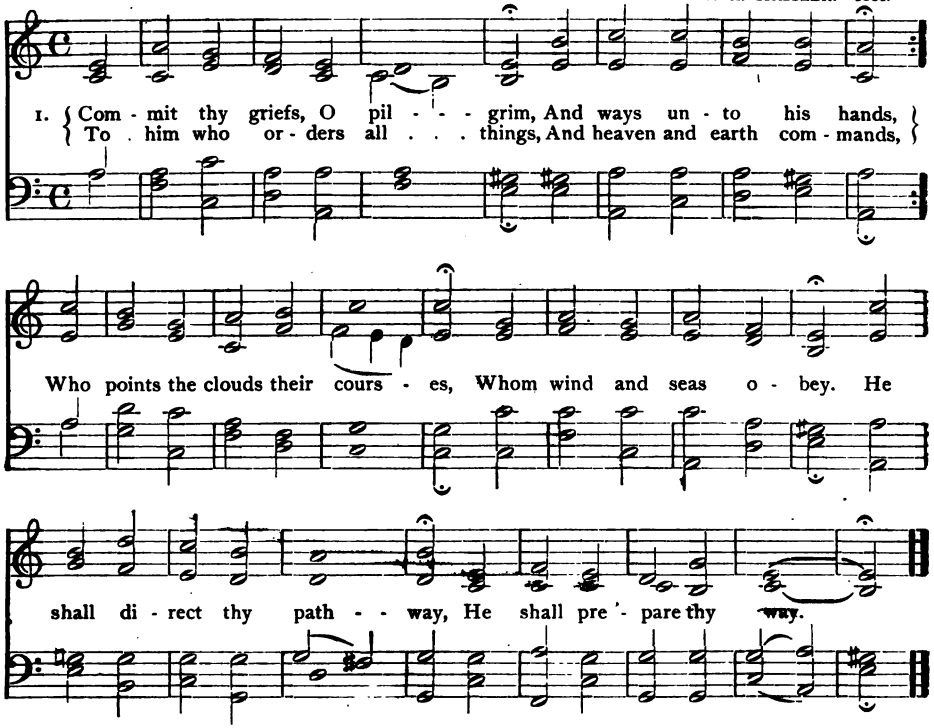
3 When you're wrong the folly own;
Always speak the truth;
Here's a victory to be won;
Always speak the truth.
He who speaks with lying tongue
Adds to wrong a greater wrong;
‖: Always speak the truth. :‖

From "Happy Voices."

COMMIT THY WAYS, O PILGRIM.

CHORAL.

H. L. HASSLER. 1601.


1. Com - mit thy griefs, O pil - - - grim, And ways un - to his hands,
To . him who or - ders all . . . things, And heaven and earth com - mands,
Who points the clouds their cours - es, Whom wind and seas o - bey. He
shall di - rect thy path - - way, He shall pre - pare thy way.

2 Give to the winds thy terrors,
Hope and be undismayed,
God marks thy sighs, thy weeping,
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, through clouds and tempests,
He gently clears thy way,
Wait thou his time, so shall the night
Soon end in glorious day.

Transl. from Paul Gerhardt. 1659.

GLORY, HALLELUJAH!

Tune, p. 120.

1 God hath sounded forth the trumpet
Which shall never call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men,
Before his judgment seat;
Be swift, my soul, to answer him,
Be jubilant, my feet.
His truth is marching on.
CHO.—Glory, glory, hallelujah,
His truth is marching on.

2 In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom
That transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy,
Let us die to make men free.
His truth is marching on.
CHO.—Glory, glory, etc.

Julia Ward Howe. From "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH IS BREAKING.

1. The light of truth is break-ing; On the moun- tain tops it gleams; Let it
2. With purpose strong and stead - y, In the great E - ter - nal's name, We . .
3. From morn-ing's ear - ly watch - es Till the set - ting of the sun, We will
flash a - long our val - leys, Let it glit - ter on our streams, Till all our land a -
rise to snatch our kin-dred From the depths of woe and shame; And the ju - bi - lee of
nev - er flag nor fal - ter In the work we have be - gun, Till the foes have all sur-
wak-ens, In its flush of gold-en beams: Our God is march-ing on.
freedom To the slaves of sin pro-claim. Our God is march-ing on.
rendered And the vic - to - ry is won. Our God is march-ing on.
march-ing on.
CHORUS.
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Our God is march - ing on!

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

1. Spark-ling and bright, in its li - quid light, Is the wa - ter in our glass - es;
'Twill give you health, 'Twill give you wealth, Ye lads and ro - sy lass - es!
CHORUS.
Oh, then re - sign your ru - by wine, Each smil - ing son and daugh - ter,
There's noth - ing so good for the youthful blood, Or sweet as the sparkling wa - ter.

2 Better than gold is the water cold,
From the crystal fountain flowing;
A calm delight, both day and night,
To happy homes bestowing. CHO.

3 Sorrow has fled from hearts that bled,
Of the weeping wife and mother,
They have given up the poisoned cup,
Son, husband, daughter, brother. CHO.

TOUCH NOT THE CUP.

T. H. Bayly.
James H. Aikman.

1. Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
Ma - ny I know who have quaffed from that bowl; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Lit-tle they thought that the demon was there, Blind-ly they drank and were caught in the snare;
Then of that death-deal - ing bowl, oh, be - ware; Touch not the cup, touch it not.

2 Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
Though like the ruby it shines in the light;
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl,
Deeply the poison may enter thy soul,
Soon will it plunge thee beyond thy control;
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

3 Touch not the cup, young man, in thy pride;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
Hark to the warning of thousands who've died;
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Go to their lonely and desolate tomb,
Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom;
Think that perhaps thou may'st share in their doom;
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

4 Touch not the cup, oh, drink not a drop;
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
All that thou lovest entreat thee to stop,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Stop! for the home that to thee is so dear,
Stop! for the friends that to thee are so near,
Stop! for thy country, in trembling and fear,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

BP. ALEXANDER EWING. 1861.

1. Brief life is here our por - tion,—Brief sor - row, short-lived care:
The life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life, is there.
O hap - py ret - ri - bu - tion! Short toil, e - ter - nal rest:
For mor - tals and for sin - ners A man - sion with the blest.

2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
And he whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own.

3 The morning shall awaken,
The shadow shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
There God, our king and portion,
In fulness of his grace
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

Bernard of Clairvaux. 1145.
Tr. John Mason Neale. 1851.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

REV. ALFRED LANCASTER.

1. In the twilight hours 'mid the breath of flow'rs, When the soul in si-lence dwells,
Sweet ech-oes from the far-off home, Like the voice of evening bells.
CHORUS.
Slower.
O broth-er! O sis-ter! Loved, joy-ous, free; We will
walk hand in hand to the beau-ti-ful land, Till its gol-den shores we see.

2 There summer bright forever glows,
And love immortal beams;
Where waters flow in rippling song,
From life's abounding streams.
CHO. O brother! O sister! etc.

3 There lilies bloom of purest white,
In hearts whom earth knew not;
There weary souls find heavenly peace,
When sorrow's work is wrought.
CHO. O brother! O sister! etc.

4 From the golden shore where our loved ones
While they watch with eager eyes, [stand,
Sweet voices come, and they call us home
To the home in the spirit's skies.
CHO. O brother! O sister! etc.

5 O children, sing in joyous notes,
Of the blessed heavenly land;
And let us walk in love and truth
Till we join that radiant band.
CHO. O brother! O sister! etc.

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L.

WHEN FOR ME THE SILENT OAR.

GERMAN.

Tenderly.

1. When for me the si - lent oar Parts the si - lent riv - er,
And I stand up - on the shore Of the strange for - ev - er,—
Shall I miss the loved and known? Shall I vain - ly seek mine own?
Shall I miss the loved and known? Shall I vain - ly seek my own?

2 Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage sere
At life's inner portal?
‖: What is holiest below
Must forever live and grow. :‖

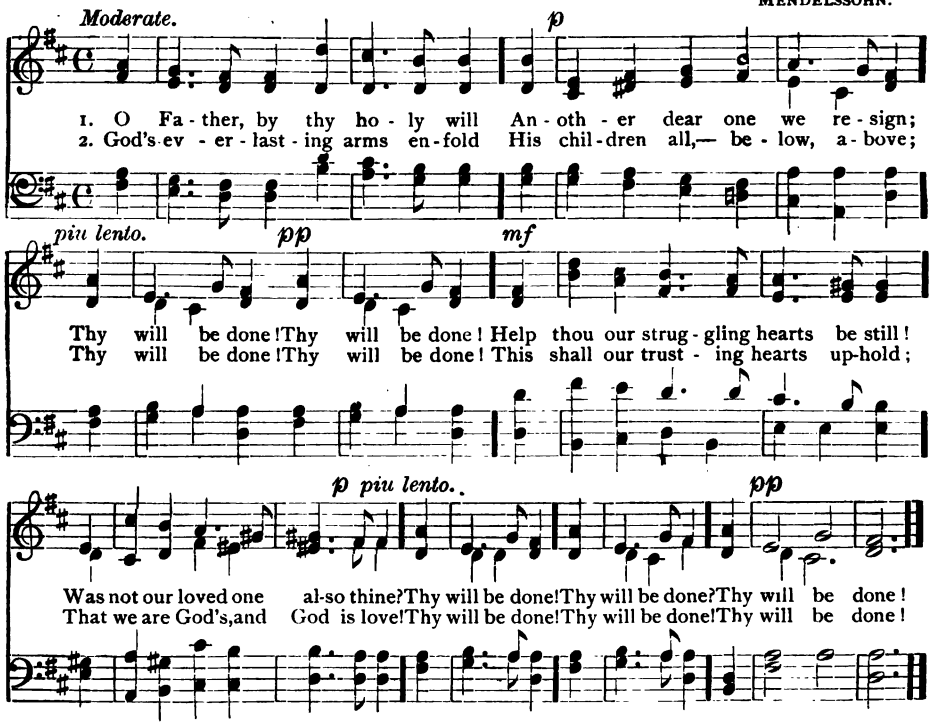
3 He who plants within our hearts
All this deep affection,
Giving when the form departs
Fadeless recollection,
‖: Will but clasp th'unbroken chain,
Closer when we meet again. :‖

4 Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the silent river;
Death, thy hastening oar I know;
Bear me, thou life-giver,
‖: Through the waters to the shore,
Where mine own have gone before. :‖

Lucy Larcom. By per.

MISERICORDIA.

MENDELSSOHN.


Moderate.
p
1. O Fa - ther, by thy ho - ly will An - oth - er dear one we re - sign;
2. God's ev - er - last - ing arms en - fold His chil - dren all,— be - low, a - bove;
piu lento.
pp
mf
Thy will be done! Thy will be done! Help thou our strug - gling hearts be still!
Thy will be done! Thy will be done! This shall our trust - ing hearts up-hold;
p piu lento.
pp
Was not our loved one al-so thine? Thy will be done! Thy will be done? Thy will be done!
That we are God's, and God is love! Thy will be done! Thy will be done! Thy will be done!

NEARER TO THEE.

TUNE:—*Bethany.*

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

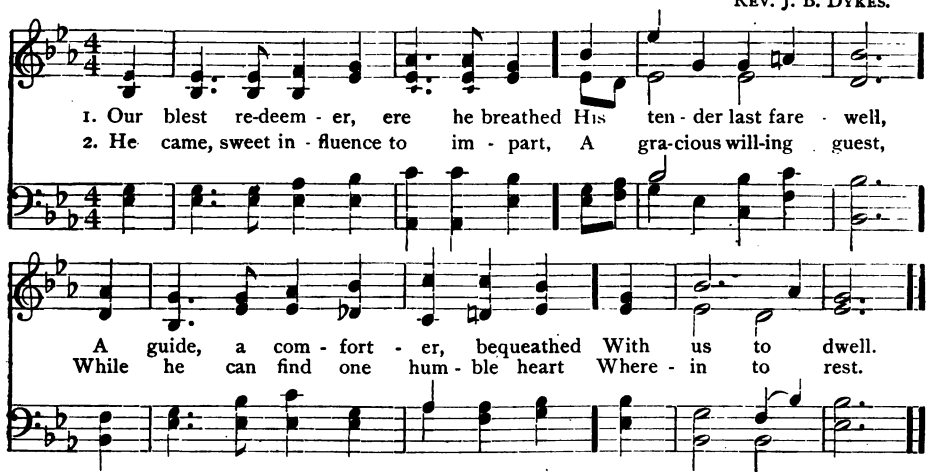
4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Mrs. S. F. Adams.

OUR BLEST REDEEMER.

REV. J. B. DYKES.


1. Our blest re-deem - er, ere he breathed His ten - der last fare - well,
2. He came, sweet in - fluence to im - part, A gra-cious will-ing guest,
A guide, a com - fort - er, bequeathed With us to dwell.
While he can find one hum - ble heart Where - in to rest.

3 And his that gentle voice we hear
Soft as the breeze of even;
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

4 Spirit of purity and grace!
Our weakness pitying see;
Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling place,
And worthier thee!

Harriet Auber. 1829.

GOD SPEAKS TO ME.

"NAOMI."

H. G. NÆGELI. 1832.
Arr. by LOWELL MASON. 1836.

1. God speaks to me in ev - 'ry wind, He smiles from ev - 'ry star;
2. His hand, that shuts the flow'rs to sleep, Each in its dew - y fold,
He is not deaf to me, nor blind, Nor ab - sent, nor a - far.
Is strong my fee - ble life to keep, And com - pe - tent to hold.

3 I see his presence in the night,—
And though my heart is awed,
I do not quail beneath the sight
Or nearness of my God.

4 Thus dowered, and guarded thus, with him
I walk this peaceful shade:
I hear his voice at evening's hour,
And I am not afraid!

Mrs. Caroline A. Mason.

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THE ROSE IS QUEEN AMONG THE FLOWERS.

C. W. WENDTE.

Grazioso.

1. The rose is queen a-mong the flow'rs, None oth-er is so fair; The
lil-y nod-ding on her stem, With fra-grance fills the air; The
lil-y nod-ding on her stem, With fra-grance fills the air.

2 But sweeter than the lily's breath
And than the rose more fair,
‖: The tender love of human hearts,
That springeth everywhere. :‖

3 The rose will fade and fall away,
The lily too will die;
‖: But love shall live forevermore,
Beyond the starry sky. :‖

4 Then sweeter than the lily's breath,
And than the rose more fair,
‖: The tender love of human hearts,
Upspringing everywhere. :‖

Rev. F. L. Hosmer.

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A CHILD'S PRAYER.

1 God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

2 God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

3 God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

4 God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith that never waxeth dim
In all his wondrous ways.

From "Good Words."

EASTER MORNING.

CHORAL.

JUSTIN KNECHT. 1793.

1. At East-er morn the lark as-cend-ing, Loud car-olled forth her
To heaven's high dome her swift flight wend-ing To greet with praise the
2. A-wake! pour forth your streams, ye fount-ains? And praise the Lord with
A-wake! and join the cho-rus, mountains! Let ev-ery tree and
mer-ry lay, And as she car-olled, thus re-sound-ed
new-born day.
glad-some heart; Ye vio-lets in the mead-ows hid-ing,
plant take part.
From field and grove glad na-ture's voice: "A-wake! let joy be
Ye flower-ets all, with per-fumed breath, Pro-claim a-loud the
now un-bound-ed, Our Lord is ris-en, let all re-joice!"
joy-ous tid-ings, Love hath o'er-come the power of death.

3 Awake! all ye who slothful languish,
Weighed down by wintry grief and care,
Oppressed by mourning, filled with anguish,
Rouse ye from sleep—would ye despair?
Ye mourners, of this life so weary—
Dreaming, perchance, of days long gone,
Awake! no longer sad and dreary,
The world, all nature is new-born!

4 Then welcome all with acclamation,
This saving health the Lord doth bring;
Free pardon and a full salvation,
Is uttered to us by the spring.
Almighty power new life hath given,
Each twig, once dead, doth know the dawn;
Almighty power the tomb hath riven—
Awake! it is the Easter morn!

Words from the German of Emanuel Geibel.

EASTER CAROL.

ARTHUR W. THAYER.

1. Win-ter's snows have passed a - way, Spring-time comes with balm - y air,
Sun - ny skies and verd - ure green, Deck-ing earth with beau - ty rare.
Birds are sing - ing, flowers peep forth, Bells ring out a mer - ry chime;

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Ev - 'ry thing is fill'd with life, 'Tis the glo - rious East - er time.
CHORUS.
East - er sun-shine fills the earth, Chas - ing all its gloom a - way;
Life and hope and love are ours On this glo - rious East - er day.

2 From the hill-side, o'er the mead,
By the brook and on the plain,
Quickened by the sun's warm rays,
Throbbing with new life again,
Tender blade and leaf and bud,
From their death-like sleep set free,
Wake, and with the sweet-voiced birds,
Join the Easter jubilee.
CHO.—Easter sunshine, etc.

3 Easter sunshine floods the earth,
Driving all its gloom away;
Easter joy fills ev'ry soul,
Turning darkness into day;
Mourning hearts, oh, dry your tears,
Sick and suff'ring ones be strong,
Rise with Christ, this Easter day,
Live and swell the Easter song.
CHO.—Easter sunshine, etc.

Frances M. Mann.

SING WITH HOLY GLADNESS.

EASTER CAROL.

"ELLOCOMBE."

Lively.

1. Come sing with ho - ly glad - - ness, High al - le - lu - ias sing;
2. The time of res - ur - rec - - tion! Earth sings it all a - broad;—
3. Now let the heav'ns be joy - - ful, The seas their bright waves swell,
Lift up your hearts and voic - - es With new a - wak-ened Spring.
The Pass - o - ver of glad - - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God!
Let the round world keep tri - umph With all that there - in dwell!
Sing, youths and gen - tle maid - - ens, Your hymn of
The sign of life e - ter - - nal Is writ on
Now let the seen and un - - seen In one glad
praise to - day, With old men and with chil - - dren,
earth and sky, The Hope for - ev - er ver - - nal,
an - them blend, Let all our hearts be ris - - en
In sweet ac - cord - ing lay.
Of Life the vic - to - ry.
To life that hath no end. A - men.

EASTER CAROL.

GEO. F. ROOT.
From "Under The Palms."

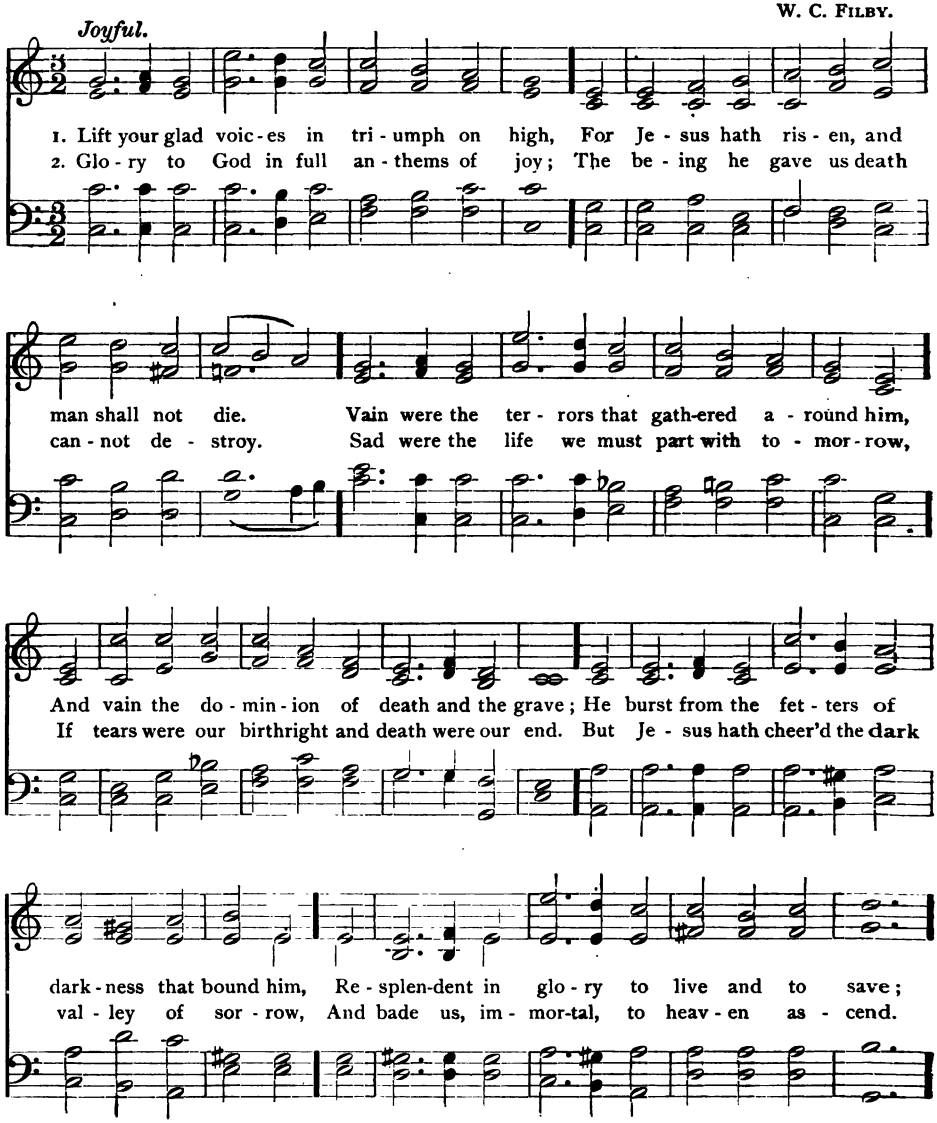
CHORUS.
1. Re - joice! re - joice! Come forth with praise and song, Re - joice! re - joice! And to the tem-pl-
2. Re - joice! re - joice! O mourner at the tomb, Re - joice! re - joice! The Lord himself has
END.
throng; For 'tis the Easter morn, The world anew is born, The skies with the immortal hope Be-gin to dawn.
come, He bids you seek his face, And trust his heavenly grace, And with the spring your offering bring Of thank - ful praise.
SOLO.
O ye that still o'er graves new made, Where your loved ones lie, Shed
D.C.
bit - ter tears,— it will not fade, The promise from on high.
D.C.

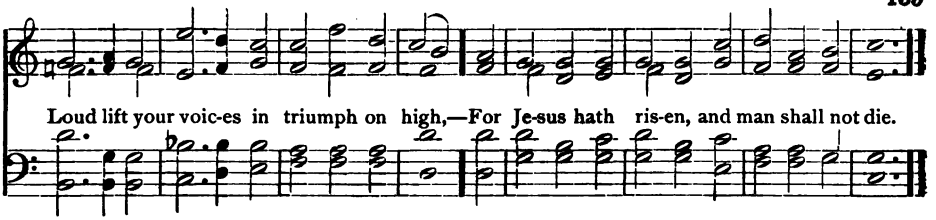
By permission.

LIFT YOUR GLAD VOICES.

EASTER ANTHEM.

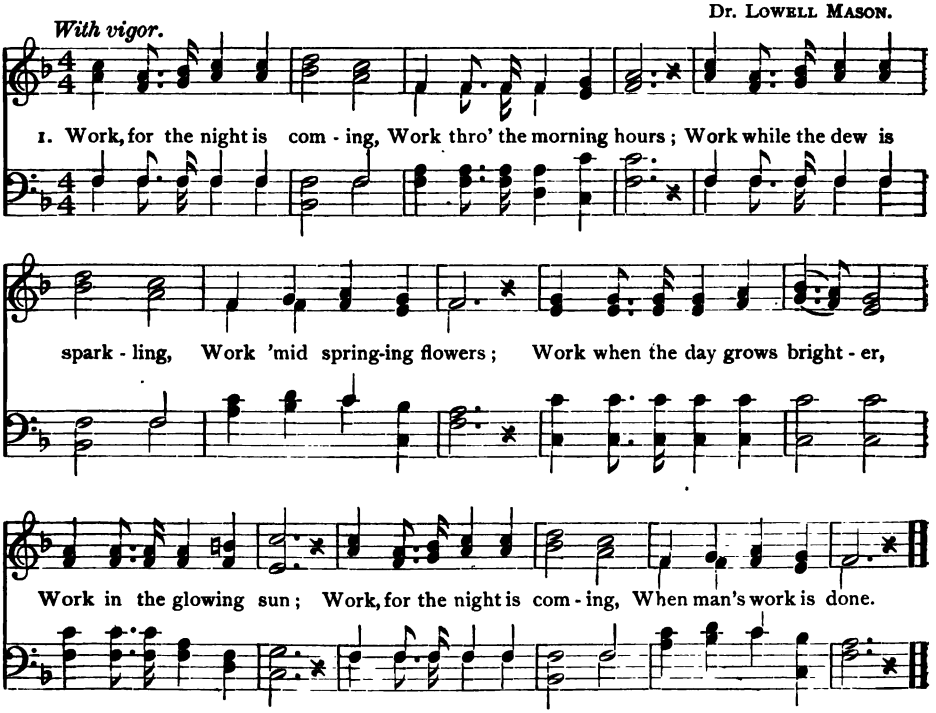
W. C. FILBY.


Joyful.
1. Lift your glad voic-es in tri-umph on high, For Je-sus hath ris-en, and
2. Glo-ry to God in full an-thems of joy; The be-ing he gave us death
man shall not die. Vain were the ter-rors that gath-ered a-round him,
can-not de-stroy. Sad were the life we must part with to-mor-row,
And vain the do-min-ion of death and the grave; He burst from the fet-ters of
If tears were our birthright and death were our end. But Je-sus hath cheer'd the dark
dark-ness that bound him, Re-splen-dent in glo-ry to live and to save;
val-ley of sor-row, And bade us, im-mor-tal, to heav-en as-cend.



WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING!

Dr. LOWELL MASON.


With vigor.
1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is
spark - ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flowers; Work when the day grows bright - er,
Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying moment
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

I WILL SEEK MY FATHER.

J. BLUMENTHAL.
Arr. by F. W. ROOT.

1. When the morn is bright and fair, When sweet song-sters charm the air,
I will lift my voice in prayer, I will seek my Fa - ther;
Lest my feet should go a - stray From his pure and per - fect way;
Lest I grieve him as I may, I will seek my Fa - ther.

2 In the solitude apart,
In the wilderness or mart,
Oh! my sorely tempted heart,
I will seek my Father;
In the darkness as the day,
He shall be my Guide and Stay;
I will lean on him alway,
I will seek my Father.

3 When the evening sun is red,
When each blossom droops its head
Kneeling low beside my bed,
I will seek my Father;
That I slumber in his care,
Shielded from each harmful snare,
And for life or death prepare,
I will seek my Father.

Paulina.

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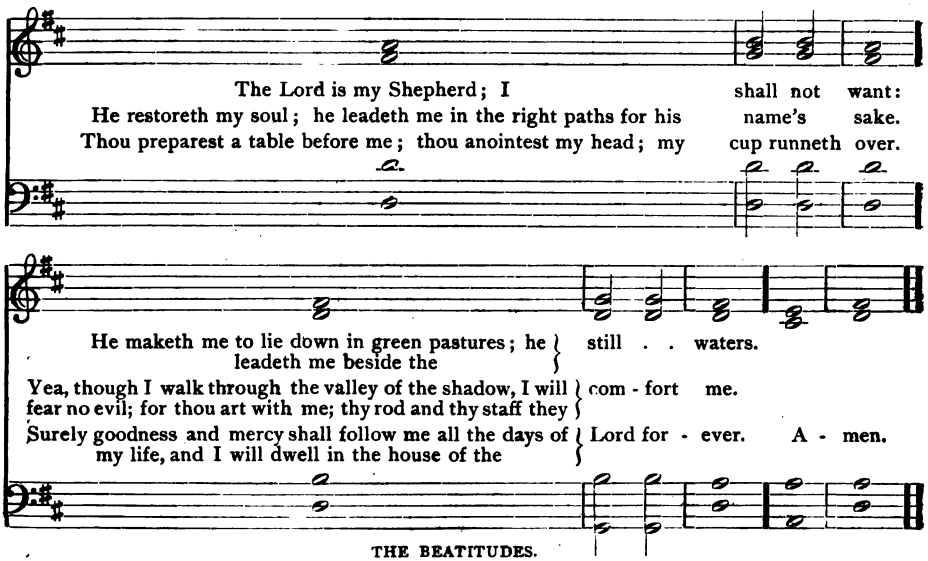
The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want:
He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the right paths for his name's sake.
Thou preparest a table before me; thou anointest my head; my cup runneth over.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still . . waters.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they com - fort me.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for - ever. A - men.

THE BEATITUDES.

Blessed are the | poor in | spirit: ‖
For the kingdom of | heaven is | theirs.
Blessed are | they that | mourn: ‖
For they | shall be | comforted.

Blessed | are the | meek: ‖
For they shall in- | herit the | earth.
Blessed are they who do | thirst for | righteous-ness: ‖
For they | shall be | filled.

Blessed | are the | merciful: ‖
For they shall ob | tain — | mercy.
Blessed are the | pure in | heart: ‖
For they shall | see — | God.

Blessed | are the | peacemakers: ‖
For they shall be called | children of | God.
Blessed are they who are persecuted for | right-eous- | ness: ‖
For the kingdom of | heaven is | theirs.

HYMN FOR EASTER-DAY.

Tune, p. 136.

1 Lo, the day of days is here!
Brightest Sabbath of the year!
Sing we hymns of gladdest cheer,
Praising thee, our Father!
Not of earth, the light, alone;
Not of man, the music's tone;
Angels sing around thy throne,
Praising thee, our Father!

2 In that blessed light abide
Saints, with Jesus glorified,
And the friends we thought had died,
Praising thee, our Father!
Christ and all dear souls above,
Who in realms immortal move,
Bless with us thy boundless love,
Praising thee, our Father!

3 So let all our voices ring,
And the flowers their beauty bring,
To adorn our worshipping,—
Praising thee, our Father!
And forever we confess
Thy great love and holiness,
And thy fadeless glory bless,
Praising thee, our Father!

Rev. Brooke Herford.

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COME YE FAITHFUL.

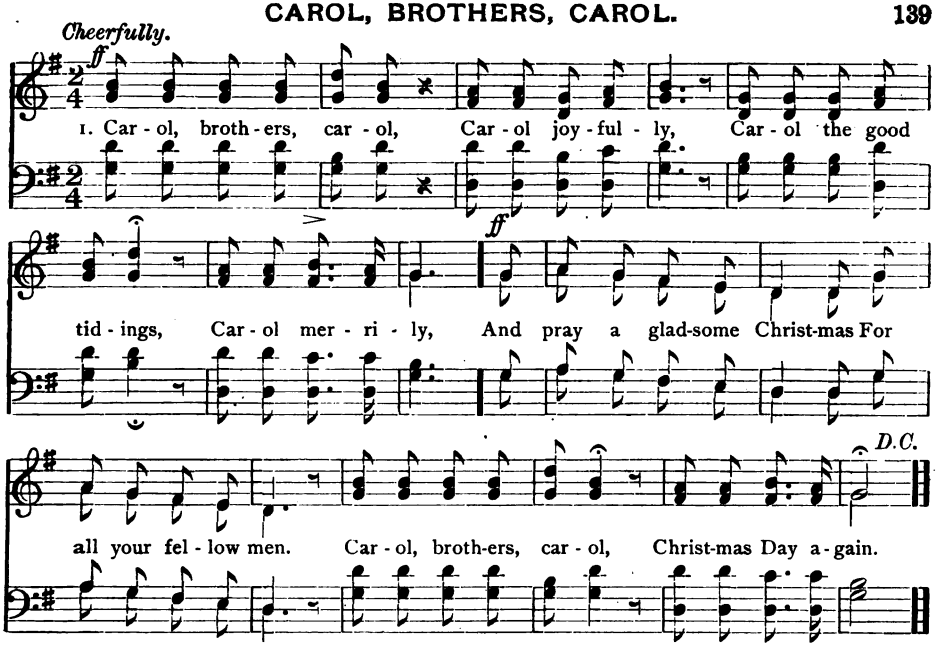
EASTER CAROL.

MOZART.

1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - um-phant glad - ness;
God hath brought his earth a - gain, In - to joy from sad - ness.
Loosed from win - ter's i - cy yoke, Flow the leap - ing wa - ters;
Let your hearts flow forth in praise, All earth's sons and daugh - ters!

2 'Tis the Spring of souls to-day;
Hope, forever vernal,
From the frost of fear and doubt
Springs in life eternal.
All the winter of our griefs,
Long and dark, be flying,
In his light who gives to us
Hope and faith undying.

3 Now the sower goeth forth,
Seed of life to scatter,
But the seed to spring to life,
Must its wrappings shatter.
Ye, who bearing precious seed,
Go forth toiling, weeping,
Know that he who with you works,
Hath all in his keeping.


Cheerfully.
ff
1. Car - ol, broth - ers, car - ol, Car - ol joy - ful - ly, Car - ol the good
tid - ings, Car - ol mer - ri - ly, And pray a glad-some Christ-mas For
D.C.
all your fel - low men. Car - ol, broth-ers, car - ol, Christ-mas Day a - gain.

2 At the merry table,
Think of those who've none,
The orphan and the widow,
Hungry and alone.
O bountiful the offerings
You to the altar bring;
For the poor and needy
Christmas carols sing.
CHO.—Carol, brothers, carol, etc.

3 Listening angel music,
Discord sure must cease—
Who dare hate his brother
On this day of peace?
For now the heavens are telling
To all mankind good will;
Only love and kindness
Every bosom fill.
CHO.—Carol, brothers, carol, etc.

ON OUR WAY REJOICING.

1 On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O thou God of love!
Is there grief or sadness?
Thine it cannot be!
Is our sky beclouded?
Clouds are not from thee!
CHO.—On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O thou God of love!

2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day thou find us
Doing what we can—
Thou who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.
CHO.—On our way rejoicing, etc.

3 On our way rejoicing,
Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader,
Vanquished is our foe!
Loving cheer around us,
Cheerful love within,
Faith's good battle fighting,
Victory we shall win!
CHO.—On our way rejoicing, etc

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.

Adapted form MENDELSSOHN by E. J. HOPKINS.

1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they came, With peace - ful wings un - furl'd;
From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;
And still their heaven-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
"Peace to the earth, good will to men, From heav'n's all - gra - cious King;
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on heaven - ly wing;
p ral - len - tan - do.
The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing!
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing!

3 And ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow:
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo! the days are hast'ning on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edward Hamilton Sears. 1850.

MARTIN LUTHER. 1538.

1. From heav'n a-bove to earth I come To bear good news to ev - ery home; Glad
2. To you, this night, is born a Child Of Ma - ry, cho-sen moth-er mild; This
ti - dings of great joy I bring, Where-of I now will say and sing.
lit - tle child, of low - ly birth, Shall be the joy of all the earth.

3 Welcome to earth, thou noble guest,
Through whom e'en wicked men are blest!
Thou com'st to share our misery,
What shall we render, Lord, to thee?

4 Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for thee.

5 My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I too must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle-song:

6 Glory to God in highest Heaven,
Who unto man his son hath given!
While angels sing with pious mirth,
A glad New Year to all the earth.

Martin Luther.

Written for his little son Hans. 1535.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

1 "What means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

2 "What means that star?" the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

3 'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for him like them of yore;
Alas, he seems so slow to come!

4 But it was said in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold,
In perfect trust to come to him.

5 All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

6 So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

7 For they who to their childhood cling,
And keep their natures fresh as morn,
Once more shall hear the angels sing,
"TO-DAY THE PRINCE OF PEACE IS BORN."

James Russell Lowell.

Written for the Children's Festival at the Church of the Disciples, Boston, 1866. *Not published.*

O HOLY STAR.

Arr. from the GERMAN.

DUET.
TRIO.
1. O ho - ly star! O ho - ly star! Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
2. O ho - ly star! O ho - ly star! Say shall we yield him a cost-ly de - vo - tion,
QUARTET.
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid. Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn-ing,
O-dors of E-dom and offerings di - vine, Gems of the mountain and pearls of the o - cean,
Guide where our infant redeemer was laid. { Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining,
{ Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine? { Vain-ly we of- fer each amp-le ob - la-tion,
{ Vain-ly with gifts would his favor se - cure,
rit.
Watch o'er his slum-ber-ing, Lead us a - gain to him, O ho - ly star! O ho - ly star!
Heart's love we bring to him; Thy guidance following, O ho - ly star! O ho - ly star!

Bishop Heber.
In part adapted.

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HARK! A BURST OF HEAVENLY MUSIC.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

F. SCHILLING.

1. Hark! a burst of heav'nly mu-sic, From a band of seraphs bright, Sudden-ly to earth descending,
2. Lo! the joy-ful Christmas morning, Breaking o'er the world below, Tells a-gain the won-drous sto-ry
In the calm and si-lent night: To the shepherds of Ju-de-a, Watch-ing in the ear-liest dawn.
Shepherds heard so long a-go. Who shall still our tuneful voic-es, Who the tide of praise shall stem,
Lo, they bear the joy-ful ti-dings, Je-sus, Prince of Peace is born! Sweet and clear those an-gel voices,
Which the bless-ed an-gels taught us In the fields of Beth-le-hem? Hark! we hear a-gain the chorus,
Echo-ing thro' the star-ry sky, As they chant the heav'nly cho-rus, "Glo-ry be to God on high!"
Ring-ing thro' the star-ry sky; And we join the heav'nly anthem, "Glo-ry be to God on high!"

Mrs. N. M. Meigs.

OUT OF EVERY CLIME AND PEOPLE.

1 Out of every clime and people,
Under every holy name,
Is the everlasting gospel,
Good and glad for aye the same;
So we, in our happy Christmas,
Breathe the universal creed,
Clasping hands with distant ages,
In a brotherhood indeed.

CHO.—Hark! we hear again the chorus,
Echoing through the starry sky,
And we join the heavenly anthem,
"Glory be to God on high!"

2 Sing aloud, then, hearts and voices,
Shout, O new world, free and strong;
Hail of Light the deathless triumph,
Join the old world's birthday song:
"Glory be to God the Highest!
Peace on earth, good will to men!"
'Twas the morning stars that pealed it,
Let the world respond again.

CHO.—Hark! we hear again, etc.

Samuel Longfellow (except chorus).

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

CAROL.

F. SCHILLING.

1. There's a won-der-ful tree, there's a won-der-ful tree The hap-py chil-dren re-
joice to see; It spreads its branches year by year, And comes from the for-est to
flour-ish here. Oh! this won-der-ful tree, with its branch-es wide,
That al-ways is bloom-ing at Christ-mas, Christ-mas-tide.

2 For it is not alone in the summer's bright sheen,
Its boughs are broad and its leaves are green;
It blooms for us when wild winds blow,
And earth is all white with the feathery snow;
And this wonderful tree, with its branches wide,
Bears many a gift for the ||: Christmas-:|| tide.

3 It is now all alight with the gay tapers' glow,
That flashes back from bright eyes below;
And strange, sweet fruit on laden bough
Is all to be plucked by the gatherers now,
Oh! this wonderful tree, with its branches wide,
We hail it with joy at the ||: Christmas-:|| tide.

4 And a sweet voice is telling its branches among
Of shepherds' watch, and of angels' song,
Of holy Babe in manger low,
The beautiful story of long ago,
When a radiant star threw its beams so wide
To herald the earliest ||: Christmas-:|| tide.

PEAL FORTH YOUR JOYOUS MUSIC.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

W. F. SHERWIN.

Joyously.
1. Peal forth your joy - ous mu - sic, O chim - ing bells, sweet Christmas bells!
2. We join the an - gels' cho - rus, With heart and voice our trib - ute bring;
FINE.
The world to - day re - joic - es, My heart with rap - ture swells.
Let all a - round us e - cho Our hap - py car - oll - ing.
In lof - ty strains re - peat the song The an - gels sang o'er Bethlehem's plain,
The world to - day keeps fes - ti - val, For, once a - gain this Christmas morn,
D.C.
"Glo - ry and praise to God on high, And peace, good - will to men!"
The bless - ed child of Beth - le - hem, With - in our hearts is born.

CHO.—Peal forth your joyous music, etc.

By permission.

WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE.

CAROL.

Words and Music by JOHN H. HOPKINS, JR.

ALL.
We three Kings of O - rient are: Bear - ing gifts we trav - erse afar,
Field and foun - tain, moor and moun - tain, Follow - ing yon - der star.
CHORUS.
O Star of won - der, Star of might, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright,
West - ward lead - ing, still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to thy per - fect light!

GASPARD. Born a King on Bethl'em's plain,
Gold I bring to crown him again;
King forever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.
CHO.—O Star of wonder, etc.

MELCHIOR. Frankincense to offer have I;
Sweetness he from out of the sky,
Life renewing, earth imbuing,—
Glory to God on high!
CHO.—O Star of wonder, etc.

BALTHAZAR. Myrrh is mine: its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
CHO.—O Star of wonder, etc.

ALL. Glories then on him shall arise,
Ages hail his sacrifice!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Ever the earth replies.
CHO.—O Star of wonder, etc.

CRADLED ALL LOWLY.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

CH. GOUNOD.

Allegretto.
1. Cra - dled all low - ly, Be - hold a lit - tle
Play these two measures before each verse.
mp
child; Love, pure and ho - ly, A - bove his birth-place smiled. Ne'er
cres.
yet was re - gal state Of mon - arch proud and great, Who
f
cres.
grasp'd a na - tion's fate, So glo-rious as the man-ger bed of Beth - le - hem.
ff

2 No longer sorrow,
As without hope, O earth!
A brighter morrow,
Dawned with that infant's birth!
A day when war shall cease,
When truth and love and peace
Shall bring the world's release
In his dear name, the child that lay in Bethlehem.

3 The sun declineth
Along the western hill;
A new star shineth,
While all the folds are still.
Man's hate and wrath and wrong,
Shall yield the earth ere long,
And list the angels' song,
Around the cradled child, God's light in Bethlehem.

Adapted by C. J. Staples.

148 BENEDICAMUS DOMINO. (LET US BLESS THE LORD.)

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

GERMAN.

1. As I kept watch be - side my sheep, An an - gel
2. He said, the child lies in a stall, But he shall
brought me news to keep. He said, there shall be
bless the wide world all. I saw the stall and
CHORUS.—Glo - ry on high, and
born this night A lit - tle child of love and light.
ho - - ly child; I could not leave that pres - ence mild.
peace be - low, O Be - ne - di - ca - mus Do - mi - no.

3 The child upon me turned his eye,
And in his hand my heart laid I.
When I went home the child with me
Went, and would never parted be.

4 O holy child, I hallow thee,
And joyful is my heart in me.
Glory on high, and peace below,
O Benedicamus Domino!

Words from the German by Jas. Vila Blake.

GOD'S LOVING PRESENCE.

1 The world is glad, the world is bright
With sunny Day and star-lit Night;
The seasons flit with wondrous change,
The Earth holds treasures deep and strange.

2 When Spring's sweet odors fill the air,
My soul would lift itself in prayer;
By the sweet length of Summer days
I'd measure forth my hymn of praise.

3 When soft the golden Autumn comes,
When Winter rules in happy homes,
I marvel, in the year's swift round,
How new delights are ever found.

4 But dearer far than aught I see
God's loving presence is to me;
This makes the world divinely fair
That he is in it everywhere.

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Julia Ward Howe

HAPPY CHRISTMAS DAY.

CAROL.

GEO. F. ROOT.
From "Under The Palms."

Andantino.
1. With joy we greet thy glad re - turn, O hap - py day! O
D. C. Then bay and pine with hol - ly twine, O hap - py day! O
m
f
FINE.
hap - py day! Whereon the Prince of Peace was born, Hap - py Christmas day!
hap - py day! High o - ver all thy fes - ti - val, Hap - py Christmas day!
With-out the winds of win - ter blow, On Christ-mas day! On Christ-mas day! But
cres.
D.C.
bright with - in the fire - sides glow, Hap - py Christ - mas day!

2 From heart to heart the greetings flow,
On Christmas day! On Christmas day!
As up and down the people go,
Happy Christmas day!
Within, the trees are blossoming,
O happy day! O happy day!
All bright with Love's eternal spring,
Happy Christmas day!
While hut and hall keep festival,
On Christmas day! On Christmas day!
And crown with cheer the waning year,
Happy Christmas day!

3 Nor time shall dim our love for him,
O happy day! O happy day!
Whose lowly birth gave joy to earth,
Happy Christmas day!
Still shines for us the star that led,
O happy day! O happy day!
The magi to the manger-bed,
Happy Christmas day!
And grows more clear with every year,
O happy day! O happy day!
The joyful word the shepherds heard,
Happy Christmas day!

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F. L. H.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM!

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

F. SCHUBERT.

Slowly.
p
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!
p
mf
A - bove thy deep and dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets
mf
shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years
f
Are met in thee to - night! Are met in thee to - night!

2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep the angels keep
Th ir watch of wond'ring love.
O morning stars! together
Proclaim the holy birth.
And praises sing to God the King,
‖: And peace to men on earth! :‖

3 How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts,
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

5 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,—
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell,—
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D.

By permission.

GOD GIVE YE MERRY CHRISTMAS TIDE.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

1. God give ye mer - ry Christmas tide, Ye gen - tle peo - ple all! And
in your mer - ry making may No e - vil chance be - fall: Rejoice! for once at
Beth-le-hem While shepherds knelt to pray, Our bless-ed Mas - ter, Jesus Christ,
Was born on Christmas day; Our blessed Mas-ter, Jesus Christ, was born on Christmas day!

2 Ye hang the twining winter-green,
The glad home-fires ye light,
And cheery Merry Christmas keep,
With hearts and voices bright;
But in a stall at Bethlehem,
Where simple shepherds pray,
‖: Our blessed Master, Jesus Christ,
Was born on Christmas day. :‖

3 The wintry wind blows chill against
The hovel's creaking door:
Hard by the hearth the driven snow
Lies drifted on the floor:
And cheerless once at Bethlehem
The lowly manger lay,
‖: Where Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord,
Was born on Christmas day. :‖

4 God give ye merry Christmas-tide,
And give ye all to see
How blessed 'tis to give and know
The grace of charity;
Rejoice! for once at Bethlehem,
To give his life away,
‖: Our blessed Master, Jesus Christ,
Was born on Christmas day. :‖

Old English.

THE FIRST NOWELL.

CHRISTMAS CAROL. TRADITIONAL.

mf
1. The first Now - ell the an - gel did say Was to cer - tain poor
2. They look - ed up and saw a star, Shin-ing in the
shep-herds, in fields as they lay, In fields where they lay keep-ing their
East be - yond them far, And to the earth it gave great
CHORUS. ff
sheep, On a cold win-ter's night That was so deep. Now - ell, Now -
light, And so it con - tinued both day and night.
ell, Now-ell, Now - ell, Born is the King of Is - - ra - el.

3 And by the light of that same star,
Three Wise Men came from country far;
To seek for a king was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.
CHO.—Nowell, etc.

4 This star drew nigh to th· north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right o'er the place where Jesus lay.
CHO.—Nowell, etc.

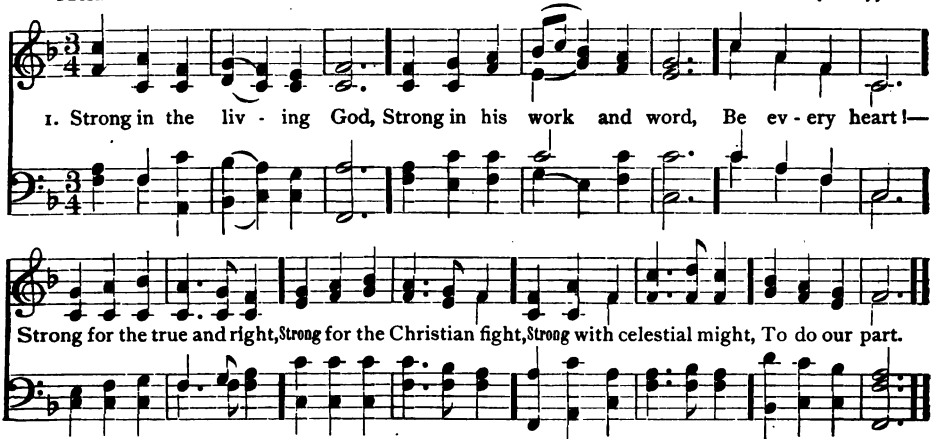
5 Then did they know assuredly,
Within that house the King did lie,
One entered in then for to see,
And found the Babe in poverty.
CHO.—Nowell, etc.

6 Then enter'd in those Wise Men three,
Most reverently upon their knee,
And offered there, in his presence,
Both gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
CHO.—Nowell, etc.

Note. "Nowell" is a Norman-French word, derived from the Latin, *Natale*, meaning birthday.

STRONG IN THE LIVING GOD.

"ITALIAN HYMN." FELICE GIARDINI. 1716—1796.


1. Strong in the liv - ing God, Strong in his work and word, Be ev - ery heart!—
Strong for the true and right, Strong for the Christian fight, Strong with celestial might, To do our part.

2 May the quick word of God,
By which the true have trod,
For virtue strong,
Abide in us with power,
Guiding in every hour,
Making each soul a tower
'Gainst sin and wrong!

5 So may we overcome
All wrong in heart, in home,
In country dear!
Loyal to Truth and Love,
May we our manhood prove,
Trusting in God above,
With heart sincere.

W. P. Tilden.

THE NEW YEAR.

1 Hail to the glad New Year!
Welcome its foot-fall near,
Sandalled with love.
Softly, as falls the snow,
Fleetly, as angels go,
It comes with hope aglow,
Born from above.

2 Fresh is the gift it brings,
Sweet is the song it sings,
Our hearts to cheer.
Upward it points the way,
Onward to brighter day,
Wiping the tears that stay,
Shaming our fear.

3 God of the Old and New!
Give us the vision true,
The heart of fire;
Strong hands to work for God,
Swift feet with mercy shod,
Treading the path He trod,
Souls to inspire.

W. P. Tilden.

BAND OF MERCY ANNIVERSARY.

1 With banner and with song,
We come a happy throng,
To keep to-night
The birth of this our band
Which seeks throughout the land,
To stay the cruel hand,
In Love's great might.

2 We plead for mercy kind
To all whom we may find
In want or woe;
Or man, or beast, or bird,
Where saddest plaints are heard,
By kindest feelings stirred,
We Mercy show.

3 These, then, the words we bear
Upon our banner fair,
And may the sight
Inspire us with a zeal
To work for others' weal,
And in each sad appeal
Strive for the right.

Mrs. Nash.

IT SINGETH LOW IN EVERY HEART.

"AULD LANG SYNE."

1. It sing - eth low in ev - ery heart, We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who an - swer not, How - ev - er we may call.
They throng the si - lence of the breast; We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet, Who walk with us no more.

2 'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down:
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.
But, oh! 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore·
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more!

3 More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there:
To follow them were not so hard
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God for evermore!

John W. Chadwick.

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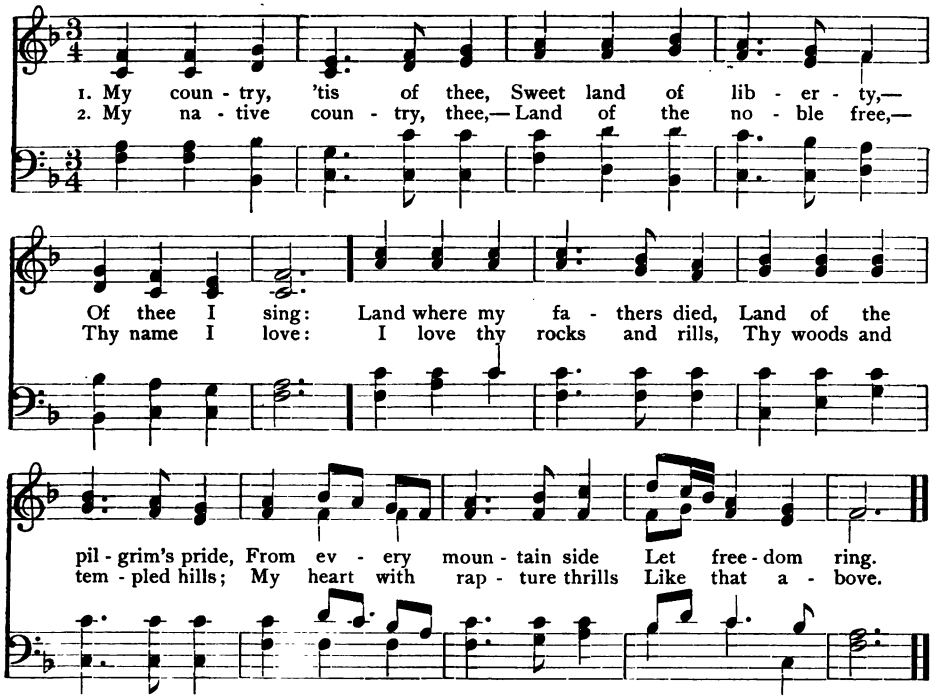

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,—
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee,—Land of the no - ble free,—
Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
pil - grim's pride, From ev - ery moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,—
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

S. F. Smith.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

1 God bless our native land,
May Heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore.
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And all our rights depend
On war no more.

2 May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our name.
Home of the brave and free,
Stronghold of liberty—
We pray that still on thee
There be no stain.

3 And not this land alone,
But be thy mercies known
From shore to shore;
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family,
The wide world o'er.

W. F. Hickson.

PATRIOTIC HYMN.

GERMAN.

1. To thee I have de - vot - ed My heart, my thought, my hand; Thou
2. O hear me, heaven-ly Fa - ther, And give to me the will To
land of peace and plen - ty, My own dear fa - ther - land; Thou
my be - lov - ed coun - try, My du - ty to ful - fil; To
f
land of peace and plen - ty, My own dear fa - ther - land.
my be - lov - ed coun - try, My du - ty to ful - fil.

3 And may I ne'er dishonor,
By word, or thought, or deed,
‖: My own dear native country,
But ever serve her need. :‖

4 Cause her, O God, to prosper,
With peace and plenty blest,
‖: My own dear native country,
The land I love the best. :‖

Words Translated.

FOREFATHER'S DAY. *Tune f.* 155.

1 Gone are the great and good,
Who here in peril stood,
And raised their hymn.
Peace to the reverend dead!
That light which on their head
The hundred years have shed,
Shall ne'er grow dim.

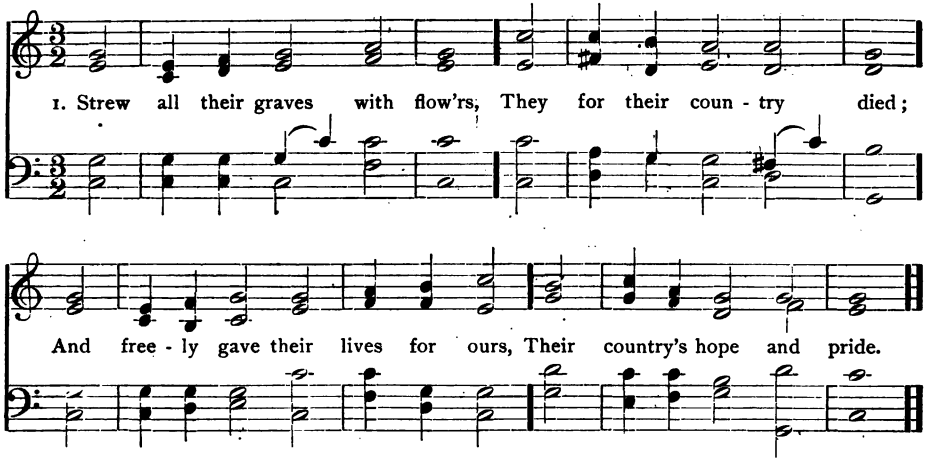
2 We now, our fathers' God!
Stand where our fathers trod,
Where sleeps their dust:
Their high fidelity,
Their truth which made them free,
Their love of liberty,
Our sacred trust!

3 Thou high and holy One,
From father unto son,
May faith descend!
While years shall come and go
While seas shall ebb and flow,
Thee may we ever know,
Our God and Friend!

Pierpont.

OUR SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

"BOYLSTON." LOWELL MASON. 1832.


1. Strew all their graves with flow'rs, They for their coun - try died;
And free - ly gave their lives for ours, Their country's hope and pride.

2 Bring flowers to deck each sod
Where rests their sacred dust;
Though gone from earth, they live to God,
Their everlasting trust!

3 Fearless, in freedom's cause
They suffered, toiled and bled;
And died obedient to her laws,
By truth and conscience led.

4 Oft as the year returns,
She o'er their graves shall weep,
And wreath with flowers their funeral urns,
Their memory dear to keep.

5 Bring flowers of early spring
To deck each soldier's grave;
And Summer's fragrant roses bring—
They died our land to save.

Jones Very.

BAPTISM OF A CHILD.

1 To thee, O God in heaven,
This little one we bring:
Giving to thee what thou hast given,—
Our dearest offering.

2 To thee, O God, whose face
Their spirits still behold,
We bring them, praying that thy grace
May keep, thine arms enfold.

3 And as this water falls
On each unconscious brow,
Thy Holy Spirit grant, O Lord,
To keep them pure as now!

James F. Clarke.

TEMPERANCE.

Mourn for the thousands slain,—
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign
O'er the deluded throng.

Mourn for the ruined soul,—
For reason's life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

Mourn for the lost; but call,
Call to the strong, the free:
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And guard their liberty.

Mourn for the lost; but pray,
Pray to the Lord above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

Anon.

THE SUMMER'S PRAISE.

Arr. from R. SCHUMANN.

Cheerfully, but not too fast.

1. How love - ly hill and vale ap - pear! The sum- mer days once more are here.
What fragrance fills the balmy air! The groves are 'ring- ing ev - 'ry-where.
Lift up the heart! Lift up the voice! And in your Ma - ker's praise rejoice, For
'tis his love that sends us here, The glad - dest time of all the year.

2 The sunbeams flash on morning wing,
The insects hum, the birdlets sing;
What whispers come from lips of flowers
To praise God through the summer hours!
O praise to him whose breath inspires
The floral year—ye youthful choirs!
The glorious summer time is here,
The gladdest time of all the year!

3 When field and wood and mountains ring,
When flowers and birds their tribute bring,
Shall not the children's voices raise
To God their happy song of praise?
Praise God! Praise God! our voices rise
And blend with nature's harmonies,
To bless the Love that sends us here,
The gladdest days of all the year! *C. C. W.*

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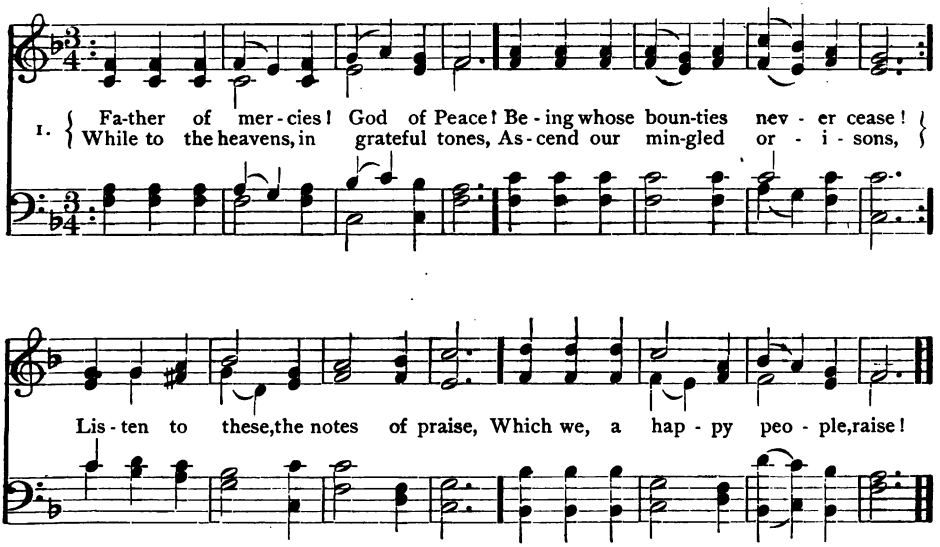
HARVEST HYMN.

"HURSLEY."

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN. 1798.
Arr. by W. H. MONK. 1861.


1. Fa-ther of mer-cies! God of Peace! Be-ing whose boun-ties nev-er cease!
While to the heavens, in grateful tones, As-cend our min-gled or-i-sons,
Lis-ten to these, the notes of praise, Which we, a hap-py peo-ple, raise!

2 Our hamlets, sheltered by thy care,
Abodes of peace and plenty are;
Our tillage, by thy blessing, yields
An hundred-fold from ripened fields;
And laden bough, and burdened vine,
Are tokens of thy love divine.

3 Teach us these blessings to improve;
Teach us to serve thee, teach to love;
Exalt our hearts, that we may see
The giver of all good in thee;
And be thy word our daily food,
Thy service, Lord, our highest good.

Anon.

GOD'S WAY THE BEST.

1 Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

2 My little craft sails not alone,
Ten thousand ships glad every zone;
What blows to me a favoring breeze,
Might wreck another on the seas.

(Omit the Repeat in the Music.)

3 I leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that he
Who launched my bark will sail with me.

4 Through storm and calm he will not fail
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within the sheltering port at last.

Anon.

THE REAPERS HOMEWARD COME.

HARVEST SONG.

W. H. GILL.

Allegretto.
mf
1. Sing - ing, the reap - ers home-ward come,— I - o! I - o! I -
2. Sing - ers are fill - ing the twi - light dim With cheer - ful song,— I -
3. Si - lent - ly, night - ly fell the dew, And gen - tly the rain,— I -
o! Mer - ri - ly sing - ing the har - vest home,— I -
o! The spir - it of song as - cends to him Who
o! But who can tell how the green corn grew, Or
o! I - o! I - o! I - o! I - o! I - o!
caus - eth the corn to grow, who caus - eth the corn to grow.
who be - held it grow, or who be - held it grow?
p
A - long the field, a - long the road, Where autumn is scat - ter - ing leaves a - broad,
He free - ly sent the gen - tle rain; The sum - mer sun glo - ri - fied hill and plain,
O God, the good! in sun and rain! He look'd on the flour - ish - ing fields of grain,
p

Home-ward com-eth the ripe last load,— I - o! I - o! I - o! . . . .
To gold-en per-fec - tion brought the grain,—I - o! I - o! I - o! . . . . To
Till they all appear'd on hill and plain Like liv - ing gold,—I - o! . . . . Till
Home - ward com - eth the ripe last load,— I - o! I - o! I - o!
gold - en per - fec - tion brought the grain,— I - o! I - o! I - o!
all ap-pear'd on hill and plain Like liv - ing gold,—I - o!

SPRING CAROL.

1 Over the hills, across the plain,
Io, Io, Io;
Merrily singeth the April rain,
Io, Io, Io, Io, Io, Io!
Along the field, along the road,
The seeds that the hurrying wind hath sowed,
Hear the song and awake, awake,
Io, Io, Io;
Laughing, out of the dark they break,
Io, Io, Io!

2 Flowers are filling the prairie-sod
With faces bright, Io;
Their look, like a song, ascends to God
Who causeth the grass to grow,
Who causeth the grass to grow!
He freely sends the gentle rain
That touches the trees and they bud again,
And glorifies every hill and plain,
Io, Io, Io;
And glorifies every hill and plain,
Io, Io, Io!

3 Silently ever falls the light,
Gently the dew, Io:
But who can summon the grass to sight,
Or who beholds it grow?
Or who beholds it grow?
O, God, the good! In sun and showers
He speaks, and the earth it replies in flowers,
And the grass it greens thro' summer hours,
The lands they live, Io!
And the grass it greens thro' summer hours,
The lands they live, Io!

G.

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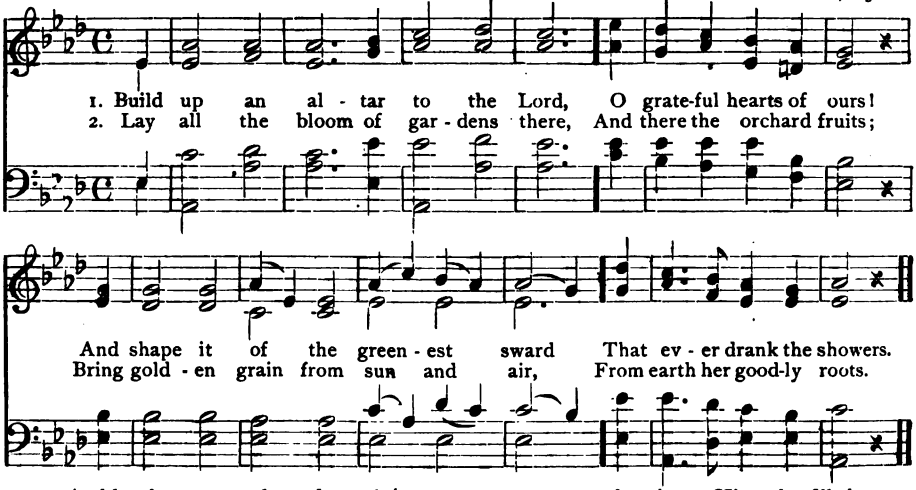
HARVEST FESTIVAL.

HUMMEL. C. M.

CHARLES ZEUNER, 1832.


1. Build up an al - tar to the Lord, O grate-ful hearts of ours!
2. Lay all the bloom of gar - dens there, And there the orchard fruits;
And shape it of the green - est sward That ev - er drank the showers.
Bring gold - en grain from sun and air, From earth her good-ly roots.

3 And let the common heart keep time
To such an anthem sung,
As never swelled on poet's rhyme
Or thrilled on singer's tongue.

4 A song of praise to Him who filled
The harvests far and near,
And gave each field a double yield
To crown the fruitful year.

Whittier. — Alt.

THE NATIVITY.

1 Calm, on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judæa stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee,
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God," the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's Eternal King!"

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born;
And bright, on Bethlehem's joyous plains,
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

E. H. Sears. 1835.

JESUS.

1 The voice of old by Jordan's flood
Yet floats upon the air;
We hear it in beatitude,
In parable and prayer.

2 And still the beauty of that life
Shines star-like on our way,
And breathes its calm amid the strife
And burden of to-day.

3 Earnest of life forevermore,
That life of duty here,—
The trust that in the darkest hour
Looked forth and knew no fear!

4 Spirit of Jesus, still speed on!
Speed on thy conquering way,
Till every heart the Father own,
And all his will obey!

F. L. Hosmer.

THE CORN IS RIPE FOR REAPING.

CAROL.

Cheerful.
1. The corn is ripe for reap - ing, Fields glow with rud - dy grain,
2. Thine, Fa - ther, is the riv - er That mak - eth rich the earth;
And we must now be keep - ing, Our har - vest feast a - gain;
Thro' thee, O Gra - cious Giv - er, The bur - ied seed had birth:
With voice of joy and sing - ing, Our praise to God shall rise,
Thou on the fur - rows rain - ing, Didst make them soft with show'rs,
After last verse.
Who, whilst the seed was spring - ing, Rain'd blessings from the skies.
The thirst - y crops main-tain - ing Thro' si - lent sum - mer hours. A - MEN.

3 The year, by thee anointed,
Is now with goodness crowned;
Robed in the robes appointed,
With gladness girded round.
We thank thee for the blessing
Which meets us on our way,
And come, thy love confessing,
With happy hearts to-day.

4 But whilst our lips are praising,
Our lives to thee belong;
With them we would be raising
A nobler, sweeter song;
One that may sound forever,
Whilst earth's great Harvest speeds,—
A song of high endeavor,
Rung out in earnest deeds. AMEN.

EARTH BELOW IS TEEMING.

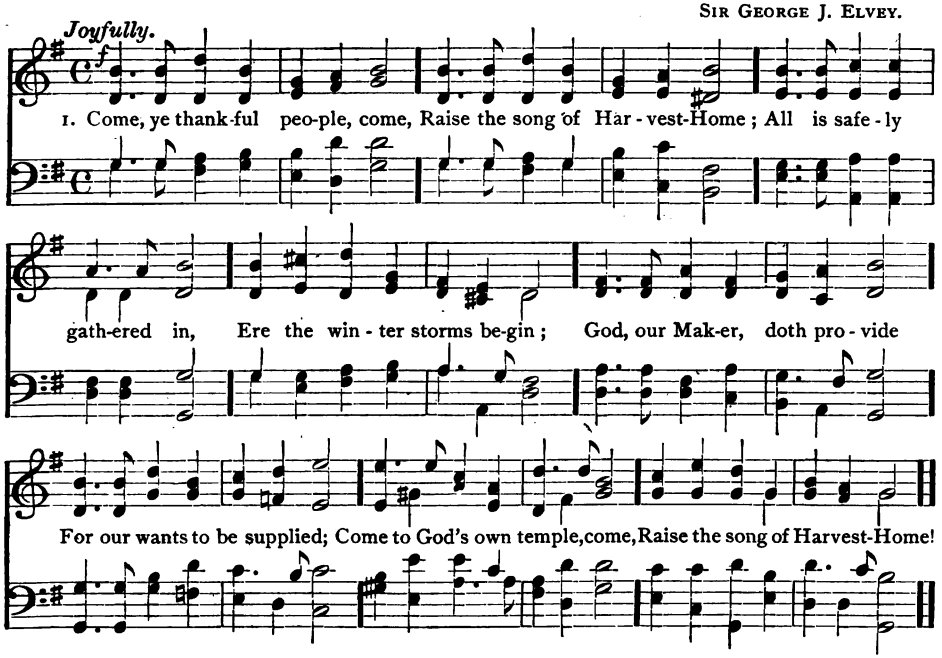
CAROL.

1. Earth be - low is teem - ing, Heav'n is bright a - bove; Ev - ery brow is beam - ing
In the light of love; Ev - ery eye re - joic - es, Ev-ery thought is praise;
Hap-py hearts and voic - es Gladden nights and days. O Al - might-y Giv - er,
Boun-ti - ful and free As the joy in har - vest, Joy we be-fore thee. A - men.

2 Every youth and maiden
On the harvest plain,
Round the wagons laden
With their golden grain,
Swell the happy chorus
On the evening air,
Unto Him who o'er us
Bends with constant care.
O Almighty Giver, etc.

3 For the sun and showers,
For the rain and dew,
For the nurturing hours
Spring and summer knew;
For the golden autumn,
And its precious stores,
For the love that brought them
Teeming to our doors,
O Almighty Giver, etc.

SIR GEORGE J. ELVEY.


Joyfully.
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-Home; All is safe-ly
gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin; God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide
For our wants to be supplied; Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of Harvest-Home!

2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be!

3 Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There forever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home!

Henry Alford. 1845.

EASTER HYMN.

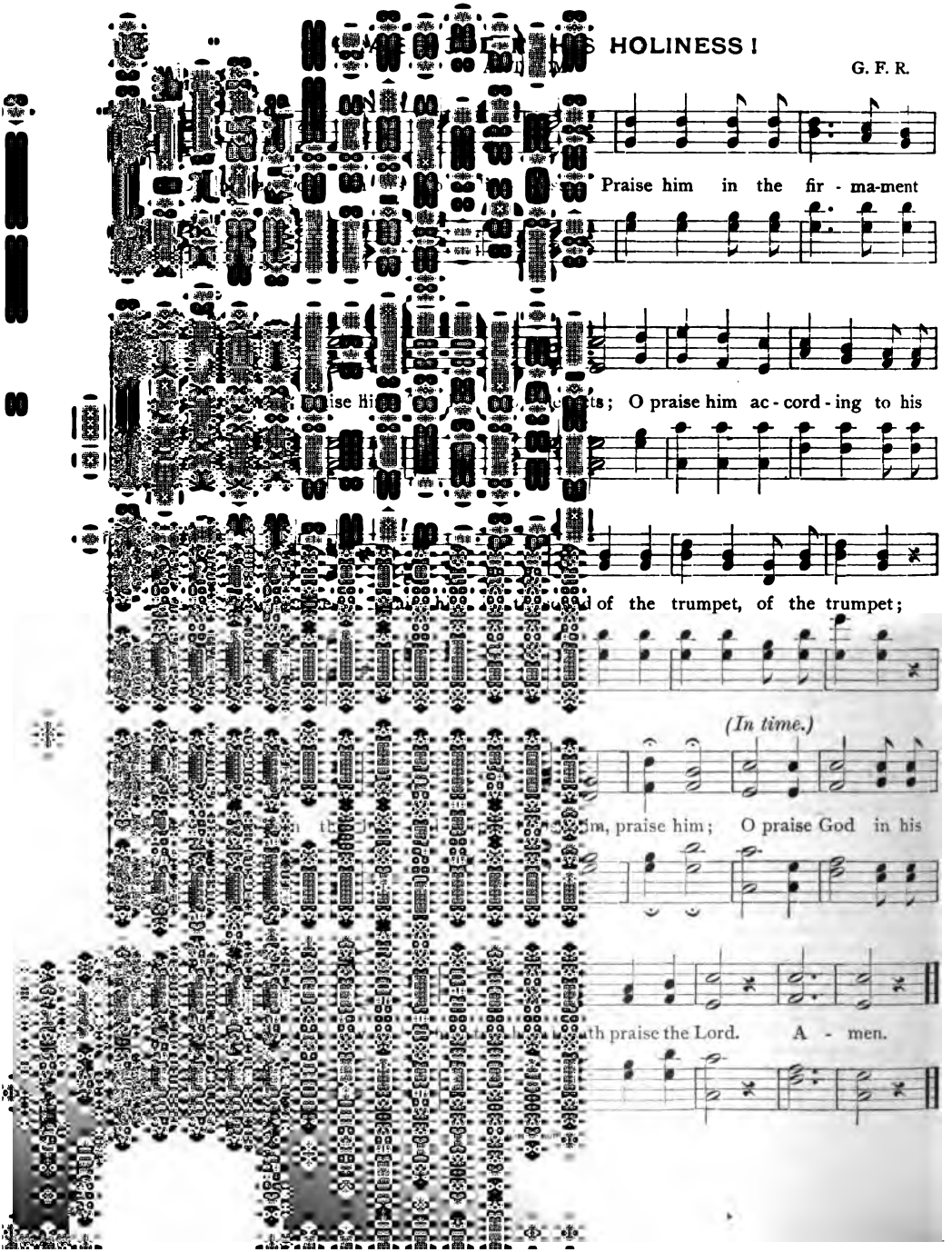
1 Nature wakes and woodlands ring,
Earth and heaven with glory shine;
Glad as birds of dawn we sing,
Brimming o'er with song divine.
Sunbeams glitter, day is come,
Fled are all the fears of night;
Stones will shout, if lips are dumb:
Praise to thee, great Lord of Life!

2 Bounding in the hearts of men,
Breaking on the glossy sod,
Swells the living tide again
From the flowing founts of God.
Dewy slumber leaves the eyes,
Joy in every soul is rife,
As from death, lo, all things rise,
Praise to thee, great Lord of Life!

3 Swiftly flies the wing of time,
Soon eternal day will dawn,
Angel choirs in songs sublime
Heralding unfading morn;
Then transfigured evermore,
All the sin of earth forgiven,
Loud we'll sing where saints adore,
Praise to thee, great Lord of Heaven!

HOLINESS!

G. F. R.


Praise him in the fir - ma-ment
ts; O praise him ac - cord - ing to his
of the trumpet, of the trumpet;
(In time.)
m, praise him; O praise God in his
th praise the Lord. A - men.

HOLY IS THE LORD.

ANTHEM.

C. F. RUNGENHAGEN.

Slowly. mf
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is God the Lord! Ho - ly is
God the Lord! Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is God the
Lord! ho - ly is God the Lord! Ho - ly, ho - ly,
ho - ly is God the Lord! ho - ly is God the Lord!
A - men.
A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.
A - men.

The passages marked *p.* may also be sung by a semi-chorus.

WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD!

S. S. TE DEUM.

G. F. ROOT.

Allegretto.

We praise thee, O God; we ac-knowledge thee to be the Lord; All the earth doth
wor - ship thee, the Fa - ther ev - er - last - ing. To thee all an - gels cry a -
loud; The heavens and all the powers there - in; To thee Cher - u-bim and
Ser - aphim con - tin - ual - ly do cry, Ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Sab-aoth!
Heaven and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy great glo - ry. A - men.

By permission.

HOLY SPIRIT BLEST.

ANTHEM. CHERUBINI.

Andante.
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, hear our prayer! Hear us! Hear us! Ho - ly Spir-it,
mf
hear us! Ho - ly Spir - it, hear our prayer!
f
O Ho - ly Spir - it,
hear! Thou of all con - sol - ers best, En - ter thou the troub-led breast, Give us
f
INSTRUMENT.
thy ce - les - tial rest. O hear! O hear! Thou Spir - it blest.
p
INSTRUMENT.
pp
Ho-ly Spir - it blest!
Ho-ly Spir - it blest!

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HALLELUJAH.

From the HEBREW RITUAL.

The Lord Al - might-y reign - eth: Hal - le - lu - jah! The Lord, the
Lord Al-might - y reign - eth: Hal-le - lu - jah, hal-le - lu - jah, hal-le-
lu-jah, hal-le - lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le - lu-jah, hal-le-lu - jah!

LOVE.

Tune, p. 56.

1 Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits.

2 Love is sweetest sunshine,
That warms into life,
For only in darkness
Grow ill-will and strife.

3 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

4 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in other lands.

CHANT.

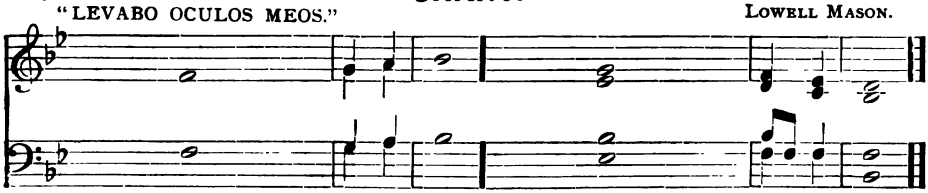
"VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO." — WILLIAM BOYCE.

1 Oh, come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord; ‖ Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.
2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving; ‖ And show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.
3 For the Lord is a | great— | God; ‖ And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
4 In his hands are all the corners | of the | earth; ‖ and the strength of the | hills is | his— | also.
5 The sea is his | and he | made it; ‖ And his hands pre- | pared | the dry | land.
6 Oh, come, let us worship | and fall | down; ‖ And kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
7 For he is the | Lord our | God; ‖ And we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his— | hand.
8 Oh, worship the Lord in the | beauty · of | holiness; ‖ Let the whole | earth · stand in | awe of | him.
9 Now unto the King eternal, immortal, in | visi | ble, ‖ the | on-ly | wise · God, ‖ Be | honor · and | glory, for ever and | ev-er. | A- | men.

Ps. 95.

CHANT.

"LEVABO OCULOS MEOS." — LOWELL MASON.



1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh · my | help.
2. My help cometh from the Lord, which made | heaven · and | earth.
3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee | will · not | slumber.
3. Behold! he that keepeth Israel shall not | slumber · nor | sleep.
5. The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy | right— | hand.
6. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the | moon · by | night;
7. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall pre- | serve · thy | soul.
8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore. | A- | men.

GLORY TO GOD.

ANTHEM.

FR. SCHUBERT.

Bold and joyous.
Glo - ry, glo - ry to God in the high - est! An - gels in cho - rus
joy - ful - ly cry; Glo - ry, glo - ry to God in the high - est!
Thank - ful and glad our voi - ces re - ply. Fain would we ech - o their
an - them a - bove, Fain would we sing to the Fa - ther of Love.
Glo - ry to God in the high - est! What though but fee - bly our

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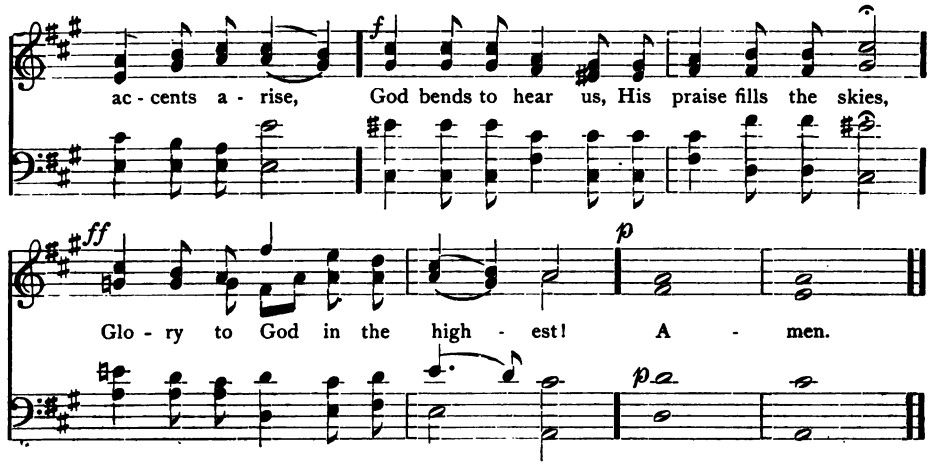

CANTATE DOMINO. (CHANT.)

O sing unto the *Lord* | a new · = | song : || for he hath | · done | marvellous | things.
With his own right hand, and *with* his | ho-ly | arm : || hath he *gotten* him- | self · the | vic-to- | ry.
The Lord *declared* | his · sal- | va-tion : || his righteousness hath he openly *showed* | in · the | sight of the | nations.
He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the | *house* of | Is-ra-el : || and all the ends of the world have *seen* the sal- | va-tion | of · our | God.
Show yourselves joyful unto the *Lord*, | all · ye | lands ; || *sing*, re | joice, and | give · = thanks.
Let the sea make a noise, and *all* that | there-in | is : || the round *world*, and | they · that | dwell · there- | in.
Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful *together* be- | fore · the | Lord : || for *he* | cometh · to | judge · the | earth.
With righteousness *shall* he | judge · the | world : || *and* the | peo-ple | with · = | equity.
Now unto the King, etc.

BLESSED IS HE WHO COMETH.

CH. GOUNOD.
Arranged for this work.

Adagio. SOLO.
Bless-ed is He who com-eth in . . the name of . . . . . the
Lord, in . . the name, in . . the name of the Lord.
QUARTET.
pp
Bless-ed is He . . who com-eth in . . . the name of . . . . the Lord,
cres.
dim.
in the name of . . . . . the Lord, who com-eth in the

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MORNING ANTHEM.

J. H. ROLLE.

With simplicity and dignity.

1. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! The morn - ing
sun a - wakes . . . the fields from night - ly rest, And the
whole cre - a - tion's gladness streams . . . . Re - born in - to . . . . . our breast.

2 Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!
In vernal beauty praises him the floral year,
In the skies, and in the leaf'y bowers,
The bird's glad song we hear.

3 Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!
From out their dens the wild beasts loudly roar their praise,
O my soul! more loudly still to God
Thy grateful tribute raise.

Words transl. by C. W. W.

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PRAISE YE THE LORD.

ANTHEM. WM. HEISER.

f
Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, all ye na - tions, all ye
f
Praise ye
na - tions; O praise him all ye peo - ple! Praise ye the Lord!
Praise ye
Praise ye
Praise ye the Lord, all ye na - tions! O praise him all ye peo - ple!
p SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS.
His lov - ing kind - ness to-ward us en - dur - eth for - e - ver -

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more; His lov - ing kind - ness watch - es o - ver us, o - ver
for - e - ver - more; His lov - ing kind - ness watch - es
us for - e - ver - more, watch-es o - ver us for - e - ev - more.
Hal - le -
CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - ja! Hal - le - lu - ja! Hal - le - lu - ja! Hal-le - lu - ja!
lu - ja! Hal-le - lu - ja! Hal - le - lu - ja! Hal-le - lu - ja!

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FLOWER SERVICE.

To "Naomi." p. 12.

1 O thou whose bounty fills the earth,
Accept the gifts we bring;
For all their beauty, all their worth,
From thy perfection spring.

2 These flowers that on our borders blow,
Each in its time and place,
Shine out like smiles that come and go
On some belovèd face.

3 They make us happy, for they tell
Of love unseen but sure;
Let others, then, be glad as well—
The suffering and the poor.

4 To beds of anguish and of death
We send our store of flowers,
To whisper with their fragrant breath
Their Father's love and ours.

5 Take, Lord, our gifts, but take us too,
Thy human flowers, to prove
By lives unselfish, kind, and true,
That thou, our God, art Love.

J. Ellerton.

THE HEAVENS DECLARE ALL THE LORD'S ENDLESS GLORY.

L. VAN BEETHOVEN.
Arr. by FR. EDW. WILSING.

1. The heavens de - clare all the Lord's end - less glo - ry! Be -
2. Ac - knowl - edge hum - bly the might of each won - der Which
yond the skies their voice is heard; The earth sings prais - es, the
na - ture to thine eyes un - folds! Do works like these in their
cres.
sea chants his glo - ry; O mor - tals, heark - en to their
great - ness re - veal not To thee the rul - er of all
cres.
Who guides at e - ven the light of the
Canst thou un - moved see these millions of
word! Who guides at e - ven, at e - ven the light of the
worlds! Canst thou un - moved see these mill - ions, these mill - ions of

From High School Music Reader by permission of Messrs. Ginn & Co.

planets? Who leads the sun each new- born
be-ings, Or e'en the small - est grain of
cres.
plan - ets? Who leads the sun each new-born day, each
be - ings, Or e'en the small - est grain of dust, of
cres.
day?
dust?
f mf f
day? That when he comes in glo - ri - ous
dust? O praise Him, praise Him Who is all
mf f
sf f
beau - ty and gran - deur He lights the dark - ness with his
wis - dom and glo - ry And in His love put all thy
sf f
ff
ray, He lights the dark - ness with his ray.
trust, And in his love put all thy trust.
ff

Words from the German of Gellert.

GLORY TO GOD.

ANTHEM.

SILCHER. 1789—1860.

Vivace.
Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry in the high - est, to God, to our
Optional.
God, to God, to the Fa - ther Al - might - y, un - to God the
On the earth be peace,
Fa - ther Al - might - y. Peace be on earth,
On the earth be peace,
earth
And to men good - will,
good - will to men, O God, our Fa - ther, thy
And to men good - will,
good - will to men

peace now send us, and let all who have breath now give praise to Thee.
Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry be to God in the high - est, to
God, to God, to God, to the Fa - ther, Al - might -
Optional.
y, Un - to God the Fa - ther Al - might - y.

* This anthem may be immediately followed by the Choral "Commit Thy Ways." p 115

SUFFERING SON OF MAN, BE NEAR US.

(AVE VERUM.) ANTHEM. W. A. MOZART.

Suf - f'ring Son of Man be near us! All our
griefs and suf - f'rings to sus - tain; By Thy sor - er
Thy strength, heav'n - ly
griefs to cheer us, strength, heav'n - ly strength 'mid mor-tal
p
pain, By the tra - vail of thy spir - it.
p

Words adapted by C. W. W.

By thy vic - t'ry o'er death, O Christ! Thou shalt
p
poco a poco cres.
e - ver be our help - er, through death . . . .
p
Thou shalt e - ver be our help - er through
Through death . . . . .
. . . to im - mor - tal life, Through death . .
cres.
cres.
death
. . . . . to im - mor - tal life.

CAST THY BURDEN.

From "ELIJAH."

MENDELSSOHN.

Cast thy bur - den up - on the Lord, And He shall sus -
tain thee: He nev - er will suf - fer the
right - eous to fall; He is at thy right hand. Thy
mer - cy, Lord, is great, and far a - bove the heav'ns; Let
none be made a - sham - ed, that wait up - on thee.

SERVICES

FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORSHIP AND THE HOME ALTAR,

PREPARED BY

CHARLES W. WENDTÉ.

WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF FRIENDLY CONTRIBUTORS.

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First Service.

WORSHIP.

I. Opening Anthem, Choral, or Hymn.

II. Responses.*

HOW lovely are thy dwellings, O Lord of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord:

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving

And into his courts with praise.

I was glad when they said unto me,

Come, it is our holy day;

Let us go into the house of the Lord,

Let us take sweet counsel together;

Let our feet stand within his gates;

Let heart and voice give thanks unto him;

For the Lord is good, his mercy is everlasting,

And his truth endureth to all generations.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee,

In whose heart are thy ways.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house;

They will be still praising thee.

Blessed be the temple hallowed by thy name;

Pray for peace within its walls.

Peace to young and old that enter there;

Peace to every soul abiding therein;

For friends' and brethren's sake I will never cease to say:

Peace be within thee!

III. Prayer. (*All unite.*)

WE thank thee, O God, for the return of the morning and the renewal of our daily blessings. We love to feel that we are always surrounded by thee, and that the blessings of each day are the gifts of thy providence. We love to feel that thou art coming to us in the morning air and sunshine, the evening's calm, in the love of our loved ones, in our work and our play, and in all things that make us glad and strong. May all that is beautiful remind us of thee, the infinite Beauty. May all that is good remind us of thee, the perfect Goodness. May all that is true lead us to thee, the Source of all truth. Breathe thy loving Spirit upon us all, that we may take up the burden of our daily duty, and go on our way rejoicing evermore in thee, the Lord our God.

All sing.

IV. Scripture Reading or Address.

V. Hymn. (*To be selected.*)

VI. Class Lessons.

VII. Hymn. (*To be selected.*)

VIII. Benediction.

AND now may the Lord God Almighty bless, preserve and keep you. The Lord mercifully with his favor look upon you, and give you peace now and forever. (*All sing.*) Amen.

* The responses to be given by the school are printed in italics.

Several of the prayers which follow have been taken by permission from F. L. Hosmer's "Way of Life."

Second Service.

THE ETERNAL ONE.

I.

(SUPT. *reads.*)

THERE is one God and Father of all,
Above all and through all and in us all;
In him we live and move,
In him we have our being:
Of him and through him and in him are all things,
To whom be the glory forever.

II. ANTHEM, CHORAL, OR HYMN.

III. RESPONSES.

LORD, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations,

Before the mountains were brought forth,

Or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,

Even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God.

Of old hast thou laid the foundations of the earth;

And the heavens are the work of thy hands.

They shall perish, but thou shalt endure:

They shall wax old like a garment,

As a vesture shalt thou change them,

And they shall be changed;

But thou art the same,

And thy years shall have no end.

A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past,

Or as a watch in the night.

Thou hast made our days as a handbreadth,

And our years are as nothing before thee.

So teach us to number our days,

That we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Oh, satisfy us early with thy mercy,

That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants.

And thy glory unto their children;

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us,

And establish thou the work of our hands upon us, yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

IV. HYMN.

V. PRAYER.

(*All unite.*)

OUR heavenly Father, thy presence maketh heaven everywhere. We bless thee for this beautiful earth and for the years thou hast given us in it. Thou hast filled the spring-time with flowers, the summer with corn and fruit: and thou hast fed our bodies with plenty and our minds with truth. In winter thou hast clothed the earth with snow like wool, and thou hast kept our bodies warm and our hearts glad. Thou hast waked us and led us forth refreshed, when thou hast spread the morning upon the mountains: when thou hast called forth the darkness and set the stars in their places, thou hast poured

sleep on our eyelids and overshadowed us with thy wings in the night. Like as a father pitieth his children, thou hast pitied us and watched over us. We cannot number thy blessings; we cannot declare thy love. For all thy loving-kindness we bless thee and praise thee, our Father. We ask not anything but to trust thee who hast made the past so full of joy. We trust and bless thee forever and ever. *Amen.*

VI. Scripture Reading or Address.

VII. Class Lessons.

VIII. Hymn.

IX. Prayer.

(*All repeat.*)

GLORY to thy name forever, —
Thou of life the Guard and Giver!
Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river, —
Glory to thy name forever!

God of evening's peaceful ray,
God of every dawning day
Rising from the distant sea,
Breathing of eternity, —
Thine the flaming spear of light;
Thine the darkness of the night:
God of life that fade shall never, —
Glory to thy name forever!

X. Doxology.

XI. Benediction.

Third Service.

GOD IN ALL.

I.

(Supt. *reads.*)

THUS saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.

II. Anthem, Choral, or Hymn.

III. Responses.

O LORD, thou hast searched me and known me;

Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising;

Thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word on my tongue,

But, lo! O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before,

And laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me:

It is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit?

Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:

If I make my bed in the grave, behold thou art there:

If I take the wings of the morning,

And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,

Even there shall thy hand lead me,

And thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me,

Even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day:

The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

I will praise thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made;

Marvellous are thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well.

How precious are thy thoughts unto me, O God!

How great is the sum of them.

If I should count them they are more in number than the sand:

When I awake, I am still with thee.

Search me, O God! and know my heart;

Try me and know my thoughts;

And see if there be any wicked way in me,

And lead me in the way everlasting.

IV. Prayer.

(*All unite.*)

O THOU who givest the day for labor and the night for rest, we lift our hearts to thee. Thou veilest the face of nature and all is still: thou speakest to us in the soft twilight. The very silence hymns thy praise. Thou leadest forth the stars, and callest them all by their names. Thou art in the shadow that closes around us, and in the day-spring that wakes us again. Whither can we go from thy Spirit, and whither can we flee from thy presence? May the eye that never slumbers, watch over us in our waking and in our sleep. Make us to know thy loving-kindness, O Lord, in the morning, and strengthen us for the duties of the morrow. And when our days on earth are numbered, and we lie down to our last sleep, may we awake to the light of that heavenly morning whose sun goeth down no more forever. *Amen.*

V. Hymn.

VI. Scripture Reading or Address.

VII. Hymn.

VIII. Class Lessons.

IX. Hymn.

Doxology.

"From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise." (p. 16.)

X. Benediction.

Fourth Service.

THE PRAISE OF GOD.

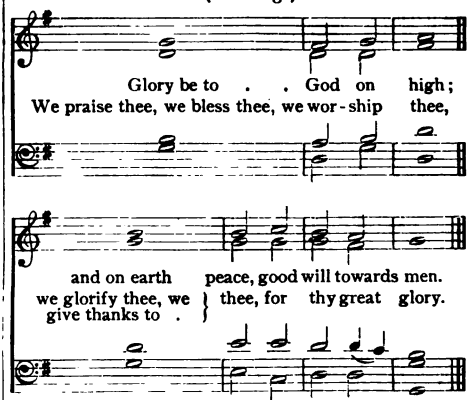
I. Opening Anthem, Choral, or Hymn.

II. Responses.

O SING unto the Lord a new song!
Sing unto the Lord, all the earth.
Sing unto the Lord; bless his name.
Show forth his salvation from day to day.
Declare his glory among the nations,
His wonders among all people.
For the Lord is great,
And greatly to be praised;
Honor and majesty are before him;
Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.
Give unto the Lord, O ye families of the people,
Give unto the Lord glory and strength.
Give unto the Lord the glory due his name.
Bring an offering and come into his courts.
Oh, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.
Let the whole earth stand in awe of him.
Say among the nations that the Lord reigneth.
He shall judge the people righteously.
Let the heavens rejoice and let the earth be glad;
Let the sea roar and the fullness thereof,
Let the field be joyful and all that therein is:
Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord;
For he cometh, he cometh to judge the earth:
To judge the world with righteousness and the people with truth.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates, be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors,
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory?
The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

III.

(*All sing.*)


Glory be to . . God on high;
We praise thee, we bless thee, we wor-ship thee,
and on earth peace, good will towards men.
we glorify thee, we thee, for thy great glory.
give thanks to .

IV. Prayer.

(*All unite.*)

O THOU Creator of all worlds! the earth is full of thy bounty. On all sides, above and beneath, are the proofs of thy wisdom and power. All

thy works praise thee; and the whole creation tells of thy loving kindness. May we also praise thee and love thee. May the sun remind us of thy glory, the moon and the stars at night of thy care. May the rain that falleth alike on the evil and the good assure us of thy bounty. May the fruits of the earth that nourish us quicken us to feel and acknowledge thy fatherly care; so that thou mayest be in all our thoughts. And, enjoying so much at thy hand, may we seek to imitate thy love and goodness, by doing good to all around us. *Amen.*

V. SCRIPTURE READING, OR ADDRESS.

VI. HYMN.

VII. CLASS LESSONS.

VIII. HYMN.

IX. BENEDICTION.

(*All unite.*)

MAY the Lord bless us and keep us. The Lord make his face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us. The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon us, and give us peace. *Amen.*

Fifth Service.

BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL!

I. OPENING ANTHEM, CHORAL, OR HYMN.

II. RESPONSES.

BLESS the Lord, O my soul!
And all that is within me, bless his holy name.
Bless the Lord, O my soul!
And forget not all his benefits.
Who forgiveth all thy sins;
Who healeth all thy infirmities;
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness.
The Lord is merciful and gracious,
Long suffering and of great goodness.
He hath not dealt with us after our sins,
Nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.
For as the heaven is high above the earth,
So great is his mercy towards them that fear him.
As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.
Like as a father pitieth his children,
So the Lord pitieth them that fear him.
The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him.
And his righteousness unto children's children.

To such as keep his covenants.

And to those who remember his commandments to do them.

The Lord hath established his throne in the heavens;

And his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the Lord, ye angels of his that excel in strength,

Ye that do his commandments, harkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless the Lord, all ye his hosts.

Ye servants of his who do his pleasure.

Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion.

Bless the Lord, O my soul!

III. Hymn.

IV. Prayer.

OUR Father, thou art giving us blessings all the time: help us to be a blessing. Thou givest us these hands of ours: use them as thine own. Thou givest us these feet: send them on thy errands. Thou givest us our voices: hear them speak only gentleness and truth. Thou givest us this mind that thinks: watch it thinking only clean, kindly, noble thoughts. Thou hast made our lives pleasant every day with love. We would make other lives gladder every day with our love. Something to please thee, Father, we would learn, some little deed to thank thee with instead of words. Some little prayer to do as well as say. Some little thing to give thee. Thou who art never tired in giving so much to us! *Amen.*

V. Scripture Reading, or Address.

VI. Hymn.

VII. Class Lessons.

VIII. Hymn.

IX. Prayer.

(*All unite.*)

HEAVENLY Father, grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither yield ourselves the servants of error and wickedness; but that all our doings may be begun, continued, and ended in thee. *Amen.*

X. Benediction.

(*All sing.*) Arr. by H. G. S.

Let the words of my mouth and the
med - i - ta - tions of my heart be ac -
cept - a - ble in thy sight, O Lord, my
Strength and my Re-deem - er. A - MEN.

Sixth Service.

GOD'S WISDOM AND GOODNESS.

I.

(SUPT. *reads.*)

WHEREWITH shall I come before the Lord,
And bow myself before the most high God?
He hath showed thee, O man, what is good;
What doth the Lord require of thee,
But to do justly, and to love mercy,
And to walk humbly before thy God?

II. ANTHEM, CHORAL, OR HYMN.

III. RESPONSES.

THE heavens declare the glory of God,

The firmament showeth his handiwork:

Day unto day uttereth wisdom,

And night unto night showeth knowledge.

They have no speech nor language,

Their voice is not heard:

Yet their sound goeth forth to all the earth,

And their words to the ends of the world.

The law of the Lord is perfect,

Reviving the soul:

The precepts of the Lord are sure,

Making wise the simple:

The statutes of the Lord are right,

Rejoicing the heart:

The commandments of the Lord are pure,

Enlightening the eyes:

The fear of the Lord is clean,

Enduring forever;

The judgments of the Lord are true,

And righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold,

Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned,

And in keeping them there is great reward.

Cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins;

Let them not have dominion over me.

Then shall I be upright, and innocent from great transgression.

(*Spoken or sung. Music p.* 192.)

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight,

O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

IV. PRAYER.

(*All unite.*)

ALMIGHTY God, our heavenly Father, who hast created all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth, — the high and the humble, the rich and the poor are thine; the Lord is the maker of them all. We thank thee for

all the good things we are ourselves permitted to enjoy: for our comfortable and happy homes, for kind parents, wise and faithful friends. Help us, O God, that in our abundance we may remember the poor and suffering: hear thou our prayers for their sakes; give to them in their needs; shield them in their exposures; bless the widow and the orphan; wipe away the tears from the afflicted: what thou of thy bounty givest us may we share with the needy. Father, we pray that the tender spirit of Jesus may more and more prevail in the world, and to thy great name we render honor and praise forevermore. *Amen.*

V. HYMN.

VI. SCRIPTURE READING, OR ADDRESS.

VII. CLASS LESSONS.

VIII. HYMN.

IX. PRAYER.

(*Read or chanted.*)

OUR Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever. *Amen.*

X. BENEDICTION.

Seventh Service.

TEN BLESSINGS FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT.

I.

(SUPT. *reads.*)

WHO shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
And who shall stand in his holy place?
He that hath clean hands and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul to vanity,
Nor sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive a blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.

II. ANTHEM, CHORAL, OR HYMN.

III. PRAYER.

(*All unite.*)

O THOU, Eternal One, we thank thee for the signs and tokens of thyself which thou hast placed around us everywhere. We thank thee for this new day, for the broad earth beneath our feet, for the wonderful heavens above our heads. We thank thee that all these things teach us of thee. They tell us of thy greatness; they speak of thy wisdom, and talk of thy power.

But more than in all these things thou speakest to us in thy still small voice which whispers in our souls. We thank thee that there thou hast written that thou art our Father, and that thy name is Love. May we always feel thy pres-

ence around us and within us, and love the things that thou lovest, and serve thee with the service of our daily lives. *Amen.*

IV. Responses.

BLESSED are they who dwell in thy house,

They will always be praising thee.

Blessed are they who keep thy statutes,

And who seek thee with the whole heart.

Blessed are they whose ways are pure,

Who walk in the path of thy commandments.

Blessed is the man who walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,

But whose delight is in the law of the Lord.

Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity,

And in whose spirit there is no guile.

Blessed is the man whom God correcteth;

Therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor;

The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee, O Lord;

In whose heart are thy ways.

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest,

And causest to approach unto thee.

In thy presence is fullness of joy;

At thy right hand are pleasures forevermore.

Blessed be the name of the Lord forever,

For wisdom and might are his.

V. Chant or Hymn.

VI. Scripture Reading or Address.

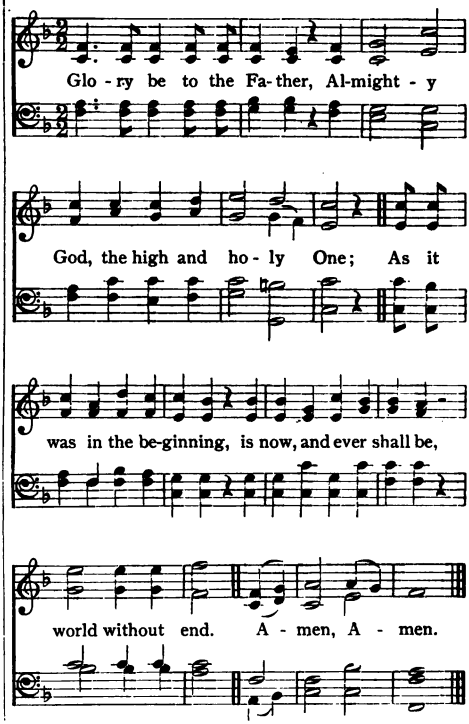
VII. Hymn.

VIII. Class Lessons.

IX. Hymn.

X. Benediction.

XI. Gloria.


Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, Al-might - y
God, the high and ho - ly One; As it
was in the be-ginning, is now, and ever shall be,
world without end. A - men, A - men.

Eighth Service.

JESUS CHRIST.

I.

(SUPT. *reads.*)

Blessed be the Lord God, for he hath not left himself without witnesses, but hath spoken by the mouth of his holy prophets, which have been since the world began. Through the tender mercy of our God the day-spring from on high hath visited us, giving light to those who sit in darkness, and guiding our feet into the way of peace.

II. ANTHEM, HYMN, OR CHORAL.

III. RESPONSES.

HOW beautiful upon the mountains

Are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings,

That publisheth peace,

That proclaimeth glad tidings of salvation.

He shall not strive nor cry,

Nor cause his voice to be heard in the street.

He shall not fail nor be discouraged

Till he have established equity on the earth.

The spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him,—

The spirit of wisdom and understanding,

The spirit of counsel and might,

The spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord,—

Anointing him to preach good tidings to the poor;

To heal the broken-hearted;

To comfort those that mourn;

To proclaim liberty to the captives;

The opening of the prisons to those who are bound;

To announce the acceptable year of the Lord.

In him was life,

And the life was the light of men.

He was tempted like as we are,

And no fault was found in him.

He came not to be ministered unto but to minister;

He went about doing good:

Preaching everywhere, The kingdom of God is at hand;

And the common people heard him gladly.

He was the true vine.

If we abide in him we shall bear much fruit.

He came into the world to bear witness to the truth;

And every one that is of the truth heareth his voice.

Being made perfect through suffering,

He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

Wherefore God hath highly exalted him,

And given him a name above every other name.

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Hosanna in the highest!

(*From "Unity Services," by per.*)

IV. ANTHEM.

"Blessed is he who cometh." (p. 174),

V. PRAYER.

(*All unite.*)

O THOU who didst send forth thy son, Jesus Christ, to bring new life and light into the world, and to declare glad tidings of thy truth and love: we thank thee for his divine teachings and his holy example; and we pray that we may be conformed to the image of his obedience, his patience, and faith. May that sweet spirit which filled his soul be manifested in us. May we learn of him to be strong and brave in the struggle with temptation, to labor steadfastly at the work to which thou hast appointed us, and to take up our cross with an unfailing courage and an undying trust in thee. So may he help us along our earthly way; and, striving to follow in his footsteps, may we walk with steadfast patience, and with a joyful hope in whatever path thou hast appointed for us. *Amen.*

VI. SCRIPTURE READING, OR ADDRESS.

VII. HYMN OR CAROL.

VIII. CLASS LESSONS.

IX. HYMN.

X. BENEDICTION.

Ninth Service.

COMMANDMENTS.

I.

(SUPT. *and* SCHOOL.)

LIFT up your hearts.

We lift them up unto the Lord.

O God, make clean our hearts within us.

And take not thy Holy Spirit from us.

II. ANTHEM, CHORAL, OR HYMN.

III. RESPONSES.

THIS is the first and great commandment: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and mind and strength:

And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

There is none other commandment greater than these.

On these two commandments hang all the law and the Prophets.

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you,

Do ye even so to them.

A new commandment I give unto you,

That ye love one another.

Who was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?

He that showed kindness unto him.

Whoso giveth a cup of cold water only, shall in no wise lose his reward.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.

I say unto you, love your enemies,
Bless them that curse you,
Do good to them that hate you,
Pray for those who despitefully use you,
And your reward shall be great.
And ye shall be the children of the Highest:
For he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good,
And sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.
Be ye therefore perfect,
Even as your Father in heaven is perfect.

IV. HYMN.

V. PRAYER.

OUR heavenly Father, we would look up to thee with trustful and happy hearts. May no shadow of doubt or fear rest upon us. May we feel as thy children ought to feel, safe in thy protection, and joyful in the thought of thy presence. Thou hast given us life, and whatever makes it pleasant for us to live. Thou madest for us the bright sky and the beautiful earth. Thou givest us dear parents, kind friends, pleasant homes, the sweet and lovely flowers, all the good things of life, and the hope of immortality. Because thou art so good to us, we would be grateful and obedient to thee. May we not forget that we shall be known by our fruits, that our daily lives alone will prove what spirit we are of. May we be pure and good, kind and true. May we be eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, helpers to the poor, remembering the words of Jesus, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Thus may we enter into the joy of our Lord. *Amen.*

VI. SCRIPTURE READING, OR ADDRESS.

VII. HYMN.

VIII. CLASS LESSONS.

IX. HYMN.

X. BENEDICTION.

Tenth Service.

THE BEATITUDES.

I. OPENING ANTHEM, CHORAL, OR HYMN.

II.

(SUPT. *reads.*)

THINK truly, and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and thy word
Shall be a fruitful seed·
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

III. RESPONSES.

AND Jesus lifted up his eyes and said, Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

(*All sing*)

Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.

(*All sing.*) *Write these words in our hearts, O Lord, we beseech thee.*

Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.

Write these words in our hearts, O Lord, we beseech thee.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.

Write these words in our hearts, O Lord, we beseech thee.

Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.

Write these words in our hearts, O Lord, we beseech thee.

Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.

Write these words in our hearts, O Lord, we beseech thee.

Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.

Write these words in our hearts, O Lord, we beseech thee.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Write these words in our hearts, O Lord, we beseech thee.

IV. Prayer.

(*All unite.*)

O GOD, who didst send thy word to speak in the prophets and live in thy son, we thank thee for Jesus, who is the way, the truth, and the life to our souls. We bless thee that he came to seek and to save that which was lost; that he went about doing good; that he was the friend of the friendless; that he comforted the mourner, and bade the penitent depart in peace. We thank thee for all the triumphs which attend his name. We praise thee that we have such happy homes, such loving parents and kind friends, and that we enjoy so many and so great blessings of every kind.

May we now and always, O our Father, show forth our gratitude in lives devoted to thy service. May that mild and loving spirit which Jesus breathed, flow into all our hearts, that we may help and bless our fellow-men, and make everybody around us happy. So shall we be true disciples, having within us the same heavenly mind which was in Jesus, and, like him, rejoicing always to do our Father's will. *Amen.*

V. Hymn.

VI. Scripture Reading, or Address.

VII. Class Lessons.

VIII. Hymn.

IX. Benediction.

(*Repeated by all.*)

HEAVENLY Father, lead us on
In the way of truth begun;
Let the light of love divine
All along our pathway shine.
Heavenly Father, lead us on
By the way of duty done:
Day by day, and hour by hour,
Onward, upward, evermore. *Amen.*

Eleventh Service.

THE LIFE OF LOVE.

(SUPT. *reads.*)

COME, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother!
For where love dwells, the peace of God is there:
To worship rightly is to love each other;
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

I. ANTHEM, CHORAL, OR HYMN.

II. RESPONSES.

BY this shall all men know that ye are my disciples:
That ye love one another.

He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen,
How shall he love God whom he hath not seen?

Let love be without dissimulation;
Be kindly affectioned one to another;

Abhor that which is evil;
Cleave to that which is good;

Recompense to no man evil for evil;
Provide things honest in the sight of all men;

If it be possible live peaceably with all men.
Be not overcome of evil but overcome evil with good.

Above all have fervent charity among yourselves;
Let none imagine evil in his heart against his neighbor.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity,
I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy,
And understand all mysteries and all knowledge,

And though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains,
And have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned,
And have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long and is kind;
Charity envieth not;

Charity vaunteth not itself;
Doth not behave itself unseemly;

Seeketh not her own, thinketh no evil;
Rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth.

Charity never faileth, but beareth all things,
Believeth all things,
Hopeth all things,
Endureth all things.

Now abideth faith, hope and charity;
But the greatest of these is charity.

(*Unity Services.*)

III. PRAYER.

DEAR Father of us all, may we honor and love every child of thine. Save us from an angry spirit and from a proud heart. Make us meek and lowly, like Jesus, and the saintly ones of earth. May we forgive others, as we ask thee to forgive us. Help us to love our brethren so fondly and so truly, that thou, the God of love, mayest dwell in us and we in thee. May we never speak another unkind word, or do another cruel deed. Each day of our lives may we help some one to bear his burden, or to carry his cross, or to find his way home to thee. May we comfort all who are sad or lonely, and seek to save all the lost: and thine shall be the glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

IV. HYMN.

V. SCRIPTURE READING, OR ADDRESS.

VI. HYMN.

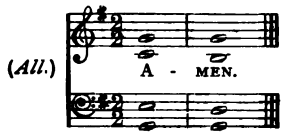
VII. CLASS LESSONS.

VIII. HYMN.

IX. BENEDICTION.

(*Repeated by all.*)

MAY the Spirit that was in Jesus—the Spirit of Truth and the Spirit of Love—be in all our hearts and hallow our daily lives.



Twelfth Service.

THE IMMORTAL LIFE.

I. OPENING ANTHEM, CHORAL, OR HYMN.

II. SENTENCES.

(*Selected by the* SUPT.)

III. RESPONSES.

I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.

The dust shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it.

If our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God,

An house not made with hands; eternal in the heavens.

In the Father's house are many mansions.

We are willing therefore to be absent from the body and present with the Lord.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

For now we see through a glass darkly, but then, face to face.

How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?

Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God. But we shall all be changed.

We have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

For so is the resurrection of the dead,

It is sown in corruption:

It is raised in incorruption.

It is sown in dishonor:

It is raised in glory.

It is sown in weakness:

It is raised in power.

It is sown a natural body:

It is raised a spiritual body.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality,

Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

(*All sing.*) Hallelujah! *music, p.* 201.

And every one that hath this hope in him purifieth himself,

Even as he is pure.

While we look not at the things which are seen,

But at the things which are not seen:

For the things which are seen are but for a time;

But the things which are not seen are everlasting.

(*All sing.*) Hallelujah!

III. HYMN.

IV. PRAYER.

O THOU who art the Lord of life and Father of all our spirits, it is thou who hast made us, and not we ourselves. Thou hast made us for life, and health, and happiness, both here and hereafter. We bless thee for all the joy of living; for the beauty of the world we now dwell in; for its sunshine and song; for sleeping and waking; for rest and play; for the love of parents and friends; for the tender care of our homes; for the protection of our country; for the instruction of school and church in ways of wisdom and goodness. Yes, we bless thee for all these, but we thank thee that there is more than this even to make us grateful and glad. We bless thee for the hope of heaven; for the beautiful faith that we shall not die when our body dies, but that thou wilt take to thyself all good and holy children, and all good men and women, to live in heaven and be happy in thy love forever. *Amen.*

V. SCRIPTURE READING, OR ADDRESS.

VI. HYMN.

VII. CLASS LESSONS.

VIII. HYMN.

IX. BENEDICTION.

A Christmas Service.

I. Anthem, or Carol.

II. The Psalm.

(Supt. *or* Pastor *and* School.)

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength.

That thou mightest still the enemy and avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him little lower than the angels;

And hast crowned him with glory and honor.

(*All.*)

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

III. The Gloria.

(*page* 15 *of The Carol.*)

IV. The Messianic Hope.

(Supt.)

BEHOLD, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people. But the Lord shall arise, the glory of the Lord shall be revealed; all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

(*All sing.*)

Arise, shine, for thy light is come; the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and his name shall be called the Prince of Peace.

(*All sing.*)

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah! Amen.

The spirit of the Lord God is upon him, the spirit of wisdom and of might, the spirit of truth and of love. The Lord hath anointed him to preach good tidings unto the distressed; to heal the broken-hearted; to comfort those that mourn; to proclaim freedom for the oppressed; to give light to them that sat in darkness, and to guide our feet in the way of peace.

(*All sing.*) *Hallelujah, etc.*

Of the increase of his government shall be no end, to order and establish his kingdom with justice forever. The nations shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

(*All sing.*) *Hallelujah, etc.*

I will make thy officers peace and thy rulers righteousness. Violence and

destruction shall no more be heard in thy land. Nation shall not lift up the sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the depths of the sea.

(*All sing.*) *Hallelujah, etc.*

Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with you. I will put my law within you and write it in your hearts. My people shall all be righteous; they shall inherit the earth forever. I, the Lord, will bring it to pass in mine own time.

(*All sing.*) *Hallelujah, etc.*

V. Anthem.

"*Blessed is he who cometh.*" (*p.* 174.)
or "*Daughter of Zion, greatly rejoice.*" (*p.* 48.)

THE CHRISTMAS SERVICE.

VI. The Vigil.

(Supt. *or* Pastor *reads verse* 8 *of Chapter II. of of the Gospel of Luke, viz.:*)

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night."

VII. Carol.

Silent Night. (*p.* 75.)
(*The children remaining seated.*)

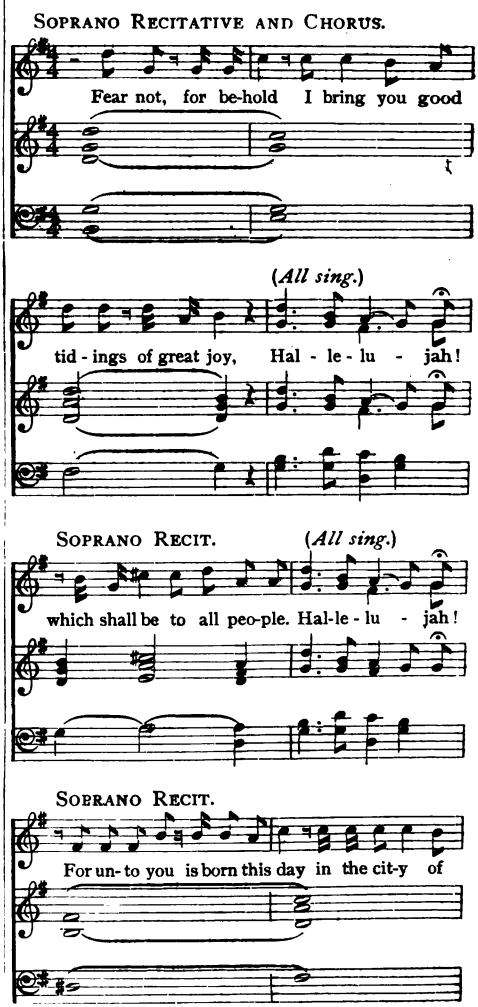
VIII.

(*The organ plays softly, after the Carol, a few bars of the* "Pastoral Symphony," *from* "The Messiah," *or other soft music.*)

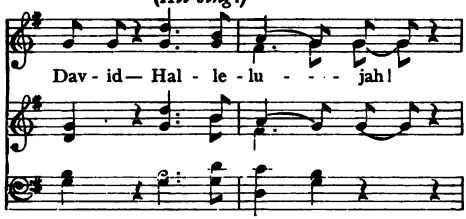
IX. The Annunciation.

(Supt. *reads Luke II., verse* 9, *viz.:*)

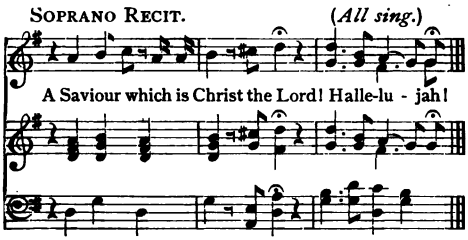
And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them: —


Soprano Recitative and Chorus.
Fear not, for be-hold I bring you good
(All sing.)
tid - ings of great joy, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Soprano Recit.
(All sing.)
which shall be to all peo-ple. Hal-le - lu - jah!
Soprano Recit.
For un- to you is born this day in the cit-y of

(*All sing.*)



SOPRANO RECIT. (*All sing.*)



(SUPT. *resumes reading.*)

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying,—

(*Here will follow, without interruption, the "Gloria in Excelsis."*)

X. ANTHEM.

"*Gloria in Excelsis.*" (*p.* 172.)

XI. THE QUEST.

(SUPT. *reads the 15th verse of Chapter II. of the Gospel of Luke.*)

XII. CAROL.

Song of the Shepherds. (*p.* 82.)

XIII. THE NATIVITY.

(SUPT. *reads Luke II. 16–20, omitting the 19th verse.*)

XIV. CAROL.

"*Benedicamus Domino.*" (*p.* 148.)

XV. THE CRADLE SONG.

(SUPT. *reads verse 19 of Chapter II. of the Gospel of Luke.*)

XVI. MARY'S HYMN.

"*Sleep, my little Jesus.*" (*p.* 44.)

XVII. THE PILGRIMAGE.

(SUPT. *reads verses 1–3, and 9–12 of Chapter II. of the Gospel of Matthew.*)

XVIII. CAROL.

"*We three kings of orient are.*" (*p.* 146.)

XIX. THE PRESENTATION.

(SUPT. *reads Luke II. 25–28, to be followed immediately by No. XX. Chant.*)

XX. CHANT. LANGDON.

1. Lord, now lettest thou thy servant de - - part in peace:
2. Which thou hast pre - pared:
ac - - - cord - ing to thy word.
before the face of all people;
For mine eyes have seen
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles:
thy . . . . . sal - - va - - tion,
and to be the glory of thy peo-ple Is - ra - el.

XXI. THE INCREASE.

(SUPT. *reads Luke II.* 40.)

XXII. CHANT.

"*Glory be to God on high.*" (*p.* 78.)

XXIII. PRAYER.

(*May be offered by the* SUPT. *or* PASTOR, *or all may unite in the following.*)

OUR Father, for the joys of this glad time, its merry songs, and its bright gifts, we thank thee. For the homes that make life dear to us, and for the friends we love, we thank thee. For all noble men and women whose lives have made the earth more beautiful, we thank thee. We thank thee especially to-day for him whose birth we celebrate with festivals of peace and good-will. We are deeply grateful to him, and to thee, our Father, for the lessons that he taught and the example that he gave us. May we show our thankfulness in unselfish, happy hearts; in generous words; in the cheer that makes those around us glad; in forgiving injuries, and in seeking forgiveness from any whom we have injured; in tender pity for the poor, the hungry, the sick, and all who cannot have a merry Christmas. Thus would we rejoice in the memory of Jesus, and thus carry within us, and become ourselves, thy Christmas gift of peace on earth, good-will to men. *Amen.*

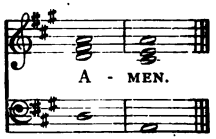
XXIV.

(*Here may follow addresses or other exercises.*)

XXV. CLOSING CAROL OR HYMN.

XXVI. BENEDICTION.

XXVII.



An Easter Service.

(*In part arranged from W. U. S. S. Services.*)

I. ORGAN VOLUNTARY OR ANTHEM.

II. EASTER AND THE SPRINGTIDE.

(*Sentences to be read by the* SUPT. *or* MINISTER.)

SING, O Heavens, and be joyful, O Earth! For lo, the winter is past and gone; the flowers appear upon the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, the voice of their music is heard in the land. The trees put forth their green.

Sing, O Heavens, and be joyful, O Earth, for the Lord hath comforted his people.

He giveth light to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death. He will swallow up death in victory, and wipe away all tears from all faces.

Unto them who mourn he giveth beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for sorrowing, the garment of praise for the robes of heaviness.

As the earth bringeth forth her bud, and the garden causeth the things sown in it to spring forth, so the Lord will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth among all nations.

III. Easter Hymn.

"*Lo, the earth is risen again,*" (*p.* 59) or "*Lo, the day of days is here.*" (*p.* 137.)

IV. Psalm.

(*To be read by* Supt. *and* School *in alternate verses.*)

O SING unto the Lord a new song: *Sing unto the Lord all the earth!*

Let the heavens rejoice and let the earth be glad:

Let the fields be joyful, and let the trees of the wood rejoice.

Let the streams clap their hands.

Let the hills be joyful together, before the Lord.

Bless the Lord, O my soul; O Lord, my God, thou art very great!

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment.

Thou visitest the earth and waterest it, thou greatly enrichest it:

Thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof.

He watereth the hills; he causeth grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man:

That he may bring forth his food out of the earth.

He gave snow like wool, he cast forth his ice like morsels:

He sendeth forth his word and melteth them; he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

O bless the Lord, ye people, and make his praise to be heard:

Who holdeth our souls in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.

He maketh the winds his angels:

The flaming lightnings his ministers.

Praise ye the Lord; both young men and maidens, old men and children:

Praise the name of the Lord; for his name alone is excellent.

V. Easter Carol.

"*Welcome, happy morning.*" (*p.* 105.)

VI. Easter and Childhood.

(Supt. *reads.*)

SING, children, sing!
And the lily censers swing.
Sing that life and joy are waking, and
that Death no more is king;
Sing the happy, happy tumult of the
slowly brightening spring!
Sing, little children, sing!

Celia Thaxter.

(*The children sing first verse of carol, music, p.*132)

"Come sing with holy gladness;
High alleluias sing;
Lift up your hearts and voices
With new awakened spring.
Sing youths and gentle maidens,
Your hymn of praise to-day,
With old men and with children
In sweet according lay.

(Supt. *reads.*)

Sing, children, sing!
The lilies white you bring
In the joyous Easter morning for hope
are blossoming;
And as the earth her shroud of snow
from off her breast doth fling,

So may we cast our fetters off in God's eternal spring.
So may we find release at last from sorrow and from pain,
So may we find our childhood's calm, delicious dawn again.
Sing, little children, sing!

(*The* CHILDREN *carol the second verse.*)

The time of resurrection!
Earth sings it all abroad;—
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God!
The sign of life eternal
Is writ on earth and sky,
The hope forever vernal,
Of Life the victory.

(SUPT. *reads.*)

Sweet are your eyes, O little ones, that look with smiling grace,
Without a shade of doubt or fear, into the Future's face!
Sing, sing a happy chorus, with joyful voices tell
That death is life and God is good, and all things shall be well;
That bitter days shall cease
In warmth and light and peace;
That winter yields to spring.
Sing, little children, sing!

(*The* CHILDREN *carol the third verse.*)

Now let the heav'ns be joyful,
The seas their bright waves swell,
Let the round world keep triumph
With all that therein dwell!
Now let the seen and unseen
In one glad anthem blend,
Let all our hearts be risen
To life that hath no end. *Amen.*

VII. EASTER AND IMMORTALITY.

(*First Scripture reading by the* SUPT. *or* MINISTER, *from* "WISDOM," *one of the later Jewish Scriptures.*)

GOD created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of his own eternity.

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God; and there shall no torment touch them.

In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die; and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction;

But they are in peace: for though they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality.

And having been a little chastened, they shall be greatly rewarded; for God proved them, and found them worthy for himself.

As gold in the furnace hath he tried them, and received them as a burnt-offering.

They that put their trust in him, shall understand the truth; and such as be faithful in love shall abide with him.

The hope of the ungodly is like dust that is blown away with the wind, like a thin froth that is driven away with the storm, like the smoke which is dispersed here and there with a tempest; and passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but a day.

But the righteous live forever more; their reward also is with the Lord, and the care of them is with the Most High.

Therefore shall they receive a glorious kingdom: and a crown of beauty from the Lord's hand.

VIII.

(*Carol, selected.*)

IX.

Second Scripture reading by the SUPT. *or* MINISTER.

The Gospel may be Mark XVI., or John XX., 1 to 20, or Matt. XIII., 3 to 9, or any other selection. The epistle verses from 1st Corinthians XV.)

X. PRAYER.

(*Offered by the* SUPT. *or* MINISTER, *or all may unite in the following.*)

O LORD of life, who dwellest in eternity, and who hast planted in our hearts the faith and hope which look beyond the scenes of our mortal life to another country, even a heavenly one; we give thee thanks this day, for the bright shining of the light of immortality in Jesus Christ. As he has shewed us the blessedness of heaven on earth, and has called us into a kingdom not of this world, so may our life be made ever richer in the things that do not pass away. May we be raised up, in the power of his spirit, from the death of sin to the life of righteousness; and, striving now to follow in that path of duty and love in which he ever walked on earth, may we be prepared to follow him in hope and trust through all the darkness of the grave, into the world of light whither he points the way. And when our spirits shrink before the mystery of life and death, may we be comforted by the thought of that immortal love which knows no change; and feel that, whether we live or die, we are safe in thine everlasting arms. *Amen.*

XI.

(*Carol, selected.*)

XII. ADDRESSES, OR OTHER EXERCISES.

XIII.

A CANTICLE OF COMMEMORATION.

(Prepared by Rev. Brooke Herford.)

(*To be read by the* SUPT. *or* MINISTER — *the congregation and children singing the responses. All standing.*)

NOW let us remember before the Lord the holy and faithful who have passed away, the multitude whom no man can number, who are gathered in the heavenly world for evermore! For all sages of the ancient days, and all prophets and apostles, and for all holy teachers of mankind —

For that holy one, above all others, Jesus Christ, who went about doing good, and laid down his life for man —

We bless thee, O God: we praise thy glorious name!

For the martyrs and faithful followers of Christ who have lived or died for the helping of the world; for the patriot leaders of freedom, and all who have wrought for good government and just laws: for the reverent seekers of wisdom who have found out the science of this wonderful creation; for the sweet singers who have hymned for us its glory and its joy, and for all who in the world's

common ways have been upright and done a useful part among men —

We bless thee, O God: we praise thy glorious name!

For the dear friends and kindred of our old homes, whose faces we see no more, but whose love is with us for ever —

We bless thee, O God: we praise thy glorious name!

For all kind teachers and companions of past years, and for the old friends of our household of faith who worship thee now in the nobler worship of heaven —

We bless thee, O God: we praise thy glorious name!

For the everlasting hope in which all these have lived, and wrought, and loved, and suffered, and died —

We bless thee, O God; we praise thy glorious name!

That we may hold them in continual remembrance, and have part in their fellowship of righteousness —

Help us, O Lord: and lead us in thy ways!

May we love to think of them as with thee, and may we be sure that where they are, there we may be also —

Keep us, O Lord: and bring us to thy peace!

So may we be all together, at the last; where there is no more death, nor parting, nor tears; and all are with thee for ever more.

With God for ever. Amen! Amen! Amen!

(*Here the school will be seated, and, after a pause of a minute or two, during which the organ will softly play the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," the school will sing the hymn on p.* 154.)

"It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all, —
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call, etc."

XIV.

EASTER OFFERINGS, BAPTISMAL SERVICE.

CONFIRMATION, OR ADMISSION OF NEW MEMBERS.

(*For appropriate hymns see The Carol, passim.*)

XV. CLOSING HYMN.
(*Selected.*)

XVI. BENEDICTION.

A Floral Service.

I. ANTHEM OR CAROL.
(*Selected.*)

II.
(SUPT. *or* PASTOR *reads.*)

LO, the winter is past!
The flowers appear again on the earth;
The time of the singing of the birds is come,
And their voices are heard in all our land;
The trees put forth their leaves,
And the buds break into blossom.
Consider the lilies how they grow,
And the roses how they bloom!
Who maketh the grass to spring for cattle,
And herb for the service of man?

Who filleth the land with fineness of wheat,
And covereth the valley with corn?
It is God! who hath made everything beautiful in its time.
In the beauty of holiness may we walk before him.

III. Carol.

"*Summer days once more are coming.*" (*p.* 55.)

IV. Responses.

(Supt. *or* Pastor, *and Children.*)

COME let us praise the Maker of this glorious world;

By the beauty of flowers and the glad voices of children.

Immanuel! "God is with us," even as he was with the Christ,

He is with us here, in the might of his spirit and his love.

The mighty work of his creation is going on forever,

In the following of the years, and in the joy of each new spring-time.

The earth lay long in the frost and snow of the winter;

But God was taking care of it, and blessing it in secret ways.

The deep snow protected the tender root;

And the flowers were not dead, but sleeping.

The spring-time comes like the breathing of a father's blessing;

And his sleeping children of the soil awaken into leaf and flower.

Oh, what a glorious world is this in which he maketh our dwelling;

And how wonderful are the outcomings of his power.

The mighty waters, with their ceaseless motion, roll from shore to shore;

The everlasting mountains lift their snowy heads on high;

Far away are the deep, dark forests of cedar and pine.

And the vast prairies lie in the burning sunshine;

The cornfield and the garden gladden us with their promise of good;

The green grass borders our common ways with pleasantness.

And everywhere it is the same mighty Life,

In which all things live and move and have their being!

God is in the forest depths and far away on the lonely ocean;

God seeth the little flowers on the mountain height,

God is with the shepherd on the plains, and the laborer in the corn;

God is with us in our daily walk, among the streets of the city.

God is with the father at his toil, and the mother in her household care:

God is with the children, at their books, or in their play.

Let us praise God with our lips, and serve him in everything we do;

And think of him with happy hearts every day we live.

Contributed by Rev. Brooke Herford.

(*To be followed immediately by the chant:*)

V. Chant.

"*Venite, Exultemus Domino.*" (*p.* 171.)

VI. First Scripture Reading.

(*By the* Supt. *or* Pastor.)

WHEN I was yet young, or before ever I went astray, I desired wisdom openly in my prayer: and even to the end will I seek her out. Even from the flower until the grape was ripe hath my heart delighted in her; my foot went in the right way; from my youth up I sought after wisdom. For I purposed to do what was wise, and earnestly to follow that which was good. For the good man is as the sun shining upon the temple of the Most High, and as the rainbow giving light in the clouds: as the flower of roses in the spring of the year, as lilies by the rivers of waters, as the branches of the trees in the time of summer. But when I perceived that I could not otherwise obtain wisdom except that God gave it to me; and that it was a part of wisdom also to know whose gift she was, I prayed unto God, and with my whole heart I said:

Prayer.

O GOD of my fathers, and Lord of mercy, give me wisdom that sitteth by thy throne, and reject me not from among thy children: that I may know what is pleasing unto thee. For what man can know the counsel of God, or what the will of the Lord is, except thou give wisdom, and send thy Holy Spirit from on high!

From the O. T. Apocrypha.

VII. Anthem, Choral, or Hymn.

VIII. Prayer.

(*Offered by the* Supt. *or* Pastor, *or all may unite in the following.*)

O LORD of heaven and earth, we bless thee for thy gracious bounty! In this summer season of fulness and plenty, thou dost scatter thy blessings with an open hand, making even the waysides and lonely places rich with beauty. Thou art our Father; and with the reverence and wonder of adoring children, we behold thy works and seek to know thy ways. Thy life gives to the flowers their grace and their beauty: and we hear thy voice in the songs of the birds, in the gentle breezes, and the flowing waters. May we gain a double blessing from this festival of flowers,—the blessing of beauty, and the blessing of holy teaching! Gracious Father! there are flowers that may be opened within our hearts,—fair blossoms of fidelity, and charity, and peace. Shine upon us by thy light, that these graces of character may give forth their fragrance. May no outward thing pass from our sight till it has filled our minds with some new lesson of wisdom and of goodness. So may the mind of Christ be formed within us, that henceforth and always we may live in the spirit of the prayer which he has taught us:—

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

IX. Carol.

(*Selected.*)

X.

Second Scripture Reading.

(*By* Supt. *or* Pastor; *to be selected.*)

XI. CAROL.
(*Selected.*)

XII. ADDRESSES.
(*Or other exercises, interspersed with carols.*)

XIII. CAROL.
"*Each little flower that opens.*" (*p.* 61.)

XIV. CHILDREN'S BENEDICTION.
(*All repeat.*)

"KIND hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the flowers,
Kind deeds are the fruits;
Love is the sweet sunshine
That warms into life,
For only in darkness
Grow hatred and st ife."

A Service of Thanksgiving.

FOR THE HARVEST.

I.

AN ANTHEM OF THANKSGIVING.

II. HARVEST HYMN.
"*Father of mercies.*" (*p.* 159.)

III. SCRIPTURE RESPONSES.

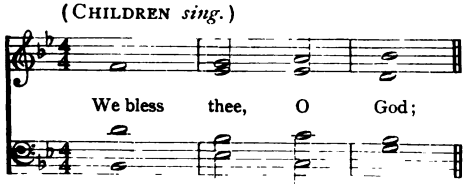
The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein.

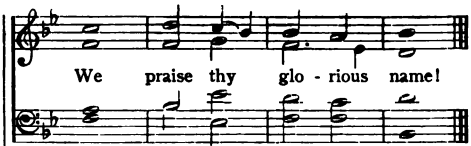
He maketh the sun to shine, and sendeth the rain from heaven,

That it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater.

While the earth remaineth seedtime and harvest shall not cease.

(CHILDREN *sing.*)





The summer is past, the harvest is come: now is the ingathering of the year.

The sons of men go forth to their labor, and the land yieldeth for them food.

In the fields they reap the harvest and gather the vintage from the vineyard.

The hills are girded with gladness, and the pastures are clothed with flocks.

(*Children sing.*) "*We bless thee, O God,*" *etc.*

Blessed of God is the land, for the dew of heaven, and for the deep that coucheth beneath:

For the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon.

For the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills;

For the precious things of the earth and its fulness, and for the good will of him who giveth all.

(*Children sing.*) "*We bless thee, O God,*" *etc.*

Then let the fields be joyful and all that is therein:

Let all the trees of the woods be glad before the Lord:

He crowneth the year with his goodness; the earth is full of his riches;

The eyes of all wait upon him; he giveth them their meat in due season.

The earth is full of the goodness of God, and his tender mercies are over all his works.

Bless the Lord, all ye his works — and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

(*All sing.*) "*We bless thee, O God.*"

From "Way of Life."

IV. Carol.

(*Selected.*)

V. Prayer.

(*By the* Supt. *or* Minister, *or all may unite in the following.*)

WE praise thee, O thou Source of all life and strength and blessing, for the bountiful provision which thou makest for the wants of thy children, filling the earth with food and our hearts with gladness. We would bring thee now our joyful thanksgiving for the harvest of the fields. Thou hast ordered the course of the changing seasons, and appointed a time for sowing and a time for reaping; and while men have toiled, or watched or rested from their work, thy providence has never failed, and thou hast prepared for them the reward of their labors. May we enjoy the gifts of thy bounty in wisdom, temperance, and thankfulness, ever mindful of the love which bestowed them. And may the remembrance of thy fatherly goodness to us make our thoughts kind and gracious towards all our brethren whom we may help and cheer; that we may be ever generous and considerate, ready to succor the needy and feed the hungry, and rejoicing to lighten any burden of poverty and distress. So may we also show forth that loving and self-denying spirit which was in Jesus, and become more worthy to be called thy children, and to receive thine unnumbered gifts of blessing.—*Amen.*

VI. Carol.

(*Selected.*)

VII. Discourse, Addresses, or Recitations.

(*During which the* Children *may sing carols.*)

VIII. Patriotic Hymn.

"*God bless our native land.*" (*p.* 155.)

IX. The Dismission.

(*Supt.*) May ye walk worthily of the Lord, bearing fruit in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God.

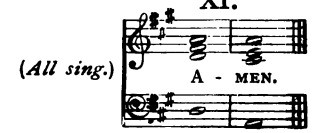
(*Supt.*) Give thanks unto the Father, who made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.

(*All sing.*) *We bless thee, O God, we praise thy glorious name.*

X. THE BENEDICTION. (SUPT.)

THE Lord bless us and keep us. The Lord make his face to shine upon us and be gracious to us. The Lord lift up his countenance upon us and give us peace.

XI.



National, or Decoration Day Service.

(*Chiefly from "The Way of Life."*)

I. OPENING ANTHEM.

II. PATRIOTIC HYMN.

III. SCRIPTURE RESPONSES.

ARISE, shine, for thy light is come,
And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee!

Awake, put on thy strength, O Zion!
Put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem!

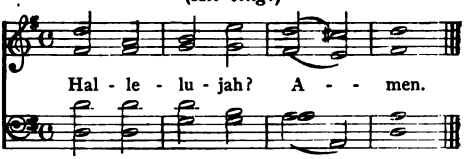
For thou hast drunk at the hand of the Lord the cup of his fury,
Thou hast drunken the dregs of the cup:

He hath taken it out of thy hand,
No more shalt thou drink it again!

For thou hast loosed the bands of wickedness,
Thou hast undone the heavy burdens:

Thou hast broken every yoke,
And bid the oppressed go free!

(*All sing.*)



Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel,
And thy garments like him that treadeth the wine-vat?

Thou hast trodden the wine-press alone,
And of the nations there was none with thee!

Break forth into joy, O Zion,
Put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem!

For the Lord hath comforted thy people,

He hath redeemed their inheritance.

Go through, go through thy gates,

Prepare the way of thy people:

Cast up, cast up an highway;

Lift up a standard for the nations:

For in righteousness hath the Lord called thee,

And given thee for a light to the kingdoms.

(*All sing.*) *Hallelujah! Amen.*

Violence shall no more be heard in thy land,

Wasting nor destruction within thy borders:

But thou shalt call thy walls Salvation,

And thy gates Praise.

Thy gates shall be open continually;

They shall not be shut day nor night:

And nations shall come to thy light,

And kings to the brightness of thy rising.

(*All sing.*) *Hallelujah! Amen.*

IV. Patriotic Hymn.

(*Selected.*)

V. Scripture Prayer.

O GOD, we have heard with our ears, our fathers have told us, what deeds thou didst in their days, what thou didst in the days of old. With a strong hand, and an outstretched arm thou didst guide the people across the sea; thou didst scatter the inhabitants before them, and didst cause our fathers to prosper. Not by their swords obtained they the land, nor did their own arms give them the victory; but thy right hand and thine arm, because thou hadst favor unto them. When they went from nation to nation, from one kingdom to another people, thou didst suffer no man to turn them; thou didst reprove kings for their sakes, when they were yet very few in number, very few and strangers in the land; when they were wandering in the wilderness, and found no city to dwell in; when they were hungry and thirsty, and their souls grew faint within them, then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and thou deliveredst them out of all their distresses. The little one hath become a thousand, and the small one a great nation: let the redeemed of the Lord say this whom he hath redeemed from many lands: from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south. O let us praise the Lord for his goodness, for his wonderful works to the children of men. Our portion hath fallen to us in pleasant places: yea, we have a goodly heritage. The Lord our God be with us, as he was with our fathers: that he may incline our hearts unto him to keep his commandments, and to walk in his ways. *Amen.*

VI. Chant.

"*Cantate Domino.*" (*p.* 173.)

VII. Discourse, Addresses, or Recitations.

VIII. Patriotic Hymn.

(*Selected.*)

IX. BENEDICTION.
(*Repeated by all.*)

NOW pray we for our country,
That ever she may be
The holy and the happy,
And the gloriously free!
Who blesseth her is blessed!
So peace be in her walls;
And joy in all her palaces,
Her cottages and halls.

X. THE DOXOLOGY.

A Service of Mercy.

"*Open thy mouth for the dumb.*"

I.

OPENING ANTHEM OR CHORAL.

II. ANNIVERSARY SONG.
(*p.* 153.)

III. RESPONSES.

THE Lord is good to all,
And his tender mercies are over all his works.
The eyes of all wait upon thee,
And thou givest them their meat in due season.
Thou openest thine hand,
And satisfiest the desire of every living thing.
Behold the fowls of the air; they sow not, nor reap, nor gather into barns;
Yet the heavenly Father feedeth them.
Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings?
And not one of them is forgotten before God.
Blessed are the merciful,
For they shall obtain mercy.
A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast,
But the tender mercies of the wicked are cruelty.

IV. HYMN.
"*Loving-kindness to all.*" (*p.* 8.)

V. ADDRESSES, READINGS, RECITATIONS, "MEMORY GEMS," GOOD AND NOBLE SAYINGS, AND ANECDOTES OF KIND DEEDS DONE TO BOTH HUMAN AND DUMB CREATURES.
(*Interspersed with singing.*)

VI. CLOSING HYMN.
"*Lo, the day of God is breaking.*" (*p.* 81.)
(*Sing the first two verses, and close with the following stanza:*)

COME, O day of kindness dawning!
With thy still increase
Truth and Mercy meet together,
Righteousness and Peace.
(*Chorus.*) Hallelujah! Hallelujah! etc.

VII. CHILDREN'S BENEDICTION.
(*All unite.*)

HE prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

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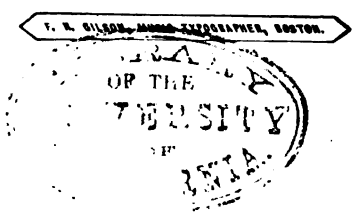

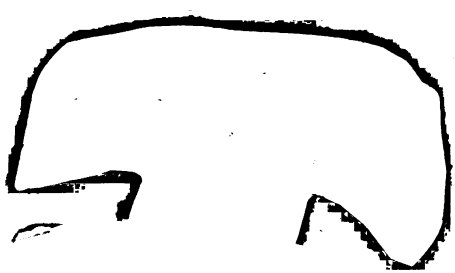

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